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THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE

Volume IV

POCAHONTAS

The Age of English Colonization

By

JOHN R. MUSICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

FREELAND A. CARTER

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PREFACE.

In this story the author has followed the plan of the preceding volumes of the series. Fiction is made subordinate to history. The Spanish Estevans are transformed into the English Stevens, or the Spanish name anglicized, and the story brings the history of the United States down to the colonization of Virginia and the dissolution of the London Company. Though from the standpoint of a novel Philip Stevens is the hero, yet the real hero is Captain John Smith. Any impartial student of the life and times of Captain Smith will accord him a place among the great men of the world. But Smith was a failure rather than a success. Prejudiced, unprincipled, and envious men continually thwarted him, even when his success insured their happiness. Smith was patriotic, brave, and unselfish. He had no desire to rule for the mere sake of power, but for the welfare of others. He did not succeed in establishing and ruling the

colony in Virginia as he wished. He did not succeed in returning with the army for their protection in 1622. He planned well, executed promptly, but, because of the interference of narrow-minded meddlers, failed. He went through life handicapped, and justice was never done him, until long after he was beyond praise or condemnation. Smith was unsuccessful in love as well as in business. A careful study of his books and the works of contemporaneous authors leads one to believe that he passionately loved Pocahontas. That she loved him no one can doubt. That she was deceived by Rolfe and believed Smith dead there can be no question. On her first meeting with Smith after her marriage it required two hours for her to compose herself, and then she said:

"They did tell us always that you were dead, and I knew no better until I came to Plymouth."

Cheated of her love and deceived by the man who had married her, the poor girl did not long survive the knowledge that Smith lived, but died of a broken heart at Gravesend.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

KIRKSVILLE, MO., *April 23th, 1892.*

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CHAPTER I.

THE PIRATES' PRIZE.

Oh, what a set of vagabundos,
Sons of Neptune, sons of Mars,
Raked from *Todos Otros Mundos*,
Lascars, Gascons, Portsmouth tars,
Prison mate and dock-yard fellow,
Blades to Meg and Molly dear,
Off to capture Porto Bello,
Sailed with Morgan the Buccaneer!
—E. C. STEDMAN, in *Harper's Magazine*.

IN the forenoon of the 28th of May, 1586, the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, the famous sea rover, was sailing up the coast of Florida, which he supposed to be uninhabited. He had been sent from England the year before to attack the Spaniards in America, and had already ravaged the West Indies. Drake hated the Spaniards with a national, patriotic hatred. Considering the cruelty of the age and the arrogance of Philip II. of Spain, who, as the husband of

Mary, half sister of the reigning queen of England, had attempted to domineer over the proud Britons, one can hardly blame Drake for hating the Spaniards. Added to the insults of the Spanish monarch was the difference in religion, and a national jealousy over the disputed possessions in the New World.

Notwithstanding he sailed under authority of his queen, Drake was no better than a legalized pirate. His business was to devastate Spanish colonies, sack cities, and destroy fleets, dividing the plunder among his followers, and by this sudden acquisition of wealth causing the sailors to despise the ordinary pay of a seaman. Drake was a terror to the Spaniards everywhere, and long after his death, in 1595, Spanish nurses used the name of Drake as a bugaboo to frighten children, representing him as a devouring dragon. Although he is honored for his enterprise and the glory he won for England, being the founder of the Royal Navy, Sir Francis Drake is regarded by all historians as only a daring pirate. He was so regarded by some of the best people of the time, for Camden says, "Nothing troubled him more than that some of the chief men at court refused to accept the gold which he offered them, as gotten by piracy."

Such was the man whom we find in command of the large fleet sailing along the Florida coast. He

knew that the French Huguenots had, a little over twenty years before, planted a colony at some place called Carolina in Florida; but he had not heard that the Spaniards had come and swept the Huguenots into eternity, and subsequently that the French, under the fiery Gascon de Gourges, had suddenly appeared on the coast and in turn swept away the Spaniards. Here the story ended so far as Sir Francis Drake's knowledge went. He little dreamed that in that vast wilderness, along which he was sailing, there were people, forts, houses, and towns. He knew not that men and women of his own complexion dwelt there; that within those everglades beat warm hearts; that kind parents, beautfiul maids, gallant lovers, and ambitious politicians were hidden beneath the dense tropical foliage. He scarcely gave the wilderness a passing thought, and never suspected that it would one day become a part of a mighty nation.

Suddenly the lookout called the attention of Sir Francis to an object on the coast near an inlet or mouth of a river. The strange object was discovered by half the fleet at once, and everybody knew it could not be an Indian structure, or a thing of natural growth. The admiral gave orders for his fleet to stand into shore until he investigated it, and soon he was near enough to discover that the strange object was a scaffold arranged on four high

masts; evidently a lookout station from which the inhabitants had a view of the sea.

Drake at once signalled the fleet to lay to, and summoned aboard his vessel Vice-Admiral Martin Frobisher and Rear-Admiral Francis Knolles, to consult in regard to the discovery. People could be seen running about the shore in great haste, as if excited, and there was little doubt that they had unexpectedly come upon a Spanish colony.

"I supposed that the Spaniards had abandoned Florida," said Drake; "but such is not the case. On this river there is a settlement, and, perchance, there may be other Spanish settlements on other parts of the coast, all of which we must destroy; for as we have colonies in Virginia, it is not good that they should have such near Spanish neighbors."

Frobisher and Knolles both entertained his views, and Drake ordered the pinnaces to make a reconnoisance. Consequently, loaded with armed men and led by Martin Frobisher, the pinnaces entered the inlet or mouth of the San Juan, now St. John River, and came in full view of the fort called San Juan de Pinos, formerly St. Mattheo, by the Spanish, and originally known as Fort Carolinia by the French Huguenots, which a little more than twenty years before had been drenched with blood.

From the walls of the fort came the flash of cul-

verins, and iron balls went whizzing over the heads of the English sailors. The thunder of artillery seemed only to inspire them to greater deeds of daring. With their muskets they leaped on shore and opened fire on the fort, aided by two or three pieces of artillery from the pinnaces. The Spaniards in San Juan or Mattheo were panic-stricken at the approach of the English, and from the first it became evident that they would not make a stand. At the head of his musketeers, Frobisher boldly advanced on the fort, from which the inhabitants fled. The very name of Drake seemed to unnerve them. In the fort were found fourteen brass cannons, and about two thousand pounds sterling in gold, which, with such other valuables as could be hastily gathered together, were transferred to Drake's fleet.

From two prisoners captured at San Juan, Drake learned that the inhabitants had fled to St. Augustine, on the river of that name, and thither he determined to pursue them. Consequently his fleet changed its course and steered for St. Augustine. Being favored by wind and tide they soon appeared before the town. Though their appearance was rather sudden, their visit was not wholly unlooked for. Drake sailed into the mouth of the river and sent the pinnaces to the attack; but the resistance was so stubborn that he was compelled to send

heavier guns and a larger force to the work. The ships were hauled close in, and proceeded to bombard the town.

The exasperated English admiral ordered Frobisher to land below with a thousand picked men, suddenly fall on the Spaniards from the rear, and sweep them from existence.

Frobisher hastened to do Drake's bidding, and, with a thousand picked men, landed below the town to make the final assault. All the while there was a constant cannonading from the ships. The walls of the fort were crumbling, houses were falling, and one or two were on fire. Suddenly, by a preconcerted signal which the beleaguered people could not understand, the firing from the ships ceased. While the amazed Spaniards were in doubt whether to expect victory or defeat, there suddenly burst on their ears a yell that seemed to shake the earth, and a band of daring soldiers rushed on them with death-dealing guns and flashing swords. They fled without further resistance. Men, women, and children, all who could fly, rushed from the town. In their mad flight the most selfish nature of mankind was displayed. Husbands forgot their wives, and mothers their children, and all was confusion and horror.

When Drake and Frobisher entered the town it presented a sad appearance. Here and there lay a

mangled form. Occasionally they came upon a house that was battered down, or smoking ruins marked where another had burned.

While his men were plundering the town, Drake was attracted to a small but neat house which stood apart from the others. One or two cannon-shot had passed through the roof, but the walls had escaped the shot of the English. It was evidently the home of a poor man, for there was nothing elegant about it, yet with all its plainness it was neat, cozy, and home-like. Perhaps it was the quiet unostentatiousness of the house itself, which attracted the attention of the great English seaman. With sword in hand he advanced to the door and pushing it open, entered. The internal appearance was in keeping with the exterior, neat and comfortable. On the wall hung a matchlock, sword, buckler, and casque. A halberd leaned in one corner of the room. There were other than warlike appearances in the apartment, for it bore evidences of neat, careful housewifery, though no wife or husband was visible.

The house was not uninhabited however. Upon a low bed in one corner of the room was a small child about two years old, trying to hide his terrified face in the bed-clothes, while at his side stood a little fellow three years his senior, with large black eyes, long curly hair, and handsome

face. He seemed undaunted by the scenes of carnage about him. He fixed his great eyes for a moment on the admiral, and then allowed them to droop to the floor, realizing that he was confronted by an enemy whom he was powerless to resist. For a moment Sir Francis Drake gazed at the occupants of the room, and then, mustering up all the Spanish he knew, asked:

"Are you alone?"

For a moment the eldest boy raised his great, dark eyes to the admiral's face, then letting his glance once more fall to the floor, answered:

"We are."

"Where are your parents?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any gold or silver in the house?"

Again the child raised his curly head, pointed to a large oak chest which stood in a corner of the room, and turned to soothe his frightened brother.

"You are a bright little fellow," said Drake after giving the chest a glance, lifting one end of it with his hand, and finding it quite heavy. "Yes, you are a pretty boy, tell me your name?"

The little fellow, who no doubt expected death at the hands of his stern conqueror, answered, in an unfaltering voice:

"Philip Estevan."

"And is this your brother?"

"HAVE YOU ANY GOLD OR SILVER IN THE HOUSE?"

"Yes."

"What is his name?"

"Mattheo Estevan."

"Can you tell me your father's name?"

At this Philip seemed to hesitate before he answered:

"Francisco Estevan."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Did he leave at our approach, or during the attack?"

Shaking his head the child answered:

"He went before."

"And you know not where?"

The little boy looked as if he did not fully comprehend the question of Drake. The admiral then asked:

"Do you know why he went?"

The little face brightened with intelligence, and he answered that his father was sent away with others by the governor, to relieve some fugitives from San Juan de Pinos on their way to St. Augustine.

"And your mother, when did she go away?"

The little fellow, having overcome his fear, answered that his mother had accompanied his father, for some of the women, driven from San Juan de Pinos, were lying sick in the woods and

required nursing. It took considerable time to get all this from the child, who was averse to talking.

"Did you ever hear of Drake?" asked the admiral. The little fellow nodded his head. "What do you think of him?"

"He is a bad man."

"Would you like to see him?"

"No."

"You must."

"I don't want to see him," the child said. "He is a bad, cruel man."

"I am Drake, that cruel monster who your old women say devours people."

At this the younger child began to cry and call for his parents, who, far away on an errand of mercy, little dreamed of danger threatening their loved ones at home. The elder brother, unmoved by fear, sought to soothe Mattheo by assurances that he should not be harmed. Even the stern, cruel Drake was touched by the love and courage of the elder brother, and the confiding trust of Mattheo, who ceased to sob, and clung to Philip's neck. For a single moment a smile played on the stern face of the admiral, and then he asked:

"How would you like to go away with me?"

"I do not wish to go," Philip answered. "Father and mother would not find me when they come home."

"You must go."

"I cannot leave my little brother."

"I will take him also."

At this Mattheo began to scream and cry, saying that he would be devoured by the terrible Drake.

"Silence!" roared the admiral. "You shall both go with me to England, and learn that Drake is not the devouring dragon your people have represented him."

The youngest child, trembling with dread, clung to his brother and ceased to cry, while Philip stood with his great, sad eyes on the floor.

Drake turned again to the old oak chest, in which the oldest boy had intimated there was gold, and again lifted one end of it. Letting down the end he had raised, he said:

"It is very heavy; there must be great treasure in there."

Going to the door of the house, he saw his men running about the town, pillaging public and private houses. Calling to four stout sailors, he bade them come and carry the chest on board his ship, while he led the two little captives to the boat and sent them aboard.

St. Augustine was plundered, many of the houses burned, and the once prosperous settlement laid waste. Sir Francis Drake went aboard of his

vessel and there held a consultation with his rear- and vice-admirals.

"Have you learned of any other Spanish settlements?" he asked.

"I have," Frobisher answered.

"Where?"

"There is one twelve leagues up the coast."

"How did you learn of it?" asked Drake.

"From a wounded Spaniard."

"What is the name of the settlement?"

"St. Helena."

"We will destroy it also. I will never cease to war with the Spaniards while one of them remains in the New World."

Orders were issued for the fleet to repair without delay to St. Helena, and Drake went to his cabin to study his imperfect map of the coast. On opening the door he espied the Spanish children clasped in each other's arms, Philip bravely striving to soothe the fears of his little brother. Drake scarcely gave them a thought. He cared not what the grief of the unhappy parents might be, when, on their return from alleviating the suffering of others, they would find that the despoiler had entered their quiet home in their absence and borne away their darlings.

"Stop your howling, or I will fling you overboard," he growled, and little Mattheo clung to

his brother and shut his eyes so that he could not see the terrible monster. So long did he keep them shut that he fell asleep, and the old ship rolled on over the waves bearing them far from home and loving parents. After a few hours beating against head-winds and adverse tides, Sir Francis again summoned his vice-admiral and asked:

Sir Francis Drake.

"Have we a pilot who can conduct us safely through these intricate and dangerous shoals to St. Helena?"

"No."

"Then we must abandon the expedition. This is the most dangerous part of the coast, and without a pilot acquainted with it, we might wreck the entire fleet."

"What course have you determined on, admiral?" asked Frobisher.

"We will steer for Roanoke, where the queen directs us to relieve Sir Walter Raleigh's colony."

Martin Frobisher went to his own ship, and in half an hour the entire fleet was sailing up the coast toward the island of Roanoke.

No permanent English settlement, up to this period, had been established in America. There had been various voyages to the New World, and Sir Walter Raleigh had succeeded in planting a colony on the island of Roanoke, where it was existing precariously under Ralph Lane, a man of considerable distinction, and so much esteemed for his services as a soldier that he was afterward knighted by Queen Elizabeth. The colonists at Roanoke, like all other emigrants to America in those days, were mad for gold, and a wily savage lured them by such tales as that the River Roanoke gushed from a rock near the Pacific where a surge of the ocean sometimes dashed into its fountain-head, and that its banks were inhabited by a nation skilled in the art of refining rich ore with which the country abounded. The walls of their cities were described as glittering with pearls. To one who studies the traditions of the Indians along the Atlantic seaboard, this story may not appear to be wholly an invention of the savages of Roanoke. Nearly every tribe on the Atlantic coast made reference to some great tribe, either in the interior or on the South Sea, who possessed gold, lived in houses, and enjoyed many comforts unknown to them. It is quite probable that the Indians of the Atlantic coast had reference to the Aztecs of Mexico.

Lane was so credulous as to believe the Indian's story, and made an effort to ascend the rapid current of the Roanoke, which journey was prosecuted till their stores of provisions were exhausted and they were compelled to kill and eat their dogs. They advanced no further than the present village of Williamstown, Va., when compelled by famine to return. The sudden return of Lane and his party frustrated a well-laid plan of the Indians, to fall upon the English colony during his absence and destroy it. Finding that they dare not attack the white foe, the Indians next conceived the plan of leaving their lands unplanted, in order that, as the whites depended on them for food, famine might compel their departure. This suggestion was defeated by the moderation of one of their aged chiefs, though the feeling of enmity was not in the slightest abated. The English, fearing that the natives were forming a grand alliance to destroy them by a general massacre, asked an audience with Wingina, the most active among the native chiefs, and Lane and his attendants were readily admitted to his presence, on the 1st of June, 1586. Although there was no sign of hostile intention by the Indians, at a preconcerted signal the Englishmen fell on the unhappy king and his principal followers and put them to death. This atrocious deed profited them nothing, as it seemed to only

rouse the indignation of the Indians and make them more hostile.

Lane's colony was a failure and his explorations inconsiderable. To the South they only extended to the Secotan, in the present county of Craven, between the Pamlico and Neuse. At the north they reached the river Elizabeth, which joins the Chesapeake Bay at Hampton Roads; while in the interior, the Chowan had been examined beyond the junction of the Meherin and Nottoway. Some general results of importance had been obtained, however. The climate proved so healthful that during the year not more than four died, and of these three brought the seeds of their disease with them from Europe. The hope of finding better harbors at the north was confirmed, and the Chesapeake Bay, though long since discovered by the Spanish, was first made known to the English by the expedition of Lane up the Roanoke. The colonists began to despond, looking in vain toward the ocean for supplies from England. They were sighing for their native land, when on the 8th day of June, seven days after the cruel assassination of Wingina and his followers, it was rumored that a monster fleet of twenty-three sail was beating up the coast against adverse winds and tides. So slowly did the fleet approach, that it was three days after being sighted before Sir Francis Drake anchored

his vessels outside of Roanoke Inlet in "the wild road of their bad harbor."

Sir Francis Drake went on shore and was greeted with demonstrations of joy by the colonists, who regarded him as their deliverer from starvation. When Lane had escorted the admiral to his house, Drake inquired:

"How does the colony fare?"

"Badly enough, Sir Francis. The Indians refuse to supply us with food, and, having received none from home, we began to fear we should perish of hunger."

"I have brought you an abundance," said Drake. "And in addition will leave with you a vessel, pinnaces, and small boats, with two or three experienced sea-captains to explore the bays and river."

"Where have you sailed, Sir Francis?" Lane asked.

"Among the West Indies, humbling the Spaniards. I also destroyed two of their colonies in Florida, one at San Juan de Pinos, the other at St. Augustine. We now believe we have driven them completely out of Virginia."

"Did you take any prisoners?"

"A few, and among them are two children, taken at St. Augustine, whom I had quite forgotten."

Sir Francis had not yet examined the chest brought from the house of Estevan; but he determined to do so at his first opportunity. That night, as he went on board, curiosity prompted him to look into the room occupied by the little captives. Philip sat on the side of the bunk, holding the head of his infant brother on his knee. Mattheo had sobbed himself to sleep. If Drake had not possessed a heart of stone the sight of the children would have moved him to pity. Their poor mother! how she mourned the loss of her sons. But as Joseph sold into slavery was destined to become a character in the history of subsequent national events, so were these Spanish children forechosen for great things.

Leaving the children, Drake went to his stateroom, and was about to commence an examination of the mysterious chest, when they were struck by one of those sudden squalls, which threatened the whole fleet, so they were compelled to weigh anchor and stand out to sea. When the tempest was over, nothing could be found of the boats and vessel set apart for the colony. Drake returned to Roanoke and offered to supply Lane and the colonists with another vessel and means for continuing their discoveries; but Lane shared the despondency of his men, and Drake yielded to their unanimous desire to embark in his ship for England. This ter-

minated the first English settlement in America, if it can be called one. The exiles of twelve months had learned something of the country and the habits and customs of the Indians, and had acquired the habit of using tobacco, which soon became quite popular in Europe. Had they remained a few days longer ample supplies and recruits would have arrived, and perhaps the settlement at Roanoke would have become permanent.

Drake's fleet bore away to England, where the colonists were sent to their friends, and the two children captured at St. Augustine taken to Plymouth. Here Drake for the first time examined the oak chest, and the result was disappointing. It contained but very little gold or silver, a few family relics, and a manuscript in Spanish purporting to be the "Narrative and Discourses of Francisco Estevan." Out of curiosity Drake had the manuscript translated, and read a wild strange story about a young Spaniard born at San Jago, Cuba, who was designed by his parents for a priest. He went to Spain to study for the cloister, and while on a voyage to Rome was wrecked on the coast of France and rescued by a Huguenot maiden, with whom he fell in love. Then came long years of wild thrilling adventures, the fall of Fort Carolinia in Florida, a long struggle between love and duty, and the final marriage and settlement of the

priest at St. Augustine. It was a strange, romantic story; but to an active man like Sir Francis Drake, it could not have much interest.

For a time he was at a loss how to dispose of his little prisoners. There was not money and jewels enough in the chest to pay the expense of bringing the children to England. Their Spanish name Estevan was anglicized to Stevens. Mattheo Estevan, or Mathew Stevens, was apprenticed to Mr. John Robinson, an excellent gentleman, and a Puritan of noted piety, who paid the little fellow's passage to prevent his falling into worse hands. He also bought the old oak chest, which he thought at some time might be valuable to the child. Our story has nothing to do with Mathew, but we will state here that he could not have fallen into better hands. He was soon reconciled to his new state, and came to love his foster-parents as he had his real father and mother.

A harder fate awaited poor Philip. He was disposed of before Mr. Robinson came to take Mathew away, to a man named Henry Francis, a Hollander by birth, who had come to live in England. Francis was on Drake's ship on the voyage to the West Indies. He was a miserly, unscrupulous villain, whose name is connected with the early history of Virginia in a most unenviable way. He was naturally cruel, and at an early age Philip

was apprenticed by this hard master to White, a sea-captain, and sent off on a voyage to a new colony planted at Roanoke.

"He shall early learn to earn the bread he eats," Francis declared.

As the child saw the shores of England, where he had left his little brother, fade away, and came to realize that in all probability he would never see him again, tears coursed silently down his cheeks.

CHAPTER II.

RALEIGH'S DREAM.

Who in time knows whither we may vent
The treasures of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
T' enrich unknown nations with our stores?
What worlds, in th' yet unformed occident,
May come refine with th' accents that are ours.

—DANIEL.

ENGLAND was slow to take possession of the New World after its discovery. There were many causes for this backwardness of the country which has since become the mistress of the sea. While Columbus was pleading his cause (for a while without effect) at the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, his brother Bartholomew was asking for him the same favor from Henry VII. of England. The king listened to his proposition with a more favorable ear than could have been expected from a

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

cautious, distrustful prince, averse by habit as well as temper to new and hazardous enterprises. He was induced more easily to approve a voyage for discovery proposed by some of his own subjects, soon after the return of Christopher Columbus.

Though the English had spirit enough to form the scheme, they had not at that period attained to such skill in navigation as qualified them for carrying it into execution. In the infancy of navigation, Henry could not commit the conduct of an armament, destined to explore unknown regions, to his own subjects. He invested Giovanni Gaboto, a Venetian adventurer who had settled in Bristol, with the chief command, and issued a commission to him and his three sons, empowering them to sail under the banner of England, toward the east, north, or west, in order to discover countries unoccupied by any Christian state, to take possession of them in his name and to carry on an exclusive trade with the inhabitants, under condition of paying one-fifth of the free profit on every voyage to the crown. This commission was granted on March 5th, 1495, less than two years after the return of Columbus from America; but Cabot, for that is the name he assumed in England and by which he is best known, did not set out on his voyage for two years. With his second son, Sebastian, he embarked at Bristol on board a ship fur-

nished by the king, and was accompanied by four small barks fitted out by the merchants of that city.

Like all other navigators of the period, the Cabots were imbued with the idea of opening a new and shorter passage to the East Indies by holding a direct western course. The opinions which Columbus had formed concerning the islands he had discovered were universally received. They were supposed to lie contiguous to the great continent of India and to constitute a part of the vast countries comprehended under the general name. Cabot accordingly deemed it probable that, by steering to the northwest, he might reach India by a course shorter than Columbus had taken, and he hoped to fall in with the coast of Cathay, or China, of whose fertility and opulence the descriptions of Marco Polo had excited high ideas. His first discovery was Newfoundland, where he landed, examined the country and products, and carried away three of the natives. Then he sailed westward, reaching the continent of North America and sailing along the coast from the fifty-sixth to the thirty-eighth degree of latitude, from the coast of Labrador to Virginia; but as he was seeking that northwestern passage to India, which has so long been an unsolved problem to navigators, it appears that he did not land.

Had Henry VII. prosecuted the design of the commission given to Cabot, he could have taken possession of the countries discovered by the Cabots, as his subjects were undoubtedly the first to discover the country; but on his return to England Cabot found the king's inclination and state of affairs changed. Henry was involved in a war with Scotland, which engrossed much of his attention and energies. An embassador from Ferdinand of Arragon was then in London, and as Henry set a high value upon the friendship of that monarch, for whose character he professed much admiration, and as he was trying to strengthen their union by a marriage betwen his eldest son and the Princess Catharine, which afterward took place, he was cautious not to give any offence to a prince jealous of all his rights. From the position of the islands and continent which Cabot had discovered, it was evident that they lay within the limits of the ample donation which the bounty of Pope Alexander VI. had conferred upon Ferdinand and Isabella. No person in that age questioned the validity of a papal grant. Theology, like a cast-iron machine, was utterly inflexible. It fashioned social life in its most minute details. The people were simply passive portions of that machine, obedient to the ecclesiastical movers. The monastery governed the throne and its subjects

as a rigid master, and for centuries there had been very little improvement in the condition of the inhabitants. During the reign of Henry VII. America belonged to Spain; but at last the light of the Reformation which suddenly burst out in Germany shot across western Europe, and awoke the sluggish British mind from repose. Blind faith gave place to reason. The secular revolt assumed formidable proportions, and at the close of the same year, when the right of private judgment was proclaimed at Spires, the English House of Commons presented a petition to Henry VIII. containing the germs of the English Reformation. It accused the clergy of disloyalty and immorality, and attributed the disorder which affected the realm to the malign influence of the ecclesiastics. The king presented the petition to the bishops for answer, and received one arrogant and offensive to the House of Commons. The latter stood firm in the position of the accuser and champion for the laity, and waged a bitter war with the clergy. Henry VIII., stimulated by his love for Anne Boleyn, and angered by the opposition of the church to his unholy scheme of divorcement from his queen, united with the Commons and employed the resolute Thomas Cromwell to lead a movement for the disseverance of the civil government of England from the controlling spiritual power

of Rome. Cromwell, sanctioned and assisted by Parliament, did so with a high hand. Parliament suppressed all the monasteries in the kingdom, confiscated their property, and compelled the ecclesiastics to work for their own sustenance.

"Go spin, jades! go spin!" was the answer of Cromwell to some aged nuns, when asked how they would support themselves. By law, Henry was made the supreme head of the church in England—a pontiff of a church in rebellion—and so was established the principle that common or ecclesiastical laws must be subordinate to the civil laws.

On his marriage with Catharine, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, Henry VIII. surrendered to his father-in-law the services of Sebastian Cabot; but by sundering his political connection with Spain he opened up the New World to English rivalry. There is an account of an expedition, in 1536, conducted by Hore of London, and assisted by the good countenance of Henry VIII. The voyagers only reached Newfoundland, and the expedition was of little consequence.

The accession of Edward, in 1547, and the consequent ascendency of Protestantism mark the era when England began to foreshadow her maritime superiority. In the first year of Edward's reign, the council advanced a hundred pounds for Cabot,

"a pilot to come out of Hispain to serve and inhabit England." In the second year a special act was obtained making the Newfoundland fisheries, which had begun to grow in importance, free. While Cabot sought in vain for the northwestern passage to India, he seemed to set no special value on his discoveries, nor were any attempts made at colonization. Sir Hugh Willoughby, in an attempt to follow the instructions of Cabot, perished with all his men.

Queen Mary was a devout Catholic, and when she came to the throne her natural tendency was to recognize the papal bull which bequeathed the western hemisphere to Spain. But her marriage with King Philip of Spain brought English sailors into close acquaintance with the New World through Spanish historians, and the Queen's influence could not wholly check the English passion for maritime adventure.

It was not until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, however, that England, wholly freed from papal influence, found herself able to take advantage of the discoveries under Cabot. Elizabeth, like a shrewd politician, concealed her religious convictions until she was firmly seated on the throne; when her Protestant views became pronounced, and Spain soon learned that England would not regard as binding the bull of Pope Alexander V.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a student of geography, "reposing from the toils of war," wrote a plausible argument in favor of a possibility of a northwestern passage to India. Martin Frobisher, a bold English sailor, entertained the same views, esteeming it the only thing in the world that was yet left undone, by which "a notable minde might be made famous and fortunate." After many years of struggle, he obtained a hearing at court, and was furnished two small barks and a pinnace of ten tons burden. As he dropped down the Thames, June 8th, 1576, Queen Elizabeth waved her hand in token of favor, and by an honorable message transmitted her approbation of an adventure which her own treasure had not helped to advance. Though the pinnace was lost in a storm and the other vessel turned back, Frobisher reached Labrador and entered Hudson's Bay. He returned with some stones and rubbish which the refiners of London pronounced to contain gold. There was the wildest excitement, for America was thought to be rich in gold mines, and on the 27th of May, 1577, a fleet embarked for the Arctic Eldorado. The only result of this voyage was a cargo of stones, dirt, and useless rubbish. The mad desire for gold was the cause of other voyages as foolish as this one.

There was one, however, who was not dazzled

by dreams of finding gold in the frozen regions of the north. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with sounder judgment and better knowledge, watched the progress of the fisheries, and formed healthy plans for colonization. On June 11th, 1578, he obtained a patent, formed according to commercial theories of that day, and to be of perpetual efficacy, if a plantation should be established within six years.

The rights of Englishmen were to be extended to all people who might belong to his colony. After his company had been selected there were some disputes, and part of the crew abandoned the expedition; but in 1579, with a few friends, and among them his young step-brother, Walter Raleigh, afterward Sir Walter Raleigh, he put to sea. After the loss of one ship they were compelled to return from stress of weather.

Raleigh was a pupil of Coligni, and had given the Huguenots in France moral and substantial aid in their struggles with Catherine de Medici and the Duke of Guise. Gilbert, like Raleigh, was a Protestant and believed that heaven designed the New World for Protestants. On June 13th, 1579, Gilbert again sailed with a fleet furnished partly by Raleigh, who remained in England. Though shamefully deserted by a part of his colony, Gilbert reached Newfoundland August 5th, and entering the St. Johns, he summoned the Spaniards

and the Portuguese there to witness that he took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign. On the voyage down the coast their largest vessel was wrecked, and nearly a hundred men lost. Sir Humphrey took refuge in the *Squirrel*, a little vessel of ten tons. Buffeting the waves until the flotilla was dispersed, he turned the prow of his little vessel homeward, with another named the *Hind*. On a September day when a gale was rising, the two vessels were within speaking distance of each other. Gilbert was last seen sitting abaft with a book in his hand, and in reply to a shout from the commander of the *Hind*, that they were in great peril, answered:

"We are as near heaven on the sea as on the land."

The gale increased; night fell, and at midnight the lights of the *Squirrel* suddenly went out. The little bark had doubtless gone down, as nothing was ever heard of it afterward. The *Hind* was the only vessel of the squadron left, and pursued her lonely way to England with the sad story of desertion and disaster.

Raleigh was not a man to be deterred by disaster. He realized that there can be no great achievement without labor and sacrifice, and having become a favorite with the queen, before whom he had gallantly spread his mantle in the mud, she granted

him a charter, in April, 1584, similar to the charter granted Sir Humphrey Gilbert, but covering lands further south. It constituted Raleigh lord proprietor of all countries between the Delaware Bay and the mouth of the Santee River in South Carolina. The Huguenots escaping from Fort Charles were picked up by the English, and from them Elizabeth heard wonderful stories of the fruitfulness of Florida. Laudonnière, Challus, and Le Moyne, flying from Melendes at Fort Carolinia, had tarried awhile in England, and from all these sources Raleigh gained a favorable report of the southern part of the present United States, known as Florida.

Two ships were fitted out, and in June, 1584, Arthur Barlow, a skilful mariner, was placed in command, assisted by Philip Amidas, of French descent, but born in England. They were directed to explore the coast and select a suitable place for settlement. This fleet pursued a southern course and approached the American coast in the latitude of Florida. Turning northward, they sailed up the coast along the Gulf Stream, and, entering the Ocracoke Inlet, anchored off Wococken Island in July. Barlow landed and set up a small column with the British arms rudely carved upon it, and, waving over it the banner of England in the presence of the wondering natives, took possession of

the whole country, islands, continents, bays, and sounds, in the name of his queen.

On Roanoke Island the Englishmen were hospitably entertained by the mother of King Wingina, for the king chanced to be absent. Everything on the island and mainland was charming to the Englishmen. Nature was garnished in all her summer wealth, and the eyes of the white men were greeted with marvellous beauties on every hand. Magnificent trees were draped with luxuriant vines clustered with growing grapes, and the forest swarmed with birds of sweetest songs and gayest plumage. After gaining what information they could of the country, Barlow and Amidas departed for England with their company, attended by two of the natives, Manteo and Wanchese, whom they had induced to accompany them.

Raleigh and his sovereign were delighted with the glowing accounts of this newly discovered country, and, according to some authorities, Elizabeth, as a memorial that the splendid dominion had been added to the British realm during the reign of a virgin queen, named the country Virginia. Other historians of equally good authority say that the country was so christened on account of its virgin beauty, purity, and fertility of the first creation. The queen declared that such acquisition was one of the most glorious events of her

reign, and she bestowed the honors of knighthood upon Sir Walter Raleigh. Parliament confirmed his charter, and the queen, in order to enrich him, gave him a monopoly of the sale of sweet wines. At one bound Raleigh leaped from obscurity into unbounded popularity, and by an almost unanimous vote was elected to represent the county of Devon in Parliament.

Raleigh's dream seemed about to become a reality. On the 9th of April, 1585, he saw a fleet sail out of Plymouth harbor, with one hundred and eighty colonists and a full complement of seamen, for the coast of Virginia. Sir Richard Grenville, one of the most gallant men of his time, was in command of the squadron, and Ralph Lane, a soldier and civilian of distinction, who had been an equerry in the royal court, was sent as governor of the colony, with Amidas as his assistant. They were accompanied by Thomas Cavendish, who next year followed the path of Sir Francis Drake around the world, by a competent artist and delineator of men and things in America, and by Thomas Harriot, an eminent mathematician and astronomer, who went as historian and naturalist of the expedition.

Grenville was more of a pirate than a peaceful colonizer, and could not resist the temptation to capture and plunder the Spanish ships in the West

Indies. They did not reach the Virginian coast until late in June, when they came near being wrecked on a point of land which they named Cape Fear. Sailing up the coast, they entered Ocracoke Inlet and finally landed on Roanoke Island with Manteo, one of the Indians who had accompanied Barlow and Amidas to England.

Unfortunately for Raleigh's dream of building up a powerful colony in Virginia, the colonists thought more of gold and plunder, than of tilling the soil and building cities. The English were hospitably received everywhere by the natives, but repaid their kindness with harshness and even brutality. Because a silver cup was missing, Grenville ordered a town to be burned and all the standing corn destroyed. Having thus inflamed the natives against the colonists, Grenville left them at Roanoke, and, after a short career of piracy against Spanish commerce, returned to the harbor of Plymouth with his vessel laden with plunder from Spanish galleons.

Thus we find the colony of Lane at the time they were relieved by Sir Francis Drake, who was returning fresh from the assault on St. Augustine as described in the preceding chapter.

Two weeks later, Sir Richard Grenville appeared off the coast, with three well-furnished ships, and made a vain search for the departed colony.

Unwilling that the English should lose possession of the country, he left fifteen men on the island of Roanoke, to be guardians of their rights.

Raleigh, undismayed by losses, now determined to plant an agricultural state, to send emigrants with wives and families, who should make their homes in the New World; and, that life and property might be more secure, he granted a charter of incorporation for the settlement, and established a municipal government for the city of Raleigh. John White was appointed governor with eleven assistants, to whom the administration of the colony was intrusted, and on the 26th of April, 1587, almost a year after Drake had carried away Ralph Lane's colony, White sailed for Virginia. In July, they arrived on the coast of what is now North Carolina. They escaped the dangers of Cape Fear, and, passing Cape Hatteras, hastened to the isle of Roanoke, to search for the fifteen men whom Grenville had left there as a garrison for the place; but all was ruin and desolation. The log houses were deserted and overgrown with weeds, and human bones lay scattered over the fields where the wild deer were reposing.

It was the intention of Raleigh to have the colony form a settlement on the bay of the Chesapeake; but Fernando, the naval commander, was eager to pursue his traffic, perhaps piracy, with the West

Indies, and determined on Roanoke, and there, on the northern extremity of the island, on the 23d of July, 1587, the foundation of the city of Raleigh was laid. The vanities of life were not forgotten, for on the 13th of August, "by the command of Sir Walter Raleigh," Manteo, the faithful Indian chief, after receiving Christian baptism, was invested with the rank of baron, as "Lord of Roanoke." This was the first and only title of nobility ever granted within the present bounds of the United States. It is doubtful if the Lord of Roanoke understood or cared a fig for his title. Five days after this foolish ceremony, White's daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Dare, the wife of one of the assistants, gave birth to a female child, the first offspring of English parents born on the soil of the United States. The infant was named from the place of its birth Virginia Dare. The colony now consisted of eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and two children, whose names are all carefully preserved in English annals, although their fate to this day remains a mystery.

White left his colony for England where he found the attention of everybody absorbed by the threatened invasion from Spain. Raleigh, Grenville, Frobisher, Lane, Hawkins, and Drake were all patriotically engaged in preparing for the defence of their country. Yet, by the aid of Raleigh, whose patriotism did not diminish his generosity,

White was supplied with two vessels and sent back to the relief of Roanoke. The temptation to piracy caused them to turn aside to chase Spanish prizes, until they fell in with a Spanish man-of-war, and after a bloody battle were compelled to return to England, to the chagrin of Raleigh. The delay was fatal. The English kingdom and the Protestant Reformation were in danger; nor could the poor colonists of Roanoke be again remembered, until after the discomfiture of the invincible Armada.

After the defeat of the Armada, Sir Walter Raleigh found his impaired fortune insufficient for another attempt at colonization of Virginia. He therefore used the privilege of his patent to endow a company of merchants and adventurers with large concessions. Among those thus to obtain a proprietary right in Virginia was Sir Richard Hakluyt. The act connects the first efforts of England in North Carolina with the final colonization of Virginia. The new instrument, dated March 7th, 1589, was not an assignment of Raleigh's patent, but the extension of a grant, already held under its sanction, by increasing the number of those to whom the rights of that charter belonged.

More than a year elapsed before White could procure sufficient vessels, men, and money to return to Roanoke to inquire after his colony, as well as

his daughter and grandchild, Virginia Dare. That White felt guilty at the delay, there can be no doubt, for had he gone to the relief of his colony

"I DID NOT WANT TO GO TO SEA."

at first, instead of chasing Spanish prizes, they would have been saved.

It was on this voyage that the boy Philip Ste-

vens, at the tender age of nine, was shipped by his cruel master Francis, as narrated at the close of the last chapter.

White, who was a man of a kind heart, on finding the lad weeping, asked him the cause.

"I did not want to go to sea," he answered.

"Why not?"

"I wanted to stay on shore, and go to my little brother. Now, that I am going away, I will never see him again."

"Where is your brother?"

"Alas, I do not know."

Finding the little fellow much more interesting than most boys of his age, White asked him his name.

"They call me Philip Stevens; but I was Philip Estevan before we were captured at St. Augustine," he answered.

"A Spaniard," said White. He then prevailed on the little fellow to tell his story.

"So you were captured by Sir Francis Drake. Do you know if your parents were slain in the assault?"

"They were not," the lad answered. "Both of them were far from St. Augustine at the time of the attack."

"Then they may still be living at St. Augustine?"

"Yes; and still mourning our loss."

"You need not weep, Philip. We are going to the same coast on which St. Augustine is situated, and you might meet with some one to take you to your parents."

Shaking his head, the little fellow answered:

"No; I could not go."

"Don't you want to see them?"

"I could not go back without brother. When mother left him with me, she said, 'Care well for your little brother and do not part from him.' I cannot go back without him."

White was touched by the pathetic little story, and during the remainder of the voyage gave the boy much better usage than he had been accustomed to receive from English masters. Despite the lad's bondage, he grew cheerful and happy. He was soon a great favorite with all on board. In the four years since he was taken from St. Augustine, he not only had learned to speak the English language, but had forgotten the Spanish, so that had his parents met their little curly-haired darling, they would have been compelled to converse with him through an interpreter.

White exhibited no little anxiety for the colony from which he had been absent so long, and when the island was sighted he stood in the forecastle straining his eyes to catch some sign of life; but

all was silence and desolation. Landing, he hurried to the settlement; but only ruins met his view. The ruined houses, the fort overgrown with weeds, and the utter loneliness of the place, seemed to mock the grief of the father, and tearing his hair in agony of despair, he fell on the earth and wept like a child. His daughter and little Virginia Dare seemed to have been swept like a mist out of existence. An inscription on a tree seemed to point to Croatan; but the season of the year and the danger of storms compelled them to return to England, with no knowledge of the lost colony, the fate of which is to this day a mystery. The colony had vanished like smoke, and with it went Raleigh's brightest dream.

CHAPTER III.

EMILY.

I knew, I knew it could not last,
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past.

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

—MOORE.

ON the nineteenth day of October, 1597, an English vessel, which had been on a voyage to the West Indies, entered Plymouth harbor and cast anchor. On her deck stood a man whose features denoted brutality. Though not master of the ship, it was evident he had some interest in the vessel or cargo. He kept his eye on a lad about sixteen years of age, who shrunk from him as a proud-spirited spaniel might from the lash of a cruel master.

The man was Henry Francis, and the boy who shrank from him Philip Stevens, who for nearly ten years had been on the water, part of the time directly under his master, and a part of the time

under some one to whom he had been hired. Eleven years had passed since his captivity, and in all that time not a word had he heard from his parents or brother. He had almost forgotten them, and, accustomed only to tyranny and rebuffs, expected nothing better. His beautiful curly locks had long since been shorn from his head, for he was no longer the petted one of doting parents; but Philip was uncomplaining, and never once thought of rebellion.

As Francis was going ashore in his boat he turned to the lad, and, handing him a parcel, said:

"Bring that to my house to-morrow. Do you comprehend?"

Philip bowed.

"See that you obey, or it will be worse for you."

Then Francis went ashore, and the lad turned to lay the parcel in a safe place until he should have time to carry it to his master. The ship had been on a piratical cruise to the West Indies, and the boy little dreamed that the package entrusted to him was the value of a king's ransom; but dishonesty begets dishonesty, and although Philip knew not the value of the package, there was one aboard the ship who did. A sailor named Hilliard, who had noticed the cruel treatment of the lad, knew the value of the package, and began to scheme for his own profit as well as Philip's. As soon as

an opportunity offered, he took Philip Stevens to the after part of the ship, which was quite deserted, and asked:

"When are you going ashore, Philip?"

"To-morrow."

"Then what will you do?"

"Whatever master says."

"Philip, do you know you have a very cruel master?"

The boy hung his head and made no answer.

After waiting a few moments for him to say something and finding he would not, Hilliard asked:

"Why don't you leave him?"

"How can I?" asked the lad. It was quite evident he had never before entertained a thought of running away. Doomed from his earliest infancy to disaster, disappointment, and woe, he forgot at times that the sun ever shone, flowers bloomed, and birds sang to make mankind happy.

"Run away from him, Philip."

"He would surely kill me."

"Nay; he surely would not kill you. Go where he will not find you."

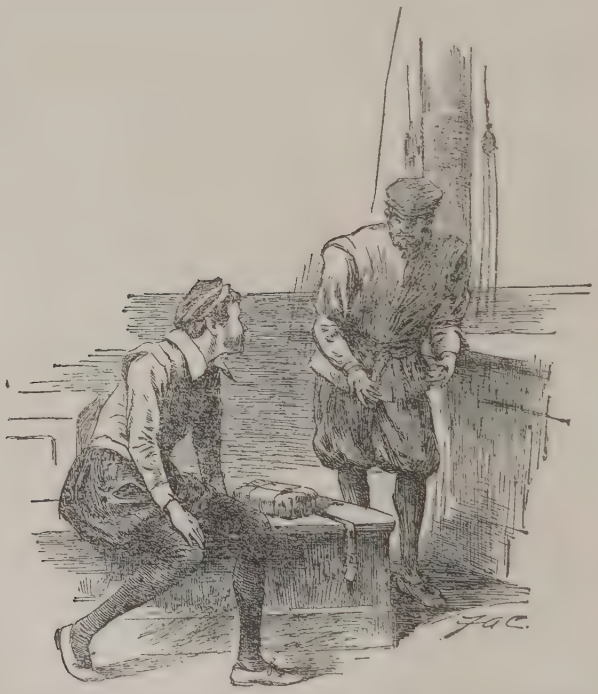
"Could I?"

"Certainly you can."

"Where could I go where he could not find me?"

Hilliard, seeing that the plan he was cunningly laying, promised success, entered into the scheme

with all his heart. He told the lad how he had from the first sympathized with him, and lain awake at night forming plans for his deliverance,



"PHILIP, DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVE A VERY CRUEL MASTER?"

all with a purely unselfish motive, of course, and finally had come to the conclusion that the boy must run away from the ship, escape into the coun-

try, and live a life of peace. Then his listener wanted to know what the country was, and how he would reach it. He was informed that it was not far away, and was covered with forests and grass-covered valleys, and was but thinly populated. Here he could find some small farmer, swineherd, or shepherd, who no doubt would care for him and give him a home.

"Were you ever in the country?" asked the lad.

"Oh, yes; many times."

"What is it like?"

The sailor proceeded to paint the country in such glowing colors that the lad grew enthusiastic. He had seen the forest from shipboard, and his young imagination had peopled it with monsters. The thought of sustaining himself in the country had never once been entertained; but now, as the possibility of escaping a cruel master, and becoming independent and free, grew on his mind, he felt his heart give great throbs of joy.

"You can escape, Philip, if you will."

"I will do so," the lad answered.

"Then do it."

"When?"

"To-morrow, you say, you go ashore."

"Yes."

"Then it is all very easy. I will row you ashore

with the package, and instead of delivering it at your master's house, you can escape."

"How will I find the country?"

"I will show you the way."

The lad reflected a few moments, no doubt feeling a twinge of conscience, and asked:

"Won't you get into trouble?"

With a hoarse chuckle, Hilliard answered.

"Marry! lad, don't mind my trouble, I can take care of myself. I will make report that I rowed you ashore, and I supposed you were going to your master's."

Consequently next day at evening Hilliard rowed Philip ashore. The lad took with him the package he was to deliver to his master. As soon as he landed, young Stevens, not entertaining a dishonest thought, said:

"I will go and deliver the package and return."

"No, no, do nothing of the kind. You will be seen, pursued, arrested, or shot. Give the package to me and I will dispose of it."

With the trusting innocence of a babe he gave the package to Hilliard, who at once secured it under his blouse, and said: "Come, now, and I will show you to the country."

The sun had set and twilight was gently folding the scene in her gray mantle. One by one the stars came out to light the path the lad was following

in his search for liberty. Plymouth at that day was quite different from the present—a small seaport town, with quaint, old-fashioned houses, their roofs looking like great baskets upside down. The two fugitives kept on the outskirts of the town to avoid being seen, and they were soon on a road which led to the interior. Soon they were in a forest with hills, deep ravines, and quaint trees. He who had braved the storm at sea, whose ear had early been tuned to the whistling balls, and had learned not to shudder at danger, had an instinctive dread of that dark wood.

"Nay, lad, never fear—never fear!" the wicked sailor said. "Follow this road; you will soon come upon some shepherds or farmers who will treat you with kindness."

The lad believed him. He could not understand why Hilliard should tell him a falsehood. Surely he could have no motive for it, and consequently he obeyed. Long he tramped down that dark road which grew darker and narrower at every step, until it seemed as if he could not go further. The hills on either side grew higher, the forest more forbidding. At last he came to where the road divided. Here he paused. It was a new complication, one with which he knew not how to deal. He had never travelled a road alone, and here were two roads; which did Hilliard intend him to take?

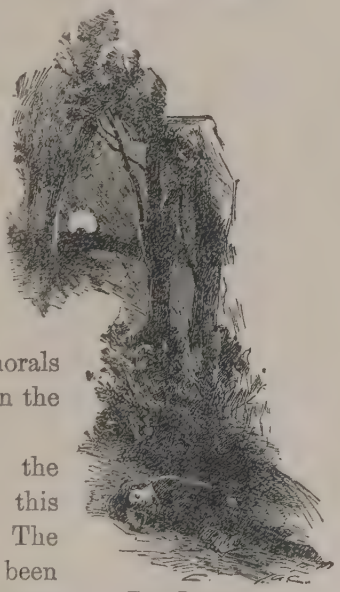
When he heard a terrible grunt on his right, accompanied by the snapping of huge tusks, he determined to follow the road at the left, and set out on a run down the dark thoroughfare. He traveled for many hours, how long he knew not, and though he had passed one or two miserable huts thatched with straw, he had not the courage to pause at any, they were so dark, silent, and forbiding. He came at last upon a house which seemed more inviting than the others, and he determined to apply for food and shelter; but as he advanced toward it a number of dogs suddenly ran at him with such hideous barks that he ran away. Then he wandered, until, faint and sick, he fell down beneath a great chestnut tree and fell asleep, just as the moon began to peep over the hills.

Let us take advantage of the hours that Philip Stevens sleeps, to glance at the condition of the people of England at the period of our story.

Down to the time of Henry VIII., there had been very little improvement in England since the Romans left the island.

There was not much of the soil cultivated, and that little was done in an unskilful manner. Vast forests and fens covered the land, breeding the perpetual scourge of malaria. The population was sparse and increased slowly, and when Henry VIII. ascended the throne, it did not exceed five millions.

The food of the common people was not equal in nutrition and variety, nor their clothing in comfort, to that of the American Indians when Europeans first came to America. The American savages lived in better habitations than did their British contemporaries, whose ranks were constantly thinned by pestilence and famine. Liberty was as yet unknown and the common run of people were little better than serfs, while the ecclesiastics rioted in coarse luxuries, and the morals of the town were beastly in the extreme.



The Runaway.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, all this had materially changed. The methods of agriculture had been greatly improved and its bounds immensely enlarged. Implements were better, and tillage was far more productive. At the time Philip wandered into the country the farmers generally had an abundance of good food and lived in better houses; pewter dishes had taken the place of wooden ones; feather beds had supplanted

those of straw and coarse wool, and the yeoman was fond of entertaining his neighbor. Clover had been introduced from the Netherlands and increased the food for the cattle and sheep. Gardens had begun to be cultivated. From the Netherlands had come the hop-vine, also the cabbage, lettuce, apricot, gooseberry, muskmelon, and apple. Cherries had been transplanted from France, currants from Greece, and plums from Italy, and from Flanders the Flemings had brought the rose and other fragrant plants, natives of the East.

Among the nobility and in the cities, rapidly increasing wealth fostered a taste for luxury. Dwellings, furniture, and dress felt its influence. Elegant and substantial houses were built, furniture was elaborately carved and inlaid; glass mirrors had been introduced from France early in the reign of Elizabeth, and carpets from Turkey, which English weavers soon imitated, took the place on floors of rushes and mats on which royalty had before trodden. Chairs were cushioned with velvet coverings, and costly bedsteads were seen. In many houses of the wealthier class, ornamental French clocks had taken the place of the hour-glass and sand, and knives were quite common on English tables, though forks were not used until after Elizabeth's reign.

With the general advance in customs, industries,

and manners, the classes in the rural districts were especially advanced. They depended more on herds and flocks and tilling the soil, than upon the wild game in the forest, or that species of outlawry called poaching. The country into which Philip Stevens had strayed was occupied chiefly by shepherds. At that period and even at this day it is noted for its excellent pasturage.

The boy was too tired after his long journey on foot to feel the effects of that chill October night. The sun was climbing the eastern hills when he awoke with a start, shivering with the cold. It was not the cold or the rising sun which caused him to wake, but a sniffling sound, and the touch of a cold nose to his cheek. Starting up in affright, he saw a large, good-natured shepherd dog, gazing into his face, with kindly eyes and wagging tail.

"Go away! go away!" cried the affrighted lad.

At this moment the master, with his long crook in his hand, came forward.

"Be not afraid, lad; he will not hurt you," he said.

The shepherd gazed at the lad, who had risen to his feet, and stood shivering beneath the tree.

"Who art thou?" asked the shepherd kindly. "Thou art a stranger in the neighborhood, and thy dress betokens a sailor."

"I am Philip Stevens," he answered.

"And whither art thou bound?"

"I do not know."

The good shepherd gazed at him in wonder and amazement, repeating:

"Do not know! Surely, lad, thou art running away from thy master?"

"So I am, and why should I not? My master is very cruel and Hilliard advised me to run away and go to the country."

The old man gazed at the boy for several moments, and then said:

"Nay, lad, nay; thou shouldst not fly from thy master. No good ever comes of runaways. I knew one, a precious knave he was. His name was John Smith, and he ran away, went to France to the wars, then to Turkey, and the rogue hath got his skull cracked ere this for aught I know."

"Who is John Smith?" asked Philip. "Was his master cruel?"

"Nay, they say his master was kind; but John grew restless and ran away. He was a good-for-naught knave. I advise thee to get thee back to thy master with good speed and pray his forgiveness that thou didst run away."

Philip had never been accustomed to argument, and was unable to hold his own with the shepherd. Obedience and silence had been the rule with him, and he hardly dared assert an opposite opinion.

He hung his head at the rebuke of the old shepherd, and when he repeated, "Get thee back to thy master," he was silent.

At this moment the barking of the dog and the bleating of a sheep in the distance announced danger to one of the flock, and the old shepherd hastened away, leaving the wretched lad trembling with cold, and on the point of turning back toward Plymouth. When he finally made up his mind to go back to his master and to slavery, he had forgotten the way. He took the wrong road and wandered still farther into the hills. The sun warmed the earth, drove away the frost, and relieved his shivering form from the cold; but he suffered from hunger. He slaked his thirst at a brook and ventured to pluck some frosted fruit which still remained in a deserted orchard.

It was the middle of the afternoon before he saw another human being. This second person was quite different from the first. The lad had wandered from road to road, each succeeding path growing dimmer, until he was hopelessly lost in the wood, when, as he was going up a slight ascent, he came upon a young girl who looked at him with a pair of big blue eyes. She was not over ten or eleven years old.

Philip stopped short and gave her a startled look. The suddenness of the apparition had surprised

him, and he hardly knew whether to advance or retreat. He knew nothing of girls. His young life had been spent among coarse, brutal sailors, and, save the faint recollection he retained of a gentle mother in that far-off sunny home, he knew nothing of the opposite sex. He half expected the girl to upbraid him as the man had done; but she did not. She neither advanced nor ran away, but after gazing at him for several moments in silent wonder, asked:

"Who are you?"

"Philip Stevens," he answered.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I don't know," Philip answered. "I was running away from my master, because he was cruel to me and beat me; but a man I met told me to go back?"

"Go back, when he was cruel to you? Why go back?"

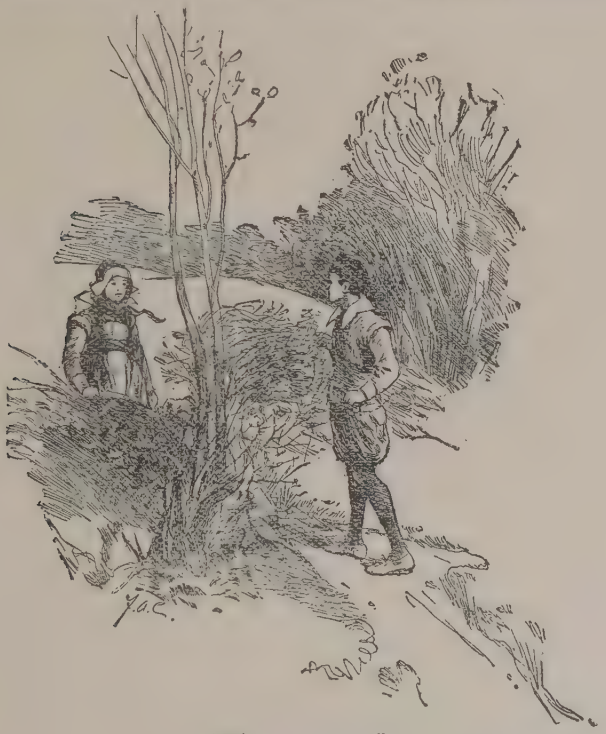
"I cannot live here," said Philip. "The earth is too cold to sleep upon, and there is not sufficient food for me in the forest."

The child, deeply interested in the pathetic story of the lad, came from behind the stone and advanced toward him.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

"Yes, I have had no food to-day, save some half-spoiled fruit which I plucked from the trees."

The tender-hearted girl assured him that at her home they had an abundance of food. Where was her home? It was not far, just across some hills and



"WHO ARE YOU?"

a valley, in which were the flocks which she had been watching.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Emily Gilbert," was the answer. She then told him that her father had been a great sailor, but had been drowned at sea, and, being poor, her mother had gone into the country where she had some flocks, and a small house. Emily was the only child, and on pretty days watched the flocks with her dog while they grazed. She was thus engaged, when she discovered the sailor boy.

Having heard the story of the cruelty of his master, she advised him never to return, and assured him that he could find a home with herself and mother. This was so like the assurance he had received from Hilliard, that he concluded the sailor was, after all, right. The little girl left the dog to watch the flock, while they went to the house to get some food. The widow Gilbert was a kind English dame of the age, and her heart went out to the young wanderer, to whose story she listened with tears in her eyes. Mrs. Gilbert was one of that branch of Protestants from which the Puritans sprang, and, consequently, was very religious. When she came to question the young sailor on his religious views, she was greatly shocked to learn that he had none. He scarce knew the meaning of the word, as he had only heard the name of God used in blasphemy. Some of his masters had been men who prayed; but the boy

was excluded from the worship and knew not that he possessed an immortal soul.

From that day Philip became domesticated at the home of the widow Gilbert, and repaid her kindness by earnest toil. He minded the flocks, tilled her small field, and became prosperous and happy. The widow Gilbert was a remarkable character in that age, for she possessed considerable learning. The English, prior to the time of Shakespeare and Spenser, were grossly ignorant, and even in the Elizabethian period education among women was almost unknown. Mrs. Gilbert was a rare exception, especially among country-women, for she could read, write, and knew something of geography and the crude sciences of the time.

She freely imparted her knowledge to Philip and her daughter; and young Stevens owed his education to the two years he remained at her home, which he regarded as the brightest period of his existence.

Emily was his constant companion. The two grew up together and seemed inseparable. He insisted on performing the most arduous tasks, and could not have been a kinder son or brother had he been Mrs. Gilbert's own child. During the long winter evenings he would beguile them with strange stories of far-off lands which he had visited, or thrill them with tales of wild sea-fights, so awful

that little Emily, all trembling with dread, put her arms about his neck, and begged him to desist.

"You will never, never, go to sea again, will you?" she asked.

"No; not if I can help it," he answered. "I want always to live with you and your mother, to labor for you, because you were so kind and gave me food and shelter when I was lost and starving; but they may yet come and take me away. Francis would drag me back on shipboard if he knew I was here."

"They shall not do it!" cried Emily, her great blue eyes growing moist with tears. He smiled fondly on his foster sister, thinking how feeble a defender she would prove, should he be discovered by Francis.

For two years and a half he lived at the home of Mrs. Gilbert, who came to love him almost as a son. One day, while seeking a sheep that had strayed from the flock, he came upon a party of huntsmen, and to his utter amazement and consternation Henry Francis was among them. For a moment Philip was paralyzed with dread.

Then he wheeled about to fly, but too late. Francis had aready discovered him and cried:

"There is my runaway! Seize him!"

Two stout hunters caught him and bound him,

and he was returned to Plymouth without an opportunity of seeing his good friends at the cottage.

He was hurried on board a ship and started on a voyage to some far-off land. But for the fact that the jewels had been discovered in Hilliard's possession, who paid the penalty of the theft with his life, Philip might have been hanged. Alone in his berth, the unfortunate youth reflected on his past life, and, almost in despair, asked himself what the future would be.

CHAPTER IV.

JAMESTOWN.

Go, and in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth
  As those from whom we came;
  And plant our name
Under that star,
Not known unto our north.

—DRAYTON.

AFTER the unsuccessful efforts of Raleigh to plant a colony in Virginia, it was fifteen years before the English made a further attempt to seize and colonize North America. Already the fishing at Newfoundland was becoming the stay of the western countries, and some trade was carried on with the natives of Virginia, for English barks coasted along the Atlantic seaboard as far south as the present State of Florida. In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold, an explorer, sailed to the coast of Maine at Cape Elizabeth, and sailing southward discovered Cape Cod, where four men landed, being the first Englishmen to tread the soil of New England. Doubling the cape and passing Nantucket, they touched at No

Man's Land, passed around the promontory of Gay's Head, naming it Dover's Cliff, and entered Buzzard's Bay, a stately sound, which they called Gosnold's Hope. The only fruits of Gosnold's voyage was a cargo of sassafras roots, then esteemed in pharmacy as a panacea for every ill. Perhaps it would not be essential to mention this voyage in our story, but for the fact that Philip Stevens, now almost twenty-one years of age, was aboard Gosnold's vessel. Stevens was a handsome young sailor, brave as a lion, honest and industrious. He had not yet served out his time with Francis, but had only a year or two more to be the servant of that monster. He returned to England with Gosnold, to sail, April 10th, 1603, with Martin Pring on board the *Speedwell*, reaching the American coast at Penobscot Bay. Coasting toward the west, they made a discovery of many of the harbors of Maine, including the Saco, the Kennebunk, and the York rivers. The channel of Piscataqua was examined for three or four leagues. In their search for sassafras roots they doubled Cape Ann and went on shore in Massachusetts; but, being unsuccessful, Pring again turned his prow southward and anchored in Old Town Harbor, at Martha's Vineyard. Here he obtained a freight, and returned to England.

For two years and a half longer Philip Stevens continued to serve various masters, while Henry

Francis drew his pay. One day he was informed by Martin Pring that the term of his service had expired, and he was his own master. Pring was very much attached to the young sailor, who had once saved his life, at the risk of his own, and on a score of trying occasions had proved his courage. Philip had a fair education, thanks to Mrs. Gilbert, and soon would be capable of becoming the master of a ship; but he had no aspirations for the sea, and determined to hunt up his young brother, from whom he had been for eighteen years separated, and then set out for Florida to seek their parents. Every trace of his brother was lost, and after weeks of search and inquiry he was forced to give up in despair. Next he determined to seek Mrs. Gilbert and Emily, thank them for their kindness to him, and explain his sudden disappearance from the neighborhood. To find Mrs. Gilbert's home in those days, when there were no postroads or newspapers, was no easy task, but persistent search was rewarded with success. He found the good widow and her daughter still living in the cozy cottage. Although Mrs. Gilbert had grown a little grayer, she was still hale and kind-hearted as ever; but in Emily the change was most marked. She had blossomed into glorious womanhood, and what a beautiful woman she was! Her eyes of heaven's own blue, hair of gold, teeth of pearl, brow of alabaster, and cheeks

like rosebuds made her seem the materialized ideal of an artist. He, who had only expected a child to greet him, was amazed to find a beautiful young woman.

The change in Philip was equally great. They did not at first recognize in the handsome young sailor the lad who had so suddenly and mysteriously disappeared years before. He was greeted as one returned from the dead. He told his story, and Emily and her mother listened with bated breath and eyes sparkling with interest to the narration of his wild, strange life, strange and wild even for that romantic age.

He could not understand the change in Emily. She no longer fondled him as of old, but was so shy and timid that he was grieved at her conduct, until Mrs. Gilbert said:

"You are no longer children now."

Before coming to Mrs. Gilbert's, he had determined to make his home with the widow and her daughter; but now everything was so changed that he was again doomed to disappointment. Their kindness was as great as of yore; but that restraint, that unwonted reserve and formality, were oppressive. To go away was like lacerating his heart, for he found Emily growing more dear to him in proportion to her reserve. He was in love, but it was some time before the truth dawned upon him.

Then he asked himself why he could not marry Emily and live on in this quiet little cottage. On second thought he decided that he could not do that. He was too proud to accept the bounty of any one. If he married Emily he must prepare a home for her. How was he to acquire it? Homes in those days were cheap compared with the present; but he had nothing save his strong arms and brave heart to procure one. He had no trade save that of a sailor, and, distasteful as the sea was, he realized that he must return to it. Philip had not the courage to mention his love to Emily; but one day he told her of his intention to embark on a sea-going vessel.

"Will you go away again?" asked Emily, while a look of sadness came over her face. "Why do you not remain here?"

"I cannot consent to share your bounty. I am now a man and must earn my bread; but when I have accumulated enough to purchase a cottage like yours, I will return."

Her eyes drooped beneath his earnest gaze, and she remarked that her mother might need his services; but Philip told her that it was his determination to depart soon for Plymouth or London, and ship on the first vessel in which he could secure a position. By saving his wages for two or three years, he would have enough to gratify his ambition.

At the close of a beautiful day he and Emily, standing in the doorway of the vineclad cottage, saw a stranger coming slowly up the hill toward the house. He evidently had journeyed far, for his rugged frame bore evidence of fatigue. He was clad in a doublet of green velvet, with a belt about his waist which supported a sword, and on his head a cap with a single feather in it. His trunks, coming half-way to the knee, and his buskined legs were stained with dust and travel. There was a soldier-like bearing about the stranger, which indicated the cavalier rather than the peasant.

"A good day to you, young friends," he said, bowing politely to Philip and Emily. "I am a belated traveller with such a misfortune as a lame horse, which I was compelled to abandon half a league back on the road, and I am come to seek shelter for the night under your roof."

"Perchance you will be welcome," Emily answered. "Mother seldom turns off a wayfarer."

"Heaven bless your mother, and you too, pretty maid! Were I as young as he at your side, with no legal obstacles—marry! you may guess the rest."

There was a jolly smile on the bold face. When asked to enter the house he did so, and, sinking on a bench, wiped the perspiration from his face.

"Who are you?" the widow asked, "I must know whom I entertain."

"I am John Smith," was the answer. "Once Captain John Smith, in the army of Prince Moyses."

The fame of Captain John Smith had spread all over England, and the widow, her daughter, and Philip gazed at the gallant fellow as if he were more than mortal. After having told the widow of the mishap which caused him to claim her hospitality, Captain Smith turned to Philip and asked:

"Whither are you bound, my young sailor, for I smell the freshness of the sea about you?"

"I don't know," Philip answered, "I am going on a voyage."

"On what ship, and to what port?"

"I know not. I have chosen no ship as yet."

"Marry! then come and sail with me, for we will be a merry crew, I'll warrant, and we go to achieve wonders and lay the foundation for a future empire."

"Whither are you bound, Captain Smith?"

"To South Virginia. Why! have you not heard the good news? The London and Plymouth companies are formed to colonize the Virginias!"

Philip, while in Plymouth, had heard of a London and a Plymouth company, but knew not what they meant.

"The object is to plant colonies, to build up homes in those goodly countries," Captain John Smith explained. "Now you are the kind of metal to go

"I AM CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH."

to this new world and carve out for yourself a name; build yourself a home, and in due time bring your blushing bride from merry old England to enjoy it with you," Captain John Smith concluded, with a significant glance at the blushing Emily.

He told such bright stories of the New World, and painted it in such glowing colors that Philip felt a thrill of hope in his heart. That evening when alone with Emily he seized her trembling hand in his, and said:

"I will go, Emily, yes I will go and build us a home in the New World where we can be happy. Let us hope and pray."

She made no answer. Her eyes sought the floor, and on the long trembling lashes there was the sparkle of a tear. This was the nearest approach to a declaration of love he had ever made; but she read his thoughts and returned his love. That night Captain Smith entertained his hostess and her family with stories of his wild adventures with the Turks. His fight with the proud Saracen commander, Turbishaw, whom he slew in front of his own people, and his subsequent single combats with two of his companions, were narrated, and the romantic Philip dreamed all night of the wonderful man with whom his future was to be linked. When Captain Smith set out next day for London, Philip Stevens accompanied him.

England at last had become aroused to the importance of planting a colony in America. Sir Walter Raleigh, who had expended a vast fortune in the effort and failed, was now out of suit with fortune. Queen Elizabeth was dead, and he was not the friend of her successor. At this period he was in prison; but there were those in England who were not backward in taking up the matter where Raleigh had left off, and pushing it forward to a triumphant conclusion. The grave and ingenious Gosnold, who had himself witnessed the fertility of the western soil, long solicited the concurrence of his friends for the establishment of a colony, and at last had enlisted in his efforts Edward Marie Wingfield, a merchant of the west of England, Robert Hunt, a clergyman of fortitude and modest worth, and Captain John Smith, who had but just returned from his wild adventures in the East. At this time Sir Ferdinando Gorges was gathering information of the American Indians whom he had received at Waymouth. Their description of the country, com-

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

bined with the views of Gosnold and others, filled him with a desire to become a proprietary in the domains beyond the Atlantic. Gorges, being a man of great influence, induced Sir John Popham, lord chief justice of England, to share his intentions. Nor had the assigns of Raleigh become indifferent to western planting. "Industrious Hakluyt," the historian of maritime enterprise, still promoted the plan by his personal exertions, his weight of character, and invincible zeal. The king, too timid to be active, yet too vain to be indifferent, favored the design of enlarging his dominions.

He had attempted in Scotland the introduction of arts among the Highlanders and the Western Isles, by the establishment of colonies; and the Scottish plantations which he founded in the northern countries of Ireland contributed to the affluence and security of the island. Therefore, when a company of men of business and rank, to which was added the experience of Gosnold, the enthusiasm of Smith, the perseverance of Hakluyt, and the influence of Popham and Gorges, applied, April 10th, 1606, to King James I., "for leave to deduce a colony into Virginia," the monarch readily set his seal to an ample patent.

It may not be out of place to make brief mention of the first colonial charter by which the English were to plant the first permanent settlement in

America. A belt of twelve degrees on the American coast, embracing the soil from Cape Fear to Halifax, was set apart to be colonized by the two rival companies (London and Plymouth companies). The London company was composed of noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants about London, and the Plymouth company was made up of knights, merchants, and gentlemen in the West. The London adventurers had an exclusive right to occupy the region from thirty-four to thirty-eight north latitude, that is, from Cape Fear to the southern limit of Maryland. The Plymouth company had an equally exclusive right to plant between forty-one and forty-five degrees; while the intermediate district between thirty-eight and forty-one degrees was open to the competition of both companies. In order to prevent future collisions, each was to possess the soil extending fifty miles north and south. The conditions of tenure were homage and rent, one-fifth the net produce of gold and silver, and one-fifteenth of copper. The right to coin money was conceded. The general supervision was confined to a council in England; the local administration of each colony to a resident council. The members of the superior council in England were appointed exclusively by the king, and the tenure of their office was his good pleasure. Of the colonial councils, the members were from time to time to be ordained,

made and removed according to the king's instructions. All legislation was reserved to the monarch. For twenty-one years a duty was to be levied on vessels trading in its harbors, and this duty was to be employed for the benefit of the plantation. At the end of that time the duty went to the king. To the emigrants it was promised that they and their children should continue to be Englishmen. Lands were to be held by the most favorable tenure.

Thus we see that the first written charter by which the English people were to plant a colony in the land of liberty gave to the London company a tract of wilderness and nothing more. All the rights, even of legislation and official patronage, remained with the monarch, to whom also was to revert a perpetual income from the duties and rents, and to the colonists was granted the bare right to be called Englishmen; but ideas of sovereignty were then supreme, and liberty and democracy but a dream.

These arrangements had all been completed before the arrival of Captain John Smith and his young friend, Philip Stevens. Everybody was enthusiastic, and there was no lack of colonists. Philip Stevens, the strong young mariner, was readily enrolled in the list of adventurers to build up a nation in the New World.

There lingered in the London Tower a prisoner, that bright genius whose dream the colonization in Virginia had been. He was not to realize its fulfilment as a result of his own exertions; but he rejoiced that the good seed sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth was to bring forth fruit in the reign of her successor, James I. Sir Walter Raleigh, under a false charge, had been arrested in his old age and thrown into prison. Philip Stevens had often heard of the great man, and, like most persons, wished to see one who had been so prominent and active in younger life. When Richard Hakluyt, Bartholomew Gosnold, and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, obtained permission to visit the illustrious prisoner in the Tower and tell him what had been accomplished, he accompanied them.

They found Raleigh, now a gray-haired old man, seated at a little table near an open window in the massive wall, writing. Around him lay huge folios. On the walls hung many maps, and on the deep window-sill was a mariner's compass. Near him sat his young wife, his junior by twenty years, who had come to share his imprisonment. At her feet lay a sleeping spaniel belonging to the keeper of the Tower, and a picture of their son, who was killed in Guiana, leaned against a small cabinet at her side. When the visitors entered, Raleigh arose and embraced them affectionately.

After the first emotion at meeting with old friends had been allowed to subside, Gosnold said:

"Our friend, we have brought glorious news to you. The bread cast upon the waters has returned after many days."

He then told Raleigh of the great enterprise and the king's sanction, and the prisoner, overcome, sank back in his chair, and, with clasped hands and eyes turned heavenward, exclaimed:

"God be praised for his goodness! Prison walls cannot defeat his justice. The English nation loves truth, and will defend the good name of her disciples. God save the king!"

The last invocation was evidently intended for the jailor's ears, as that functionary was at the door, ready to turn against Raleigh any word he might utter derogatory to the cruel monarch.

Philip Stevens was very much impressed with the patriotism and resignation of the prisoner, and when in after years he learned that Sir Walter Raleigh had perished at the executioner's block to appease the wrath of a jealous king, he exclaimed:

"Monarchs may yet learn the cost of valuable lives."

Every preparation for the sailing of the colony was finally made, and on the 19th day of December, 1606, one hundred and nine years after the

discovery of the American continent by Cabot, and forty-one years after the settlement of Florida, the squadron of three vessels, the largest not exceeding one hundred tons burden, with the favor of all England, stretched their sails for the "dear strand of Virginia, earth's only paradise."

The names of the governor and the council were sealed up in a chest before they took their departure, with strict orders not to open the same until they should have landed in Virginia. The company consisted of one hundred and five men, of whom forty-eight were what were in that day called gentlemen, and but one regular sailor, Philip Stevens.

Philip and Captain John Smith were warm personal friends, and frequently, when an idle moment could be spared to the young sailor, he and the future hero of the colony would retire to some part of the ship to discuss the future. Philip loved to talk of Emily, and Smith was the only man on board who had seen her. Often he asked Smith how long it would be before he could bring his bride to the new home. Jealous eyes were watching them whispering in secret, and their conferences were construed into political conspiracies. The men begun to mistrust them.

For six long weeks the emigrants did not lose sight of the English shore, being detained by storms

and opposing winds. The men, unaccustomed to inactivity, got into disputes and wrangles, and it took all the pursuasive powers of Mr. Hunt, the clergyman, to preserve the peace. The names of the real officers of the expedition could not be known until they reached Virginia, and there was no one to command the turbulent spirits.

"We cannot much longer tolerate this insubordination," Captain John Smith one day declared to young Stevens, and on that day he seized two of the brawling malcontents and hurled them into the hold of the ship. Such violent means for preserving the peace of course drew upon himself the ill-will and vengeance of the mischief-makers.

"Look to yourselves," one of the disturbing spirits said to his companions. "The fellow Smith and sailor Stevens are cunning knaves. I have heard them plotting to control the ship and colony."

It was useless for Captain Smith and Stevens to explain that their secret conferences were not of a treasonable character, but merely related to private matters. Gradually suspicion spread among the leaders of the expedition, and Smith and Stevens found themselves the objects of almost universal jealousy and hatred.

When they reached the Canary Islands, near the western coast of Africa, the bad feeling broke forth into acts of open hostility. One day when the two

friends came upon deck they found themselves suddenly surrounded and made prisoners.

"What means this unseemly outrage?" demanded Smith, knocking down one of his assailants.

Both were overpowered, and Smith was loaded down with chains. Again he demanded to know the cause of the indignity, and was answered by Captain Newport:

"You are charged with treason to the king; and we believe it is your intention to murder the leaders and usurp the entire government. Yourself and the young sailor have frequently been known to confer together in secret."

Philip at this point interposed, declaring that it was only personal matters of interest to themselves they discussed; but Smith, knowing the folly of argument, quietly submitted, assuring Philip that all would turn out right in the end. He lost nothing of his even temper, but bided his time.

Stevens' services being invaluable, he was released, but was kept under strict surveillance during the entire voyage; while Smith for thirteen weeks was in chains.

The colonists proceeded to the West India Islands, where they stopped to take in water and trade with the natives. Leaving the West Indies they steered in the direction of the island of Roanoke. Gosnold, who was one of the company, had been there before.

Having lost their reckoning, and believing they ought to be near Roanoke, they became discouraged, and were eager to return to England. Stevens opposed the return and insisted on landing on the Florida coast. It was known that he was a Spaniard by birth, and he was accused of trying to turn them over to the Spanish authorities at St. Augustine. He was arrested and put in chains; but a storm arose and he was released. For a part of a day and during one entire night they were driven along before the fury of the tempest, whithersoever it chanced to carry them.

Next morning, however, they drifted into the quiet waters of Chesapeake Bay, greatly to their joy and the dissipation of their fears. Chesapeake is an Indian word, signifying the "Mother of Waters." On their left as they entered the bay was a point of land they called Cape Henry, and to the right another which was named Cape Charles. Then as they entered James River, which at that time was called Powhatan River, in honor of the Indian sovereign of the country, they dropped their anchors within a quiet little harbor, that was protected from the swell of the outer bay by a jutting point of land. This point of land they named Point Comfort, for after their long tedious voyage it was a place of comfort to them.

They had now penetrated farther than ever

European had been, and Stevens, Gosnold, and a few others, heavily armed with swords and match-locks, landed and went a short distance inland to explore the new-found world.

Never has mortal eye gazed on scenery more beautiful or picturesque. The grand old trees, that had been growing unhewn for a long line of generations; the silent and mysterious solitudes, within whose profound depths no paths were ready to conduct their eyes or their feet; the luxuriant foliage, clothing the stately monarchs in a garb of matchless splendor, and fringing the river banks with emerald; the far-reaching expanse of hill and valley, all darkened with the growth of innumerable trees, shrubs, and vines—all these things wrought silently and secretly upon the bewildered minds of the Englishmen, and they could not help feeling that they had found the true Eden-spot of the world at last. Having partially satisfied their curiosity as to the immediate forest, they returned to the vessel, and that night the precious box was broken open, in the presence of the members of the company. The council, who were empowered to choose a president, were Wingfield, Gosnold, John Smith, Captain Newport, Radcliffe, Martin, and Kendall.

"Won't you now release Captain Smith?" Philip asked, when the names were read. "He is one of

the councillors chosen by the king, and has a right to a voice in your deliberations."

An awkward silence of a few moments was broken by Captain Newport, who said:

"Smith is too dangerous a disturber to have his liberty. He must be brought to trial."

For nearly three weeks the colonists were employed in looking about them for a proper place of settlement. In their wanderings they discovered beds of oysters on the coast and strawberries on the hillsides, and one day Philip Stevens and Gosnold fell in with some natives of the region. The Indians treated them kindly, showing them their cornfields that were just becoming green with the bursting blades, and, as they stood in friendly groups beneath the vast shade trees, offered them their pipes to smoke. Next day they went to the Indian village, where they were treated with continued kindness.

In his first letter written to Emily, Philip Stevens described an Indian chief in the following words:

"His body was painted all with crimson; he wore a chain of beads about his neck; his face was painted blue; he was sprinkled with silver ore, as we thought; his ears were hung with bracelets of pearls, and in either ear was a bird's claw beset with fine copper or gold. He entertained us in

as modest a fashion as though he had been a prince of civil government."

The vessel sailed about forty miles up the stream, which in honor of their king they had named James River, and anchored. On the north side of the river was a peninsula, and here they resolved to settle, believing that in the course of time a great city would grow from this modest beginning; but cities seek their own location, impelled by demand of commerce rather than designs of founders. Their settlement was also named, in honor of their sovereign, Jamestown.

On the thirteenth of May, 1607, Philip Stevens and half a hundred men armed with axes went ashore and began to clear away the trees for the new city; and that day marks a new era in the history of civilization. The first stroke of the axe, given by the sailor Stevens, was the beginning of the foundation of our glorious American Republic. While the ringing blows of axes and the crash of falling timber filled the natives with awe, the council met on the spot and elected Wingfield president. He immediately took the oath and entered upon his official duties.

Work on the settlement was now begun in earnest. Smith was removed from the vessel in the river, though not released from the charges. He made no complaint, but went to work with the

others, and cheerfully and earnestly turned his hand wherever required. He helped to cut down huge trees to be split into boards, and assisted in erecting huts and wigwams. It was a busy scene, men hewing logs, laying out gardens and fields, digging up the earth and planting. Some trapped the wild animals and fowls on shore; others made nets with which to take fish from the river; while some worked on the huts and wigwams, eager to erect a roof to which they might give the endeared name of home. Busiest and most hopeful of all was the young sailor, who hoped soon to bring from far-away England the blushing maiden.

Newport, with a small party, paid Powhatan, the Indian emperor, a visit. The Indians were already regarding the whites with suspicion; but when they were disposed to murmur against them, Powhatan said:

"They only want a little land, they will do us no harm."

The visit was satisfactory to the Englishmen, and they returned filled with wonder at the people and country in which they were placed.

It was not long before the colony came to rely on Captain John Smith. Their president proved inefficient, and long before the charges against the captain were dismissed he was the ruling spirit. They wished to take him back to England for

trial, but he refused and demanded an immediate trial. It was granted, and Smith was not only acquitted, but obtained a judgment against the president of two hundred pounds for malice and false imprisonment, which money Smith paid into the treasury and took his seat in the council. Captain Newport shortly after sailed for England, promising to return in twenty weeks.

Wingfield's rule proved to be puerile and dangerous. Sickness and famine prevailed in the settlement, and Smith with Stevens and a few others set out on an expedition up the river to procure food from the Indians. At Kecoughton, an Indian village, he had a skirmish with the savages in which he captured their idol "Okee," which he permitted them to ransom for a boat-load of corn, venison, and wild turkeys.

Smith returned just in time to save the colony. Wingfield, who had been expelled from the presidency, with one Kendall, had formed a conspiracy, into which many others entered, to steal the pinnace and return to England.

Smith had just returned, and was resting from his toil, when Philip Stevens entered his apartment, very much excited.

"What is the matter, my friend?" asked Smith.

"A great conspiracy has been revealed. A fellow who has been condemned to be hung has made

a confession while at the gallows, that Wingfield and Kendall with others are going to steal the pinnace and return to England. They have a quantity of provisions already on board. See, they are getting ready even now to sail!"

From his open door Smith could see them, and his brow grew dark. He ran from the house to the fort. His strong mind and determined hand alone could stay ruin. Turning the guns of the fort on them, he shouted:

"Come back, or I will sink you!"

The conspirators were cowed and returned. Kendall was afterward shot, but Wingfield escaped death. While Smith was absent up the Chickahominy River, a member of the council named Archer, and the new president, Ratcliffe, proposed in open council to abandon the settlement and go back to Europe in the pinnace. They began to fear that they would run short of supplies before winter was over; but this being in the autumn, the rivers, lakes, and bays were thronged with returning wild geese and ducks, and sleek, fat deer became plentiful. Added to these Smith returned with bounteous supplies. By degrees, as their stomachs filled their hearts grew strong, and the talk of leaving the settlement and going back to England in a very little time died wholly away.

Smith was most active in securing their comforts.

He directed the building of the granaries, and took precaution to protect their food from the vermin and damp. He instructed them in the building of houses and forts, gave hints about their clothing, and, in short, no father could have made better provision for his own family than did Smith for the people who had despised and ill-used him. Philip Stevens grew to admire and respect the wonderful man more than before. He was devotedly attached to this new land, and one day while talking with Smith declared:

"If only Emily were here, I would be happy and content."

CHAPTER V.

A FOOL'S ERRAND.

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations; he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him.

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE summer, which had been so unpromising, was gone. The winter so much dreaded was approaching; but, as our greatest fears vanish as we approach them, so did the dread of winter. The granaries were full, and the people of Jamestown had an abundance of food, but they were not content. Many who a few weeks before would have been satisfied with the assurance of a bare living, were now content with nothing less than a gold mine. Believing the New World to be one vast deposit of earthly treasures, they demanded that Smith, the much despised patriot who had brought them their present comforts, should set out, despite the dangers of approaching winter, to new adventures and discoveries. One evening, as Philip

Stevens sat in his cabin in front of a fire of blazing logs, his mind wandered back over the scenes of the past. What adventures and startling episodes were covered in that retrospection! Backward his memory flew, until he reached that day in the dim long ago, when he stood by the side of his infant brother soothing his fears while the enemies' balls were crashing through the roof of their house. Here memory paused to dwell a moment on that sad scene, and he asked himself:

"Where is my brother? Where are my parents? How kind and gentle they were!" Then he thought, "It is not far to St. Augustine. It is on this very shore, and if I had a vessel I could go there. My mother, whom I remember as so sweet and young, may be old, and my father bent and tottering with age. What joy it would be to have restored a son whom they have mourned as dead!"

His mind was occupied with schemes for coasting down the Atlantic shore, or traversing the vast forest, when Captain John Smith entered:

"Good-evening, friend! methinks you be in a ruminating mood this eve," said the captain, in his cheerful manner.

"Why so?" asked Philip.

"I have been at the door no little time gazing at you, as you sat absorbed with pictures in the fire."

"I have been thinking," said Philip.

"It is well to think, if your thoughts are pious, and followed with resolute action," remarked Smith, taking a seat.

"Captain Smith, I have told you the story of my life."

"You have, and a right sad story it is."

"You know how I was captured when a child by Sir Francis Drake, when he reduced St. Augustine—taken away from my parents and brought to England."

"I have heard it all."

"It cannot be far from St. Augustine?"

Captain John Smith gazed at him and said:

"You cannot call it near, my friend, unless you be mad. You could not reach it by sea, for we have no vessel sufficiently large to bear us there. You could not reach it by land, for that would require a journey of many weary months, in which you would perish in the wilderness."

"But I am determined to find some of my family. My parents would receive me with open arms. I have heard of St. Augustine. One of the mariners was there once, and, perchance, saw my parents."

After a few moments' reflection Captain Smith said:

"You left twenty years ago, and probably your parents long since died, if they were not slain.

Even if they be living, surely it will be impossible to find them, for no one could make the journey through the forest. Give over such thoughts and come with me."

"Whither go you, captain?"

"On a fool's errand, verily; but one must keep moving, all the same," and Captain Smith laughed in his hearty manner.

Philip said:

"You are not one to make fool's journeys."

"Nay, verily, my friend; but the men grow restless with inactivity. Perchance it is because they want to get rid of part of us. The chief cause for their complaints have been removed, for our last expedition up the Chickahominy has provided us with an abundance of food. Besides which, on the approach of winter, the rivers are so covered with swans, geese, ducks, and cranes, and the woods with divers sorts of wild animals, as fat as we can eat them, that none desire now to leave for England."

"What more do they require?"

"In truth, I do not know, and verily I doubt they do, unless, perchance, it is their own ruin."

"Heed them not, and obey only the dictates of your own judgment."

"Your advice is wholesome, friend Philip; but our comedies seldom last long without a tragedy, and it would seem as if they were providing one."

"What is their plan?" asked Philip.

"Complaints are being made against me for not discovering the head of the Chickahominy River, which they insist will lead to the long-desired South Sea, and the council have pressed it upon me, and taunted me with being too slow in so worthy an attempt."

"Why don't you insist upon the folly of such an undertaking?" asked Philip, who knew that a voyage up the river at this season of the year would be decidedly hazardous.

"In vain I have urged upon them the necessity of providing sufficient stores for the winter. They heed me not; their bellies are full, and as it ever is and ever will be with them, they take no thought of the morrow. So it has been settled that I shall go."

For a long time the two men sat gazing at the fire, neither speaking. Stevens knew that to refuse the decision of the council would be open rebellion to the authorities ; while Smith, brave and daring as usual, was ready for any sort of an adventure. After long considering the matter in silence, he asked Philip:

"Will you accompany me?"

"Certainly, Captain Smith," was the answer. "I feel that to desert you now would be cowardice. I will go!"

"Be ready to start at once."

"At once?"

"Yes, with the morning we commence the voyage. Bring with you your arms. Is your gun in good condition?"

Captain Smith glanced at the rack made of deers' antlers on the wall, where hung the matchlock.

He took it down and examined it, and finding it in prime condition, said:

"Wear your breastplate to turn the arrows of the Indians."

"Are the natives hostile?"

"Since the skirmish at Kecoughton they have not been friendly, and they may resist our advance."

"Be careful in selecting your men."

"In truth there is but little choice after you. Those careless, indifferent vagabonds seem born to be food for savages, pestilence, and famine. They consume the products of our labor and yield nothing in return."

"Why did the king and projectors of the colony not foresee that these men would be worthless to us? It is men, not gentlemen, who are needful in this new world."

Captain John Smith remained with his young friend until late in the night, and left him to prepare for the perilous and toilsome journey.

At early dawn Philip was awake. The report

of a gun, the sound of a horn, and the general bustle and confusion about the new settlement bore evidence that something of more than ordinary import was about to transpire. The young sailor hurriedly dressed, ate a breakfast of cold venison, bread, and dried pumpkin, and donning his breastplate and helmet buckled on his sword, and shouldering his gun set out to the boat in which the voyage was to be made. A dozen men, including two Indians whom Captain Smith had secured as guides, sat in the boat. They were provided with axes, hatchets, and saws, in addition to their weapons.

The colonists were all gathered on the shore and bade them God-speed, hoping they would soon return with a report of the outlet to the South Sea.

The fact that they expected to reach the Pacific coast in a few days or weeks is evidence of their ignorance of the continent.

For half the day they sailed up the stream, and then came suddenly upon some trees drifted and jammed into the river so that they were compelled to call a halt and cut them loose. Smith and Stevens engaged to do this themselves, and each with an axe mounted a log and began to cut away.

The drift was cleared at last. As they entered the boats to ascend the river, Philip said:

"See! see! an Indian!"

"Where?" asked Captain Smith.

"Ashore on our left. He is gone now."

Captain Smith and the others looked in the direction indicated by the young man's finger; but the Indian had disappeared.

"This incident warns us to exercise renewed caution," said Captain Smith. "The Indians may be intent on assaulting us. We dare not venture within bow-shot of land."

As they advanced up the stream they were frequently compelled to pause and cut away the logs before a passage could be made for the boat. At last they came to a place where the barge could go no further, and Smith had them move it out of bow-shot from the shore in a broad bay.

"I will take Robinson and Emry with the two savages, and go in the canoe up the river," said Smith. "You must remain here and not go on shore under any consideration."

"I will obey you," Philip answered.

"And I will leave you in command of the boat. See that the others also obey."

"I will do my best to control them."

Captain Smith, accompanied by Robinson, Emry, and the two Indian guides, set off up the river.

The shores looked peaceful. There was not a savage in sight along them or in the forest, as far

as the eye could penetrate, and yet the experience of John Smith told him that those dark old woods might conceal a lurking foe ready at any moment to leap out upon him and dash out his brains, or pierce him with arrows.

He studied the countenance of his guides; but there is no face so difficult to read as an Indian's. These young men's features were as immovable, grave, and solemn as if they had been carved out of stone. Slowly they moved up the river, for the stream was so full of drift-wood as to make it extremely difficult even for a canoe to force its passage.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN SMITH CAPTURED.

Let laurels, drenched in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his mem'ry, dear to every muse,
Who, with courage of unshaken root,
In honor's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that justice draws
And will prevail or perish in her cause.

—COWPER.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S canoe was scarcely out of sight around the bend in the river, when George Cassen, a restless sort of a fellow, began to look with longing eyes toward the shore.

"Why should we wait here cramped up in this barge when the peaceful shore invites us to it?"

"Remember, our orders are to not go near land," Philip answered.

"But there can be no danger."

"Of that you know nothing."

"We can see the shore and forest, and surely they harbor no danger," Cassen answered.

Philip had served long enough as a sailor to appreciate the necessity of obedience. He was

powerless, however, to control these reckless fellows, for everybody joined Cassen in his determination to go ashore, and the bark was pulled thither, despite the threats and entreaties of Stevens. They landed and began to explore the country, when they suddenly found themselves surrounded by savages. All fled toward the boat in which Stevens remained, gun in his hand. He raised his gun and fired at the foremost of the pursuers, checking them. All the men got aboard except George Cassen, who was seized when near the bank of the river, and borne away amid shouts and yells of triumph. The Indians, by means of signs, asked him which way Smith had gone, and he pointed up the river. They then bound the prisoner to a tree, shot him full of arrows, and left him dead at the root.

Philip Stevens wanted to go up the river after Captain Smith; but he could do nothing with those fellows, who clamored loudly to return to Jamestown. When he threatened them with violence, he was overpowered, and the boat put back to the fort.

Meanwhile, Captain John Smith's canoe went twenty miles further up the river, shooting swiftly and silently along the dark stream. His watchful eye noted all the landmarks along the shores, and his observations were unusually acute. The dim twilight of the forest threw him into fitful moods of pleasant contemplation. Again and again he was

startled from his reveries by the sudden splash of a water-fowl. Here and there dimpling whirlpools and swimming eddies were formed by the opposing branches and tree-trunks in the current, shaping his feelings and giving an agreeable turn to his thoughts. Finally, when they had gone as far as they well could, and after having fought their way through all such obstacles as sunken logs and interlacing tree-branches, he took one of the two Indians on shore with him, leaving the white men with the other in the canoe.

"Be continually on the lookout, and if any danger threatens you, fire a single musket," said Smith on leaving.

"There is no danger here," said Emry, "for there is not a savage in five leagues save the two with us."

"Don't feel too safe. Greatest danger comes from fancied security."

"We are not cowards," said Roberts boastfully.

"No," Emry responded, "a single musket-shot will put a host of Indians to flight."

"Prudence is not cowardice," Smith concluded. "Be watchful, and you will be safe. Be careless and you will be lost."

"We will all go ashore," Robinson declared. "The stream is rapidly growing narrower, and we cannot advance much further."

Once more cautioning them, Smith hurried away into the forest accompanied by the guide. Passing over a hill he was soon out of sight of his companions. Hardly had he gone a twenty minutes' walk into the woods, when his guide suddenly gave utterance to a shrill, unearthly cry. It was the Indian warwhoop. Captain Smith was startled, and for an instant was uncertain how to act—but only for an instant; then he seized the guide and held him fast, and, presenting a pistol at his head, cried:

"Give utterance to another such a yell and I will blow out your brains."

If the Indian did not understand his words, his actions were easily comprehended, and he became mute. Smith had the presence of mind to secure the guide with his long, stout garter, which he took from his leg, tying him to his arm.

"Whiz!" came an arrow through the air, striking the ground close at his feet, and, looking up, he saw the woods filled with savages running toward him. They discharged another volley of arrows, and one stuck in his thigh, causing a stinging pain, but doing him very little injury.

"I am betrayed by this scoundrel," thought Smith. His first impulse was to blow out the villain's brains, but second thought persuaded him that the fellow served to protect him, and he bound the garter tighter.

During the fight which followed, he used the guide as a shield to ward off the arrows. Taking the spanner from his belt, he wound up the lock of his gun, and still smarting from his wounds, he fired at the savage nearest, sending a bullet to his brain. The Indian fell with a groan, and his companions kept at a respectful distance, all the while discharging their arrows as rapidly as they could; but all fell short.

Smith began to retreat toward his boat reloading his gun, and when they came near, he discharged it again and wounded two. Seeing that his terrible weapon was empty, the Indians rushed at the white man, but were met by two shots from his pistols, killing one outright. The Indians were disheartened, for they had not yet overcome the dread of those thunder-making guns.

They fell back, and Smith, reloading his weapons, continued to retreat. The false guide, whom he used as a shield, proved an unruly companion and had to be dragged by main force. He received many an ugly box on his ears for his stubbornness, which he bore without a murmur.

The savages, of whom there now appeared a large number, soon began to press forward upon him again, compelling him to use all the exertions that he could command to keep them at bay. They were afraid of his fire-arms, which made a great

deal in his favor. Besides, he took constant care to keep the Indian guide between himself and them, reasoning that they would be very loath to get possession of the adventurer's scalp at the price of one of their own number.

Affairs had reached this state, and Smith seemed in a fair way to get off, when an Indian chief, with the unpronounceable name of Opechancanough, came up with two or three hundred warriors.

"My last chance of escape has vanished," thought Smith, gazing around upon the band of Indians, who, now that their numbers were so great, advanced nearer. "I deem it but right that a man should defend his life while he can, and this victory will cost them dear."

With a thunder of yells they pressed upon him; but he raised his gun and again the stunning report shook the air, and one more of their number fell dead. After this the Indians kept at a respectful distance, discharging their arrows while he answered with his pistols. The gun becoming cumbersome he threw it away. They would not come within range of his weapons, and he adroitly managed to interpose his guide between himself and their arrows. Seeing that he stood the test of bravery so well, they held a parley. Smith, who understood something of their language, by a liberal use

of signs to supply words he could not speak managed to convey his meaning to them.

"If you will at once surrender, you will receive no harm," said an Indian for Opechancanough.

"I do not trust in your fair promises," Smith answered.

"The two white men in the canoe are dead," returned the Indian, "and you can only escape their fate by surrendering to us."

Smith was not a little staggered to hear of the death of his two companions; but he utterly refused to listen to any proposal of surrender.

"I do not know that you will keep faith with me," he said, as he slowly fell back before the savages. "You have slain my companions, and you may likewise dispose of me."

Smith hoped all the while that they had told him falsely, and that if he could reach the canoe he might go down the stream to the barge, which, if it had obeyed his orders, would be safe from an attack. He did not know at that time that George Cassen was dead, and that Philip Stevens had been forced to return. He kept slowly retreating, and drawing his Indian shield after him step by step. The savages pressed on, though they were as careful as ever to keep out of reach of his weapons.

As he retreated backward, facing his enemies, and not carefully heeding the way he took, the path

behind him suddenly yielded beneath his feet, and down, down, he sank in the depths of a wet and cold morass, that must have formed one of the sources of the Chickahominy River. Of course

"IT WAS FOLLY TO THINK OF HOLDING OUT LONGER."

he dragged in the treacherous Indian guide after him; and there together they floundered in the water and mud, quite up to their armpits.

It was folly to think of holding out longer. Smith struggled manfully to get out of the mud and water, but found it impossible to drag himself

to solid ground, for as he gained part of the firm bank it broke away beneath him, and again let him fall into the water. Two or three times the treacherous guide came near drowning, and, but for the kindly aid of Smith, he would have done so. The white man was becoming chilled, for the day was very cold, and there was a thin crust of ice on the water. There was nothing to do now but to die miserably or surrender, and he chose the latter, hoping to make friends with them and thus save his life. Therefore, mustering up all the Indian language at his command, he called out:

"Don't discharge any more arrows. I am ready to give myself up."

The Indians still kept at a respectful distance, though they discharged no more arrows. For a long time Smith knew not what to do cold seemed to pierce the marrow of his bones, and he was in danger of being paralyzed unless he was soon drawn from the chilly water. The Indians, believing him secure, were in no hurry to seize him, for the longer he remained in the mud and water the weaker he would become. Again he called to his enemy:

"Help me out of this mud and water and I will surrender."

"We will not come near while you have the thunder-guns," one of the Indians answered.

Smith, realizing that it was the fear of his pistols

which kept the Indians at a distance, threw them away, also his sword, and then they came and drew both him and the Indian out of the water. They were shivering with cold and wet to their breasts. His captors led him from the morass to the spot where Emry and Robinson lay dead and still bleeding. A fire had been built here, and the Indians at once set about rubbing the stiffened and benumbed limbs of Captain Smith, until he had fully recovered the use of them.

When he became somewhat warm and his teeth had ceased to chatter so that he could speak distinctly, he asked:

"Where is your captain, or leader?"

After several efforts he made them understand him. The sight of the lifeless bodies of his companions made a great impression on the captain, and he continued to ask for their leader, until they pointed to Opechancanough, king of Pamunkee, saying:

"He is our chief."

"I have a present for you," said Smith, and he removed from his neck a round ivory double compass-dial, the like of which the Indians had never seen before; and, giving it to the king, added:

"Take it, it is yours!"

The savages were amazed at the sight of the strange object, and all crowded about the compass,

gazing in wonder at the playing of the needle, which they could see so plainly, but could not touch on account of the glass cover.

"What is it?" the chief asked.

"It is a compass," Smith answered. "The needle always points at one place which we call the north. Wherever you may go, be it night or day, cloudy or the brightest sun, it will tell you which is north as truly as the star that shines of a cloudless night." Seeing that the Indians listened to him with profound attention, he resumed: "The world or earth which we inhabit is round and the skies are above it. The stars are all spheres or worlds as our own, only they are so far away they seem small. The sun chases the night round about the earth continually, never overtaking it. There are a great many nations on this earth, and they have a variety of complexions, red, yellow, white, and black. The nation I come from is to yours antipodes, because we live on the opposite of the earth from you."

This lecture lasted fully an hour, and to give it all would tire the reader. It is doubtful if the Indians profited by it, for, as soon as they had somewhat satiated their curiosity, they came to look upon their dead brothers, and began to demand vengeance. Tying Captain Smith to a tree, they danced their war-dance about him, and then a

dozen gathered in front of him with their bows and arrows, preparing to shoot him to death. The gallant captain thought his last hour had come, and, breathing a prayer for the salvation of his immortal soul, he closed his eyes, as he supposed, for the last time; but the end was not yet.

The king was so delighted with the compass that he would not see the donor put to death, and holding it up said:

"The great white man must not be slain. See what he has given me, and he may have other wonders for us. Release him."

At this command the prisoner was released and well supplied with food. Knowing that he was a great man among his followers, he was spared the fate of his unfortunate companions; but he knew not what his fate would be. Perhaps an immediate and sudden death would be far better than the doom for which he was reserved.

Opechancanough, king of Pamunkee, was subject to the great chief or emperor, Powhatan. He was very kind to Captain Smith, giving him the best of food until he aroused the prisoner's suspicion that he was being fatted for some future feast. Although the charge of cannibalism had never been proved against the natives, he had no assurance that they were not cannibals. The captain was led through the woods by a burly savage holding

each wrist, and thus conducted from village to village through the depths of the gloomy forest. On their approach to each village, they set up hideous cries and yells that brought out the women and children, who gazed in wonder and astonishment at the prisoner. Then the Indian warriors began dancing and yelling like fiends about the captain, after which he was fed and all resumed their journey.

At last they arrived at a village called Orapakes where Powhatan used to dwell at some part of the year, and it was expected that he would be there soon. While waiting the arrival of the emperor, the Indians prepared to send spies to Jamestown. As it happened, one of the Indians wounded by Smith's pistols was nearing his end, and his father brought him to Smith, just as he was breathing his last, and said:

"Cure him."

"I cannot," he answered.

"Surely, you who killed him by unknown means can bring him to life easily."

Even while they talked the young Indian died, and his father wanted to kill Smith, declaring:

"You could have saved him and you would not."

For a few moments the captain was at wits' end to think of some plan by which he might extricate himself from this dilemma. At last he hit upon a plan, and, turning to the Indians, said:

"I have at Jamestown some magical water that would have cured him. Will you let me go and fetch it?"

The ruse would not work as completely as he wished it, however, for they would not let him go. It was their intention to assault the town at no distant day, and they even asked his advice, offering him as a recompense life, liberty, land, and wives. Smith advised them not to attempt it, as the Englishmen were in impregnable forts. He magnified their cannon and muskets, assuring them that they could batter down the hills with their artillery. Learning that spies were going to Jamestown, he got permission to send a letter for magical water, and taking two leaves from his table book, by means of a charred stick he wrote:

"I am a prisoner at Orapakes, held by Opechancanough, king of Pamunkee, subject to Powhatan, emperor of Virginia. The messengers who bring this are spies, sent to view the fort and make report thereon. Do you affright them well and magnify your defences in such manner that they may have no heart to undertake the assault upon Jamestown; but at the same time send by them such articles as I shall enumerate therein in my inventory. Fill their minds with such stories of difficulties and dangers, especially of the mines, the great guns and other engines, and do exceedingly affright them, and may the God who hath borne us through the wilderness so bring us out of this great tribulation.

"JOHN SMITH."

Accompanying the letter was a list of trinkets which Smith wished sent to him. The Indians departed, and in three days returned, but with such reports of Jamestown and its wonderful defences that the savages were deterred from making the attack upon it.

The Indians again set out on their journey to find Powhatan, and for part of the time traversed both the Rappahannock and the Potomac Rivers, and finally brought the prisoner to Pamunkee where Opechancanough himself dwelt. From here they journeyed to Opitchapam. There they continued to feast him with all the food he could be made to swallow, while his own fears of being eaten himself returned with increasing force and perplexity. During this time they tried their utmost to bribe him to betray his companions at Jamestown. They offered him their richest gifts, if he would only tell them how they could get into the fort without hurt from the guns; but Smith resolved to die sooner than turn traitor, and would not give them a single word of information. How unlike his selfish comrades, to save whom he was risking his life!

The Indians wanted, most of all, to know something of gunpowder. They got possession of a small bag of powder which he carried about his neck, and asked how they could put it to some use.

"It would serve you best by sowing it on the ground like onion seed," said the shrewd prisoner, and they took him at his word, and the powder was lost. They asked him to discharge one of his pistols for them, that they might learn the use of it themselves.

Taking it in his hand, he dexterously broke the cock, and said:

"There, it is broken and spoiled. It was an excellent weapon; but now it is good for nothing. Let me have the other, and I will show you how it is fired."

The Indians were too shrewd, however, and said he might break it, also, and then laugh them to scorn for their ignorance. Smith was a puzzle to them on all sides. They could not conquer his spirit by fear; they were not rich enough to bribe him; they felt assured in their untutored minds that he possessed a far superior wisdom to their own, and the respect which they accordingly entertained for him was the very shield and buckler that in his extremity afforded him the surest protection.

All the while the great prisoner lingered in doubt and uncertainty, not knowing how soon he should be offered at some savage feast.

CHAPTER VII.

POCAHONTAS.

How could the stern old king deny
The angel pleading in her eye?
How mock the sweet, imploring grace
That breathed in beauty from her face,
And to her kneeling action gave
  A power to soothe and still subdue,
Until, though humbled as a slave,
  To more than queenly sway she grew.
—SIMMS.

THERE is no story more dear to the heart of the American than that of Pocahontas. It has been so often narrated that it has become a nursery legend, yet in all history none more dramatic and touching can be found. It has moved hearts since it was first told to civilized ears. Each succeeding generation reads anew the tender tale, narrated, perhaps, by some new author, who, in song or story, makes of Smith and his child rescuer the incarnation of his own fancy. It has been told in romance, sung to the sweet notes of the harp, performed on the stage, and gravely narrated by the historian, yet wherever heard, however told, it loses nothing;

the story itself is still the same, and never fails to move the listener's heart.

While with Opechancanough, Captain Smith was kept in continual dread, for he could not rid himself of the belief that he was being fatted for some barbarous feast. This fear kept him in such suspense that he could scarcely shut his eyes in sleep. As a means of defeating any such object on the part of his captors he finally decided to starve himself, and never did mortal struggle more heroically to reduce his avoirdupois; but his appetite was uncontrollable in the presence of the tempting viands placed before him. To form the subject of some future orgies, to deck the triumph of some savage prince was no part of his choice. His present captivity was bad enough; but to serve Indian banqueters—!

He was at last informed that he was to be conducted to the emperor. Next day the journey was undertaken, to the seat of Powhatan, which was called Werowocomoco. The captive was surrounded on every side by terrible looking savages, in the midst of whom he was conducted along a path leading through the very heart of a dense and gloomy forest. Everything contributed to add to his fears. The grim, menacing appearance of the Indians, their dark looks, mysterious frowns and unintelligible gibberish, in tones so low as to defy

his deficient knowledge of their language, seemed to inspire dread. During the entire journey, he was in one way and another kept in a perpetual state of alarm, until he finally reached, with his escort, the place where the royal chief, Powhatan, dwelt.

Smith, who was anxious to be rid of his suspense in some way, hoped for an immediate interview that would decide his fate. "If I am to be roasted and eaten, wherefore should I defer the knowledge of it?" he reasoned. For a considerable time he was denied an interview. The Indians wished to impress him as deeply as possible with a sense of the greatness and majesty of their noble king; and accordingly were in no haste to bring about a meeting, but put it off on one pretext and another, all the while taking pains to make such shows and ceremonies as would most likely give their intended victim an impressive idea of their numbers and power. They knew that Smith was the chief of the whites, whether the narrow-minded Englishmen at the settlement so admitted or not.

His bold, aggressive spirit and good common sense had naturally stamped the impress of leadership on his forehead. The savages determined that such a famous prisoner should be presented at the court of Powhatan with all the state and ceremony with which it was possible to surround him.

"Wherefore is all this foolish delay and ceremony?" Smith asked himself, as he waited impatiently.

Two hundred warriors were already gathered about his person, watching with unaffected wonder every movement he made, while savages came flocking in from other tribes in the vicinity, eager to lay their eyes on the captive whose name and fame had gone abroad in their land. In solid phalanx they crowded so thickly about him that he saw hideously bedaubed savages in every direction he turned his head, and their stern forbidding presence cast a deeper gloom over his already depressed spirits.

An end to doubt and uncertainty came at last. One day a savage, who was some sort of a petty chief or officer, came to the prisoner, and said:

"Make ready to go to the emperor, the great Powhatan."

"I have been ready this long while!" Smith answered.

He was led from the retreat where he had been kept, and brought before that august personage, the emperor, for whom all this pomp and display had been undertaken. Powhatan was seated on a sort of a throne like a bedstead with his dusky retinue around him. On either side of the Emperor sat a young woman of sixteen or eighteen years of

age, and along each side of the house were two rows of men, and behind them as many women, all with their heads and shoulders painted red. Many of their heads were decorated with the white down of birds; but all wore something in their hair, and great chains of beads about their neck. The most fantastically attired of all was Powhatan, who was covered with a great robe of raccoon skin, forming an eccentric, but not an unbecoming costume for a savage chief. Before the emperor burned the council fire, which the Indians were never known to neglect.

The appearance of the prisoner was the signal for a yell that made the welkin ring, and a woman called the Queen of Appomatox brought Smith water with which to wash his hands, and another tendered him a bunch of feathers with which to dry them, after which Smith was seated on a mat, and the deliberation went on. An abundance of food was placed before the prisoner, of which he was directed to partake, though just at this time his appetite was not the keenest, for his mind was filled with vague conjectures as to what would be the outcome of all this ceremony.

In vain he had gazed about that dusky throng for some friendly glance. He met none, until he beheld a little maiden in whose large, dark eye he fancied he noticed an expression of sympathy.

From the liberty she assumed, as well as from her rare costume of fawn-skin, bright feathers and furs, he knew she must be the child of the emperor. Her face was beautiful and her olive complexion was heightened by her great dark eyes and arched brows, giving to her an air of divine beauty. She was but a child of ten or twelve years. Why did she so strangely attract Smith's attention? Perchance intuition, that "small still voice" which never deceives, foretold that in this weak child he would find his preserver. The strongest warrior in that band was powerless to aid him, yet a child might save his life. Wonderful is the strength of love!

The little maid was seen prattling with Powhatan in her sweet, innocent, childish way; but that stern old chief put her quietly aside, and resumed his council with his men.

The suspense was at last over. The deliberation came to an end with a startling whoop, which caused the prisoner's heart to give a great bound in actual fear. He could not at first determine what conclusion had been reached, for he was unable to read in their stern, unbending countenances his doom, though from the first he was tormented with most cruel apprehensions.

He was not long kept in suspense after the breaking up of the council, for by words and signs

he was informed that he was to suffer death. The indictment against Smith charged him with being the leading spirit of the strange, white settlers. He had slain four of their number with mysterious weapons, which spoke with the voice of thunder and breathed the lightning. He was captured while prowling about, exploring and spying the country, searching for secrets among their tribes, and probably concocting some terrible mischief with which to visit them. It was believed that if he were out of the way, all further harm from the colonists would be at an end. Therefore it was best that he be brought to his doom, and their country freed from the presence of a power superior to their own.

He received his sentence in the presence of a multitude, all listening and looking on with savage intensity. The decree was, that he die without further delay. Never did a doomed man hear his sentence with more composure. He was conscious of having done no wrong, and, though death might be visited on him, he would meet it with resignation and without a murmur.

Two large stones were rolled into the building and placed before Powhatan. The prisoner surveyed the proceeding with a calm and unmoved demeanor. He knew what was to follow, and breathed a silent prayer to heaven for his soul.

An eager and excited crowd then laid violent hold on him, and forthwith dragged him to the spot. Across one of the stones they laid his head, while a few stalwart savages, with huge clubs, took up their station near their victim, ready to obey the imperial signal to dash out his brains.

Smith had by this time given over every hope of escape, and lay calm and unmoved awaiting his terrible fate. It was a moment of the most intent anguish even for his brave soul. Ignorant of when the order would be given for the deadening blow, he only awaited the fall of the fatal club on his head. In that single moment Smith lived a whole life crowded into one second of time. The horrible death, the ending of his brightest prospects, the termination of a gallant and victorious career in such a humiliating and barbarous manner was enough to fill his soul with agony.

Smith closed his eyes, as he supposed to open them no more on earth. Powhatan was ready to make the fatal signal, when a piercing shriek rang out on the air, causing the prisoner involuntarily to start and turn his head in the direction of the cry. Out from the silent group of females, he saw the figure of a little girl dart almost as rapidly as thought toward him. For the moment he was filled with astonishment and almost forgot his awful doom. In less time than the whole occurrence can

be told, she sprang forward between the uplifted clubs of the executioners and the head of the intended victim, and, throwing herself upon his neck, encircled it affectionately with her arms. A sudden shout of wonder rose from the savage multitude at so novel and unexpected an event, and all strained their gaze eagerly to learn who the damsel was. A single look was given, a single cry arose, as if every voice had uttered it in one breath:

"*Pocahontas!*"

It was the beloved daughter of their mighty king, that stern, old warrior who had never shown mercy to the condemned. It was Pocahontas, who had been entreating her father all along to extend compassion to the victim. She had pleaded, with tears running from her beautiful eyes, that he would spare the unfortunate captive.

Much as Powhatan doted on his sweet child, his savage heart had not yet learned to relent from its once formed purpose. In solemn council the prisoner had been condemned to die, and he ordered him to be executed.

What meant that strange cry? What slight form was that which darted forward? The old chief saw—he knew, even before the name of that beloved child was pronounced. There was Pocahontas, her arms about the victim's neck, her warm cheek pressed against his own, interposing

her life for that of this white stranger. In her mellow Indian tongue she cried:

"No! no! Slay him not! He shall not die!"

For a moment the executioners stood with uplifted clubs, abashed and confused, not knowing what course to take. They dared not strike, for the blow would fall on the head of their darling princess. As soon as the profound astonishment which the incident produced had in a measure subsided, the brows of the executioners began to relax from their savage rigidity, and another feeling took possession of their hearts, while their dread war-clubs dropped harmlessly at their sides. It was an incident not to be lightly passed over, that the one who had thus openly befriended the prisoner was the daughter of the king. Her arms had been about his neck, her tears had fallen on his face, and her sweet and tender compassion was not to be lightly regarded. Even her childish partiality deserved the sober and serious regard of the bravest and sternest warriors.

Pocahontas was the idol of her royal father. A boon that she dared in this manner to crave it was next to impossible to refuse. The perfect artlessness with which she begged it, the open and flowing bravery with which the act was accompanied, the childish faith which she seemed to have in her own ability to protect the prisoner, wrought so

much upon the stony nature of her father and his councillors that they soon yielded to the power of the new influence, and a stay of execution was granted until her prayer could once more be heard.

Unfortunately for the world, Smith did not understand enough of the Indian language to translate this appeal. It was a prayer for mercy by a little untutored savage; but, mightier than the strongest warrior, more eloquent than the greatest orator, she pleaded, she swayed, she moved, she carried the assembly, and her father, that stern old chieftain whose eagle eye never quailed in battle, was constrained to cry:

"*Let the prisoner go.*"

A wild shout of joy went up from the multitude of savages, who now that their hearts had been warmed by the childish spirit of Pocahontas, rejoiced that the captive was spared. No wonder that the name of Pocahontas is held in sweet remembrance by a grateful world through all the shifting scenes of ages. She who among the new strange people was first to kneel at the altar and worship the true God, had, within her heart, the spirit of Christ even from her savage infancy, "humanity, love, and charity for all mankind."

Dazed and confused, Smith was raised to his feet, and a happy band of braves danced about him, and the women sang strange, wild songs of joy.

"What doth all this mean?" asked Captain Smith, rubbing his eyes, and feeling that he had just awakened from a dream.

Then came Opechancanough to the prisoner, and by words and gestures said:

"Your life is to be spared."

"For which I give God thanks!" said Smith.

"The great king's favorite daughter, Pocahontas, has asked that you be spared, and her wish is granted."

He was then led to the timid little maiden, whose cheeks were wet with tears, and whose frame still trembled from the excess of her pent-up emotions, and was informed:

"Pocahontas has interposed and saved your life, and you henceforth belong to her."

Captain Smith understood that he was to be the slave of Pocahontas. From that time forward, he was to belong to her; to go where she sent him; to obey her wishes in everything; to minister to her wildest fancies, and to perform such acts of servile labor as would mark him a dependent and favorite. He was grateful for the privilege, for never had a slave a more gentle mistress, nor mistress a more devoted slave.

Being thus thrown in the society of so powerful a chieftain as Powhatan, Smith was not long in making his influence felt all about him. His presence

among the savages was such a wonder, and his valorous deeds having already excited so large a share of their admiration, it was only natural that he should make his own strong mark upon their modes of thought and action. Powhatan was so well pleased with his daughter's slave that he elevated him from the degrading position of bondage to the dignity of son, adopting him into his tribe, and bestowing on him such favors as were only vouchsafed to his kindred.

The kingly parent had come to the conclusion that a superior power must have interfered to save his victim from death, and his kind treatment increased in proportion to his superstition.

As the friendship between Powhatan and Captain Smith deepened, the chief began to talk with him about his liberty, and promised him that at no distant day he would send him to the settlement. The design of the crafty old king was to get possession of the fort and guns of the English, and in order to do this he was playing a deceitful game with Smith; but, shrewd as he was, Powhatan was playing with one well skilled in diplomacy and duplicity. On every strategic point, Smith proved more than a match for the wily chieftain.

He knew that Powhatan only intended to give him his freedom, hoping that, by doing so, he would easily recapture him and destroy the whole

colony. The astute chieftain plied him with numerous questions about the condition of the white settlers, and sought in every way to make himself familiar with their weak and strong points of defence. Smith was shrewd enough to penetrate his plans, and met his inquiries with answers fully their equal in adroitness and deceit.

Most of all the articles possessed by the whites, the Indians wanted those great guns, with which the fort was mounted. Captain Smith heard Powhatan's wishes and expressed a perfect willingness to give him the cannon if he would send some of his warriors with him to bring them back. Powhatan had heard of the wonderful powers of grindstones for sharpening weapons, and next to the cannon he wanted grindstones. By way of barter for these much coveted things, he freely promised the whites a tract of land which he did not himself happen to possess, and from which he intended to expel them, as soon as they should have established themselves thereon.

The great chief told the captain wonderful stories of the wealth and greatness of tribes that dwelt beyond him toward the west, and in return Smith more than matched his wild stories with narratives of the grand cities he had himself visited in Europe, of the many and strange people he had seen in the other quarters of the earth. He took great pains

to impress on the chieftain's mind the vastness of the ocean, and spoke of Captain Newport and his vessels as being expected soon.

Smith was finally promised his liberty in a few more days. During that interval it was Powhatan's wish that all his people should have an opportunity to behold so wonderful a being, for the chieftain's admiration for his prisoner increased daily. He grew to such an extent in Powhatan's regard, that the latter seemed loath to part with him at all, and began to make serious proposals for him to come with his colonists and settle near him. In order to offer more tempting inducements for such a change of location, he promised that the settlers should be supplied with venison and grain in great abundance. Being eager to either entrap or coerce the whites into his plans, the wily Indian at last consented to send his adopted son back to the settlement, under an escort of a dozen of his savage followers. So Smith took his departure, with those ignorant and deluded sons of the forest, who expected without fail to return in a short time with a load of grindstones and cannon on their backs.

CHAPTER VIII.

VENGEANCE OF FRANCIS.

> We oft by lightning read in darkest nights;
> And by your passions I read all your natures,
> Though you at other times can keep them dark.
> —CROWNE.

THE journey to Jamestown was but twelve miles; but, being through an interminable forest with swamps and trees intervening, two full days were required to make it. During the entire journey, Smith's mind was tortured by continual fears, for he was by no means certain that he would not yet be slain and eaten by his savage guards. His knowledge of their language was imperfect, and his excited imagination construed many of their mysterious signs and nods into a direct menace. When they halted at night in an old deserted hut, he fully believed that his guard would slay him. He did not fully realize the power of Powhatan over his subjects, nor did Smith fully understand the old chieftain. All the friendly advances of Powhatan were rejected by the English, as the acts of a treacherous

enemy whose only desire was to get them in his power.

It was nearly sunset on the second day when he came within sight of the settlement of Jamestown. The quaint houses or huts from which the blue smoke was curling, the fort with the dark cannon, and the men going about the streets in their daily avocation, were welcome sights to the returned captive.

He was met by the young sailor, Philip Stevens, who was overjoyed at his return.

"God has sent you in good season," said Philip.

"Why so?" asked Captain Smith, in some alarm, for by the anxiety expressed in the face of Philip he knew that something of more than ordinary moment had transpired.

"Some of the malcontents are contemplating seizing the pinnace and deserting the colony."

"Who is in command since I left?"

"Archer."

"A very cunning knave."

"He is one of the ringleaders who contemplates running away."

"If they attempt it, I will turn the guns of the fort on them," said Smith resolutely. "It stands us in hand not to quarrel at present among ourselves, as we have a barbarous enemy surrounding us. These savages, you see, are in reality spies upon

us. Give it out to the men that they are to be well treated, however, for we wish to send back a good report to Powhatan."

They entered the fort, and the Indians were treated with great kindness, given all the food they desired, and a house in which to sleep. Next morning Rawbunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, came to Smith and expressed a desire to have the great guns and grindstones to carry back to their emperor.

"I will give them to you at once," said Smith, and he led the Indians to the rampart and showed them two demi-culverins and a mill-stone, saying:

"There are the cannons, and there is the grindstone."

The savages gravely approached the coveted prizes, and stooped to place them on their shoulders. The first effort proved them somewhat heavy, and they tried again. Smith standing by could scarcely repress a smile. The combined strength of the Indians was not sufficient to move one of the guns. All their efforts to move the mill-stone were equally unavailing, and Rawbunt, turning to Smith, said:

"We cannot carry them."

Smith then explained that these were the lightest of the big guns.

"How did you bring them here?" the savage asked.

"We have some very strong men who carry these guns on their shoulders; but they are gone away on the ship, across the water. They will return soon."

In order to show the Indians what terrible engines these big guns were, Smith had them charged with round, hard stones, and fired them into the branches of a great tree which was loaded with icicles and a thick coating of ice. As the two cannon roared, the branches came tumbling down, and masses of ice were scattered in every direction, so that the Indians, half dead with terror, ran away. After some moments he allayed their fears and begged them to take the cannon to their chief; but they refused to come near the pieces again.

Everything was in accordance with Smith's desire, and he gave the savages some presents to carry to Powhatan, his wives and children, and dismissed them with a favorable impression of the magnanimity, greatness, and power of Chieftain John Smith.

"Have you observed any more preparations for departure?" Smith asked Philip Stevens.

"I have."

"When do they contemplate sailing?"

"In the morning."

"We will watch for them."

Captain Smith and his immediate friends, Philip

Stevens, Anthony Gosnold, Mr. Hunt the minister, Thomas Morton and others, kept watch over the fort during the night, to prevent the escape of the rebels.

Meanwhile, preparations were being made by Archer and his confederates for the departure. At early dawn Smith, who was sleeping, was awakened by Hunt, Stevens and Gosnold.

"They are going," said the minister.

"Then I will take the law into my own hands," cried Smith, "and bring them back!"

He flew to the fort where he directed Philip to train a cannon called a faker, carrying a ball of five and a half pounds, on them, while he manned a lighter piece called a falcon. Others appeared with muskets, and before the deserters were fairly embarked, they were covered with the deadly firearms of those companions, whom they were cowardly abandoning.

"Hold!" cried Captain Smith to the astonished deserters. "If you attempt to leave, we will sink you."

Then Archer began to parley with him saying they had a perfect right to go where they pleased.

"Fire the faker above their heads, Philip, so as not to harm them, but near enough to affright them into submission," said the captain.

Philip, aiming the cannon so that the ball would

pass three or four feet above the men in the boat, sent a shot hissing through the air. At the same time Captain Smith discharged the falcon, and four or five muskets were fired.

The whistling balls of lead and iron brought the Englishmen to their senses, and they hurriedly returned and gave over all thought of leaving.

Their enmity against Smith was not over, however. They had him arrested and strove to put him to death, claiming that under the Levitical law he was guilty of the murder of Robinson and Emry, as he had led them to destruction.

"Will they harm you?" Philip asked.

"No," Smith answered with a smile. "I will quickly take such orders with these lawyers as will lay them by the heels in durance, until such time as I can send them prisoners to England."

Smith made his boasts good, and his enemies were once more baffled and discomfited. But with each discomfiture their hatred increased.

The improvident colonists had failed to preserve their provisions, so that they were now spoiled and worthless. It was mid-winter, and Smith had to depart on a new expedition for food. One evening, Philip came to his house and said:

"I wonder that you toil so long and expose yourself to so many dangers for people as ungrateful as these."

"They are unwise and helpless," Smith answered, "more deserving of pity than of condemnation."

"Will you again start away among the Indians for food?"

"Unless Newport soon returns, I shall."

"I wish the ship was here, for I am eager to hear from England."

"Aye, lad, I see by your face that you hope for news from one you left behind. It needs no seer to tell from whom."

Philip blushed, but made no answer. He sat for a long time, and gazed into the bright log fire, listening to the roaring of the winter winds without, and shuddering as he thought of his friend braving the dangers of the forest. His mind gradually crept back over the past scenes in his eventful life, until once more he was beneath that far away parental roof, and lived over again that terrible day at St. Augustine, when Sir Francis Drake came to drag himself and his infant brother away to bondage.

"Prythee, Philip, where are your thoughts?" asked Captain Smith.

"I was thinking; I will go home."

"Back to England?"

"No, England is not my home. I will go back to Florida. I am a Spaniard. My parents live

there. How gladly they will welcome the wanderer from so many strange lands!"

Smith's usually bright face grew sad. The life of the young sailor had been so much like his own, so full of excitement, wild adventures and sad incidents, so intermingled with the lights and shadows of existence, that he felt strangely drawn toward him.

"You cannot go now, Philip," he said sadly. "It is mid-winter, and it would be folly to think for a moment of leaving."

"When spring comes I will go. I have delayed too long already the search for my parents. They do not know that I live."

"Wait until summer. Think no more of it now, and chide not yourself for lack of faithfulness."

It was late that night when Philip and the captain separated, the former to dream of that far-off southern home of his childhood, while the latter planned for the welfare of the men who would willingly have put him to death had they dared.

Captain Smith was awakened early next morning by Philip's rapping on his door and calling him by name.

On his inquiring what was wanted, Philip answered:

"There are some Indians just arrived in the fort. A little maid is with them and wishes to see you."

Smith hurriedly dressed and received his guests, who were Pocahontas and some of her father's servants, whom she had brought loaded down with provisions for him. The affection of the little maid for the man whose life she had saved was so great, that every four or five days she either sent or brought him provisions which he divided among the hungry colonists. Powhatan, who was far more friendly with the whites than the average historian gives him credit for being, also sent him many stores of provisions, for which Smith paid him in such trinkets as pleased his savage nature most.

The malcontents became jealous of the popularity of Smith and Stevens among the Indians, and in order to secure favor began to pay more for provisions than they, which had a great effect in "bulling the market."

At this opportune moment, Captain Newport arrived from England with a vessel, and his presence for a long time quelled any further symptoms of insubordination.

The happiest man in the colony was Philip Stevens, for the vessel brought him a letter inclosed and sealed with red wax and addressed in a neat feminine hand. It was as follows:

"DEAR PHILIP:—I received a letter from you by this ship, and forasmuch as you did not forget to write to me,

I shall proceed to answer you, so that Captain Newport may return with my letter. I was particularly interested in all you said in your letter, and certain parts of it I did read to my mother and certain other parts I did not read to any one. We were particularly interested in all you wrote about, and your description of the savages did much interest my mother. She wanted to know much of the country and talks as if she fully expected that she would soon make her home in this strange, new world. What did most interest me, and that which I kept unto myself, was your asking me to share your new home as your wife. I did not know that you loved me except as a brother, Philip; but since you have avowed your love, I will state that when you have your home ready, I will become your wife. I will speak to my mother, though I know she will give her consent ere I ask her; but there will be time enough to talk to mother when the home is prepared and fitting for your wife. I was pleased that you said that our mother would come to share our home with us. We will wait until you have the home ready, and then we will come. I forbear to write further, hoping to receive an answer by the next return; so I take leave, commending you to the Lord, resting in him.

"Your loving friend,

"EMILY."

The above would not be exactly the kind of an epistle a lover of the present day would expect from his sweetheart; but it is needless to say that it was quite in keeping with the age and filled Philip's heart with joy. There was no coquettish dissembling, but a frank confession. Philip, on his departure from the widow's house, had made no avowal of love, nor had there been any betrothal.

He merely stated that he was going to the New World to build up a home for his foster mother and sister, where they might be happy.

Her letter drove from the mind of the young man all thought of going to Florida; but the stirring events in the colony soon called his attention to other matters than prospective happiness.

Newport become foolishly jealous of the wonderful popularity of Captain Smith among the Indians. Like all weak men he thought to display his own wisdom in the criticism of others. He fancied he could make much better bargains with the Indians than could Smith, and fix himself even more deeply in their affections, by letting them have his articles of traffic at lower rates and in more liberal supplies.

By this time the Indians had begun to carry on considerable trade, or "truck," as the colonists termed it; but in a little while the dangerously low prices at which Newport offered his goods made a confusion of everything.

With silent chagrin Smith saw that Newport's short-sightedness and vanity were fast bringing the colony into contempt and disrepute.

Powhatan had expressed a desire to see Captain Newport, and, in order to check the evil influence of the latter's course, Smith pursuaded him to go with him to Werowocomoco.

Filling the pinnace with a variety of articles

most likely to please the savage fancy, and selecting thirty men, among whom was Stevens and Smith, Newport set forth for the chieftain's residence. When they neared the chief's town, Newport began to evince a dread of meeting the savages.

"Fain would I go back, Captain Smith, since what I have heard of these savages convinces me that they might overwhelm and destroy us by their superior numbers!" said the cowardly Newport.

"Surely, captain, you will not fear to go with thirty armed men, where I went alone," answered Smith.

This delicate allusion to Newport's courage somewhat piqued him, and he resolved to go forward. When they reached the Indian town, Newport could not be prevailed upon to go ashore. Captain Smith answered the fears of the craven with silent contempt, and, with Philip Stevens and twenty men, he started to the lodge of Powhatan. He was met on the way by a band of Indians, who accompanied him to the lodge of their great chieftain.

Near the lodge of the dusky king, Smith met the little maid to whom he was indebted for his life. His meeting with Pocahontas was affectionate and tender. The chief was waiting, and, with Philip Stevens at his side, Smith entered his presence.

Powhatan was sitting upon his throne or bed of mats. His pillow of leather was embroidered after a rude manner with pearls and beads. He was attired in a fine robe of skins as large as an Irish mantle. At his left side sat a handsome young woman, and on each side of his house sat twenty of his concubines, their heads and shoulders painted red, with great chains of white beads about their necks. Before these sat his chief men, in like order in his arbor-like house, and more than forty platters of fine bread were arranged in two rows on each side of the door. Four or five hundred warriors formed a guard behind them for the passage of Smith and his men, and a proclamation was issued by the king, Powhatan, that none, upon pain of death, were to injure or offer any indignity to their visitors.

The Indian king majestically nodded a silent welcome to the party, and at once made room for Captain Smith by his side. Smith made him a present of a dog, a hat, and some red cloth, which the emperor received with manifest pleasure, ordering water to be brought for his friend's hands.

Powhatan inquired about Newport, asking why he did not come to the lodge himself, and Smith was put to his best wits to form a reasonable excuse without exposing the cowardice of the captain. He had learned enough of the Indian char-

acter to realize that cowardice is the most serious of all sins to the savage.

"Where are the great guns you promised me?" asked Powhatan. With a good-humored laugh, Smith answered:

"Prythee, where are the warriors you were to send and carry them away?"

"I have none who can," answered Powhatan.

"Nor have I any strong enough to bring them."

It was a pleasant interview, and tended to cement the friendship of Smith and the chieftain. When the Englishmen started to go back to the pinnace the tide was so low they could not hope to reach it that night, so they returned to Powhatan's lodge, where they were feasted bounteously.

Next morning, Powhatan accompanied them to the river, where Newport came on shore, and the Indian king withdrew to make preparations for him. Newport was anxious to atone for his cowardice, and, in order to establish himself in the good graces of Powhatan, most affectionately gave the Indian emperor a boy named Thomas Salvage, whom Powhatan adopted as his son; and in exchange made Newport a present of Namontuck, his trusty servant.

Three days more were spent in feasting, and dancing, and trading, during which time Powhatan carried himself so proudly and discreetly that he

won the admiration of the Englishmen. In the smaller barter and exchange, he took no part. He scorned to trade in the same manner as did his subjects, and on the third day he said to Newport:

"Captain Newport, it is not agreeable to my greatness in this peddling manner to trade for trifles, and I esteem you as a great chief. Therefore lay me down all your commodities together; what I like I will take, and in recompense give you what I think fitting their value."

Having faithfully translated what the old chieftain had said, Smith added:

"Don't accept his offer: it is only a device to cheat us."

"Device, is it?" answered Newport. "I will outbrave this savage in ostentation of greatness, and so bewitch him with my bounty as to have what he has listed."

In vain Smith told Newport the folly of his act; he would have his way, and, bringing all the commodities he had to purchase food for his colony, he laid them down before the chief, who, in return, gave him four bushels of corn.

"Is that all we are to have?" Stevens asked Captain Smith.

"It is all we can have. By the mass, we could purchase corn cheaper from Spain," Smith an-

swered. Then in an undertone, that he might not wound the feelings of Captain Newport, he added: "It is the folly of Newport. He cannot safely break the bargain now."

"Cannot you devise some plan by which we can obtain food?" Philip asked, for he had great confidence in the ability of Captain Smith to accomplish desperate things.

"I will try," was the answer.

Shortly after, Smith exhibited for barter two pounds of blue glass beads which he praised highly, representing that they were very popular among the kings and queens of his country. Powhatan was eager to obtain the worthless baubles, and offered more corn for them than he had given to Newport for goods worth a hundred times their value; but Smith hesitated and intimated that he did not care to part with them. The price went up until he procured three hundred bushels of corn for the beads.

The Indians were afraid of their firearms and often requested Smith and Newport to leave them in the fort, which they refused to do, much to the disgust of the wily chief.

From Werowocomoco the Englishmen set out for the king of Pamunkee, where Smith did fully as well in trading beads for corn.

While here, Pocahontas was sent to bring the

white men back to Powhatan, who wished to trade more with them. Back they went to the old chief, and once more opened up their trinkets to his eyes.

He gave another Indian boy to Newport, who promised to take him to England, that he might bring back tidings to the great chief of the mighty people who lived beyond the seas. The lad did visit England and, standing in the streets of London, attempted to cut a notch on a stick for every person he saw, but soon gave up in despair, and, on his return, informed Powhatan that the people were more numerous than the leaves on the trees.

Shortly after the departure of Newport, Stevens one day found a glittering substance in the earth, which was thought to be gold. At once the colonists were excited over the discovery of rich deposits of treasure, and as the spring advanced and the time for planting came, they forgot that food was better than gold, and grew insane with their foolish projects. There was no talk, no hope, no work, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and "one mad fellow desired to be buried in the sands lest they should, by their art, make gold of his bones."

This infatuation came to an end. One morning, while Philip Stevens, Captain Smith, and Mr. Hunt were at work on the meeting-house, Philip suddenly cried:

"Fire! fire! See, the granary is on fire!"

In a moment the wild cry was caught up, and the gold miners, carpenters, and all sprang to the defence of their property. But the structure was thatched with the most combustible material possible, and soon the entire building was in flames. Building after building was destroyed. Mr. Hunt's house and library, with many valuable records, were burned. Even the palisades about the fort took fire, though they were ten yards from the burning houses.

Again was the colony almost reduced to want; but Captain Smith, aided by Philip and Mr. Hunt, tried to instil some courage into the colonists, and they began to rebuild their burned houses, and make the best they could of a bad affair.

A few weeks later the *Phœnix*, a ship which had started with Newport, but had been compelled to put into the West Indies for repairs, came into the James River, and her passengers disembarked.

Philip was on the shore to witness the disembarkation. A middle-aged man suddenly came toward him, saying:

"Ha! I have found you, slave! To this part of the New World you have fled."

In a moment Philip recognized his former master, Henry Francis. Drawing himself up to his full height, with all the dignity of his proud Spanish ancestry, he answered:

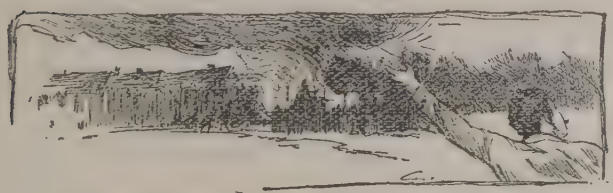
"I am no slave. I have worked out my apprenticeship, and, henceforth, I am free."

"We will see! we will see!" said Francis, his eyes flashing fire. "I came to seek wealth. Finding you, I shall now have another motive. I will reclaim my slave."

From that day, Philip realized that he had an enemy in the colony, and trouble began to thicken about him and his friends.

The Indians had, in the mean while, thrown off the mask of friendship and began pilfering. Francis courted their acquaintance, and he and a kinsman of the same name, and a Dutchman named Adams, aided and comforted the thieves.

Swords and knives where stolen, and one day Philip Stevens and some of the men met with a party of thieves, and a fight was the result. A few days later nine savages were entrapped by Smith in the fort.



"FIRE! FIRE! THE GRANARY IS ON FIRE!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

She saw the sun on a summer sky
And clouds of amber sailing by,
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And merled seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors where slumbering lay
The sun, and the sky, and the cloudlet gray.

—Hogg.

"Now we have a ransom for all they have stolen," said Smith.

"What are you going to do with them?" Philip asked.

"I shall hold them until the stolen property is returned," Smith answered.

"Suppose they refuse to return it?"

"Then the Indians shall suffer."

As in all other matters for the welfare for the colony, Captain Smith met with direct opposition from the colonists.

"Release the prisoners, I pray thee," put in

Francis. "Wherefore would you enrage their friends to destroy us?"

"I will not release them!" was the answer.

"Surely, this reckless man hath not the good of the people at heart," said Archer.

One, William More, a year or two younger than Philip Stevens, had arrayed himself from the first against Captain Smith, and he determined on the release of the savages. William detested Philip, because he was a friend of Smith, and was next to him in popularity.

"Prythee, release them!" he argued. "Release them, and save our lives."

Smith was unmoved, and when his cowardly apponents threatened to use force, he again had recourse to the heavy guns. Such a power as Smith was capable of using had its effect on the men dumb to reason.

"We can do nothing with him," said More to Francis. "The fellow would slay us if we opposed him."

"Let us turn him over to the Indians," suggested Francis.

To Adam, a Hollander, Francis and More repaired for consultation.

"These fellows, Smith and Stevens, are grown too powerful, and it is now high time we put an end to them," urged Francis.

"How can we?" asked Adam.

"I know a way whereby we may get rid of both," interposed More.

"What is the plan?" demanded his companions.

"Turn them over to the Indians. I know something of the Indian language, and I can manage it so they may be surprised."

"How will you?" asked Adam.

More laid bare a plan that for cunning and duplicity has never been surpassed. Strict orders had come from England not to molest the natives.

These orders Smith adhered to, so long as he could do so with safety to himself and the colony. When the thieving and plundering became unendurable, he had acted, as we have seen, in a bold and effective manner. The Indians, however, roamed the woods close about Jamestown, and William More, who was a loose and dissolute character, had courted their acquaintance. He and Francis, in order to gain their favor, had been stealing from their companions the much-coveted swords and hatchets and giving them to the Indians.

"I will go among the Indians and post them so they will be in ambush ready to seize and slay any white men who may come that way. Then we will see that no one save Stevens and Smith go by that path."

The proposed plan was adopted, and that very

day More proceeded to put it into execution. He went into the wood as if to hunt, and soon met one of the petty chiefs, to whom he narrated his plan. The wily savage, of course, fell in with it, and with a score of warriors lay in ambush at the point where Philip Stevens and Smith would, according to their plan, come. The prime motive prompting More and Francis to plan the destruction of Smith and Stevens was jealousy and hatred. Jealousy is one of the devil's chief tools. By it he fashions all his subjects and builds a torment for them on earth. Hate follows envy and jealousy, as surely as night succeeds day. Smith and Stevens had done More and the Dutchmen no wrong; but they had successfully managed affairs, had proved themselves superior in courage and wisdom, and, without intending it, had become heroes. These men hated them, because of their success.

On his return, More met Philip Stevens and said:

"I slew a deer in the forest and was about to bring it home, when two savages came and drove me away. Will you go with me and aid me to bring back my venison?"

"That I will," Stevens answered. "They have stolen too much from us already."

Philip did not dream of treachery.

Unfortunately Captain Smith was not at the fort

and could not be found. Had he been informed he would at once have seen through the scheme.

"I cannot find him, but I will go myself," said Stevens on returning. One of the soldiers volunteered to accompany him, and, armed with muskets, they sallied forth to the rescue of the venison, led by More, who, knowing that success depended on haste, ran along before them, calling:

"Hasten, or they will have the venison carried away."

The unsuspecting men ran into the trap which More, being some distance ahead, escaped. The Indians allowed him to pass through their ambuscade and run home; while they fell upon Stevens and his companion and bound them with cords.

Smith was unaware of the calamity which had befallen his young friend, when a deputation of Indians came demanding the release of the prisoners. Smith met them boldly, and, after hearing their request, said:

"Your people shall be given their freedom when all the articles you have stolen from the fort are returned; and if those swords and hatchets are not soon brought back, I will hang up every one of the prisoners to the trees."

This bold threat served for a time to awe the Indians. They retired a short distance from the

fort and paused in full view of Smith to hold a consultation. This broke up after a few moments and all hurried away into the wood. Captain Smith went to his house, thinking he would hear no more from them, when Mr. Hunt suddenly came to him and said:

"They are coming back, captain, and bring two white men with them."

"Prisoners?" asked Smith.

"Yea, verily, their hands are tied with good strong cords."

Captain Smith, on hurrying to the fort, was amazed and pained to discover that Philip Stevens was one of the prisoners. The Indians halted a short distance from the fort and sent a messenger to consult with the captain.

"We have two of your soldiers prisoners," the Indian boldly declared; "and unless you release the Indians within the fort, we shall kill the white men."

It was a bold threat, and for a single instant Smith was unnerved; but he was not longer than an instant inactive. He asked no one's advice, but, wheeling about, ran to his house, where he donned his armor and seized his sword. Then, hastily gathering together a dozen men with swords and pikes, he rushed suddenly upon the Indians, assailing them with such fury as to drive them from

the fort, and, rescuing the prisoners, brought them safe and uninjured into the fort.

"How came you to be captured?" Captain Smith asked Philip.

"William More had killed a deer which lay in the wood, and the Indians had driven him from it. We went to assist him in retaking the deer."

So neatly had More arranged all his plans, that he was not yet suspected by Philip of acting the part of a traitor. William explained that the Indians had given him a long chase, and that he barely escaped with his life. After listening to all he had to say, Smith thought:

"There is a deeper plot in all this than any of us dream. I will learn all about it."

By threats and pursuasions, the captured savages admitted that there was an organized conspiracy against Captain Smith on the part of the Indians, and that Powhatan was at the bottom of the plot. This startling news confirmed the suspicions which Smith had entertained. The old Indian was full of deceit and hypocrisy, and his fair promises and professions of friendship were not worth a straw. While extending the pipe of peace with one hand, his other held the death-dealing knife.

The student of history may have just cause to doubt that Powhatan was as treacherous as Smith believed. He might have been influenced by

Francis and Adam, whom Captain Smith called the Dutchmen. Certain it is, that Powhatan was no more treacherous nor as much a knave as many of the whites whom Smith had in his colony. The Indian king became uneasy at the condition of affairs, and thought it best to send back the white boy that Newport had given him, with a present of wild turkeys to the colonists. Smith kept the turkeys and the boy too. Powhatan had exhausted every resource to obtain the liberties of his captive subjects save one, and he now fell upon his last resort.

One morning Smith was notified that Pocahontas desired to speak with him. She had come with three or four faithful attendants, and brought him some deer meat. The whole demeanor of the stern man changed.

"I must give them up," Smith said humbly. "I can refuse all other petitions; but Pocahontas, I cannot find it in my way to turn away. I am bound to her by so many ties of gratitude that whatever she asks she will obtain, though it costs her old friend the greatest struggle of his life."

He went forth to meet the little maid, who was ever ready to plead for mercy for the red or white man. She met him in her confiding, trusting, childlike manner, and told him she had come to

implore the release of the Indians and the white boy.

"The prisoners shall all be given up, but only as a present to you," said Smith. "I do not admit that there is any justice in the demand; but I am quite willing to let them go on the score of gratefulness and generosity."

With the released captives Pocahontas set out for her home, expressing only friendship for the great white man, whom she had learned to love and respect.

Smith had some trouble with Radcliffe, the inefficient president of the council, which was partly smoothed over by the intervention of friends.

Having a natural dread of idleness and a marked disposition for continuous activity, Smith projected an expedition of discovery up the Chesapeake Bay. There was a vast stretch of land and water in that direction, which he had a great desire to explore. With fourteen men, one of whom was his faithful young friend, Philip Stevens, he took his departure on the second day of June, 1608, steering for the outlet of the James River. On making Cape Charles, Philip, who sat in the bow of the boat, called to Captain Smith:

"I see savages on shore."

"Make them know we are friends, and we will go to them."

Philip, who had learned some of the Indian language, hailed the savages, and told them they were their friends.

"Then we welcome you; come with us to our prince of Accomac," answered the Indian.

They went, and the prince received them kindly and showed them the greatest attention. From Accomac they pushed on up the bay, running into every little gulf, inlet or creek, that invited their prow. Being overtaken by a thunder-storm and tempest, they lost their sails, and supplied the want with their shirts. Their appearance created great excitement among the Indians, who followed them for miles along the river, climbing trees to get sight of them. As they were entering an inlet, very narrow, with thick woods on either side, Captain Smith, who sat in the prow by Philip, suddenly seized him and hurled him to the bottom of the boat, falling upon him, and crying:

"Down all!"

All followed his example, and it was well they did, for a shower of arrows swept over their heads.

"Seize your muskets and give them a volley before they can draw a second arrow!" cried Smith.

His men had their hands on their guns, and, rising, made ready to fire into the bushes, where the ambuscade was formed. Smith stood up in the prow with one foot on the gunwale, and fired both

his pistols into the bushes. A rattling volley from the soldiers was followed by the most horrible yells and screeches of mingled rage, pain, and fear.

"Back out of the inlet," commanded Smith.

The boat was backed out, and resumed its course up the main stream, and they never knew what effect their volley had had on the enemy.

They steered northward, and came to the mouth of the Patuxent, and from this point sailed onward for some ninety miles, but saw nothing but grand forests and strange wild beasts unknown to them. Supplies ran low, and the men began to grow sick and discontented. Therefore Captain Smith, much against his will, was compelled to return. He went back as far as the Potomac, and here succeeded in pursuading his discontented companions into making a short journey up the beautiful stream.

Accordingly, they sailed as far upward as their inclinations led them, falling in with tribe after tribe of Indians, some of them hostile and some of them friendly.

By one of the friendly Indians they were informed that Powhatan had designs against the colony in their absence, and Smith, having cause to dread the designs of the chieftain, turned back toward the settlement.

Whether the reports against Powhatan were true or not, there is some room for doubt. Powhatan

had enemies among the Indians, who may have maligned him, and, while he naturally wished the arms of the white men, he might have been acting in good faith, even honestly, according as his savage education interpreted the meaning of the word.

On their way back, they fell in with canoes full of savages, from whom they obtained fresh supplies of venison and fish. Notwithstanding Smith's anxiety to return to Jamestown, some of his foolish companions went on shore at various places to search for minerals; but of course nothing came of their search but the loss of their labor and patience.

"The folly of these people will in the end prove their ruin," said the captain, as he sat in the boat with Philip, awaiting their return.

"They come now, captain, and we will hasten to Jamestown," said Philip.

The men came aboard, and they drifted down the stream. At the north of the Rappahannock were many shoals, and, the tide being out, their barge grounded on one of them.

"Here we must abide until the next tide comes to float us," said Smith to his companions. As Smith gazed into the shallow water, he spied fishes swimming among the reeds, and he and Philip began spearing them with their swords. All the crew followed their example.

"Look, captain!" cried Philip. "What a cu-

riously shaped fish!" He pointed to a long creature resembling a thorn-back, with a tail like a riding whip.

"Pierce it with your sword, Philip," said Captain Smith.

Philip made a thrust but missed. Dr. Russel next made an effort to capture the fish, but it escaped him, and ran directly under Smith, who sent the keen point of his sword into its side, and pulled it wriggling and writhing into the boat. As he went to pull the fish from the point of his sword, it suddenly wrapped its tail about his left wrist, and stuck its poisonous sting an inch and a half into his flesh. Though no blood issued, the pain was intense, and, dropping the fish into the bottom of the boat, Smith groaned aloud. Dr. Russel examined the wound, but only a blue spot could be seen; but in three or four hours the sufferer's arm and shoulder were so swollen that his life was despaired of, though Dr. Russel continued to apply his remedies.

"It is useless, doctor," said Smith calmly. "You have done what you could to save my life, but I must die. Take me to the island and dig my grave." He was carried by his sorrowing companions and laid upon some robes under a tree, while his companions proceeded to dig his grave. Dr. Russel and Philip Stevens remained at his side.

The moon rose slowly and looked sadly upon the scene. The doctor, not wholly despairing, still applied remedies to his patient, and when the grave was finished he was still alive. The captain fell into a fitful slumber, which after a while became more quiet, and all supposed it would result in death. At midnight the doctor reported the welcome news that the swelling had begun to subside.

"Are you quite sure, doctor?" Philip asked.

"Quite sure."

"And is the danger over?"

"No, but it grows less."

Smith slept until morning, when he was able to rise and walk about. He expressed his regret that he had given his friends the trouble to dig his grave. Next day they were able to leave the island, which they named Sting-ray Island after the fish which had nearly caused the death of Captain Smith. That name it bears to this day.

On the 21st of July, after an absence of seven weeks, the voyagers returned to Jamestown, where they found many sick and the colony in the greatest distress, owing to the slipshod manner in which the government was carried on. The people now began to have their eyes opened, and despite the combined efforts of Francis, Adam, and More, Smith was chosen president. He declined the office, preferring to explore the country, and, with Stevens and four-

teen men, once more set out to finish his explorations.

He first went to the river of Patapsco and explored this stream and its four distinct branches to their several heads, making a careful map of the whole country. He fell in with a tribe called the Massawomeks, who were hostile at first; but the excellent tact of the leader changed their hatred into friendship. He visited the Tockuoghs, and the wild, fierce Susquehannocks, clothed in wolf skins, and seeming so fierce and terrible that Philip declared that they never could secure their friendship; but Captain Smith soon taught them to respect him. Next they fell in with the Rappahannocks, who endeavored to lead them into an ambuscade; but a volley from the muskets of the whites sent them scampering away into the forest.

During this voyage, one of the party was attacked by a lingering fever, and on the shore, overshadowed by the forest centuries old, he breathed his last. His grave was dug and the last sad rites were performed over it, and, after firing a volley of musketry in honor of the dead, they turned away.

They came in contact with tribe after tribe of strange, wild people, until it seemed as if they were bidding farewell to all the known world. Sometimes they were greeted as friends, and sometimes

by an ambuscade. On the seventh day of September they returned to Jamestown once more, bringing with them a liberal supply of meat, fish, and several bushels of corn. During these voyages, Smith had thoroughly acquainted himself with the shores and bays of the Chesapeake, and on his return drew a map which is in existence to this day. Considering that it was the first map of the coast, it is remarkably accurate. In all, he had gone three thousand miles, through hardships which would put to the severest test the courage and endurance of men far more notable than he.

Smith was sustained in all his trials by Philip Stevens and Dr. Russel. On their return, Smith noticed that Philip was quite despondent, and asked him the cause.

"Will the settlement ever be so that women and children can live in Jamestown?" he asked.

"Surely, yes."

"I am disgusted with the folly of these people. Radcliffe, the former president, is in prison on charge of mutiny——"

"Be patient—be patient, friend," said Smith hopefully. "A country cannot be made in a day. Our people are not accustomed to the new order of things. In time everything will come out right."

"Captain Smith, can I hope to see Emily again?"

"Yes."

"On my return I met Francis, and he said he was still my master, and I was his slave. He knows of my letters to Emily, and he asked me if a slave could love."

"He lies; you are no slave!"

"Would it not be well for me to set out for St. Augustine and find my parents, from whom I was taken so long ago? There I should be free." Smith, like all other English settlers, had a great dread of the Spaniards, and told him not to think of it.

"Give over all thought of your childhood, my friend. Philip Estevan is dead. Philip Stevens is an Englishman, and lives a new life. You have new friends, new hopes and aspirations, and before many years elapse, peace and order will come out of this turmoil, and then you may bring the sweet English maid to this glorious land to enjoy the home which your own hands have builded."

CHAPTER X.

CROWNING A FOREST EMPEROR.

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasure soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

—SCOTT.

THE time had come in the history of the colony when the modern Cincinnatus must quit his explorations to serve the colony. Radcliffe, the nominal president, was in confinement on charge of mutiny, and everything was in confusion and disorder.

"It is your duty to accept the office," urged Mr. Hunt. "Without you at the head the colony must perish."

Smith was induced to accept, and at once took hold of matters in earnest. The fort was put in a complete state of defence, the dwellings were repaired and made comfortable, and, as a vessel was expected to arrive soon from England with supplies, an addition was made to the public granary. Saturday was set apart as the day for drilling the

men in the exercise of arms, and in a short time all became proficient soldiers. Everything took a new turn, and new life and energy was instilled into the colony.

The expected vessel from England arrived at a very seasonable time, bringing an addition of seventy members, of whom two were at once chosen as members of the council. In the ship also came two women, Mrs. Forest and her maid, Anne Burras, the first Englishwomen ever in Jamestown.

Newport's ship brought disappointment to Philip Stevens, who expected an answer from his last letter to Emily Gilbert. A sailor friend of the young Spaniard told him that the widow Gilbert and her daughter had suddenly disappeared from their native hills, and there was a rumor that they had gone to London. Philip felt that Emily had forgotten him, and, trying to think no more of her, began to plan a journey to St. Augustine in search of his parents.

It was quite evident that the officers of the London company did not understand the first essentials of the South Virginia colony. They invested Newport, the pompous captain, with almost supreme powers, and Smith, although president, found himself subordinate to one who had never been friendly toward him; but Smith was not one to pine or murmur at ill-usage. He took the captain

to his house, where he entertained him as hospitably as he could. In the course of the evening, Newport said:

"I have come to cement the friendship of our people with the Indians."

"Pray how will you go about it, captain?" Smith asked.

"I have brought various presents to bestow on the kingly Powhatan."

"What are they?"

"Among them are a basin, a ewer, a bed and bedstead, clothes, and a mantle of scarlet velvet."

Smiling, Smith remarked:

"Odd gifts enough for an uncivilized savage. What will old Powhatan do with such articles?"

"I have also brought a glittering crown of gold, which I am directed to place on his head with my own hands."

At this Smith roared with laughter.

"Wherefore do you laugh?" demanded Newport angrily. "Is he not a king, and is it not well that he should be crowned?"

"If he be a king, nature has made him one, and such a piece of mummery as that cannot add in the least to his sense of royalty," replied Smith.

"I shall obey my instructions," declared Newport.

"Crowning that savage!" and again Smith

laughed. "He will think it the most foolish thing the white men ever did. As like as not you will find him wearing the crown with a string about his neck, as it will be too large for his ear."

Protest and ridicule were alike unavailing. Newport was determined to carry out his instructions; and in this resolution he was supported by all the council, save Smith, whose continued protests angered Newport into saying:

"Your chief objection to the project is because of your envy. Willingly enough would you undertake it, if you could be at the head."

Stung to the quick, Smith answered:

"I have no desire to be at the head of any such ridiculous affair."

"Then it is because you fear to go to Powhatan."

"In order to prove how little I fear Powhatan, and how little I care to be at the head of the affair, I will volunteer to go on a visit to Powhatan, with only four men whom I shall choose, and inform him that the presents are ready."

"I will take you at your word," said Newport, "and you may set out at once."

As Smith went to select his companions, Philip Stevens was the first whom he saw.

"Will you go with me?" he asked.

"Yes," he answered.

The other three were chosen, and all set off that

same day for Werowocomoco. When the little party reached the residence of the chief, he was absent; but his daughter Pocahontas at once dispatched messengers for him, taking it upon herself in the mean while to entertain the newly arrived guests.

Captain Smith and his companions were taken to a beautiful plain where a fire was made, and mats given all to sit upon. Only the forest surrounded them, and the sky was above them. The plain was treeless, and the dense wood came up all around it. Pocahontas retired, leaving them with two or three old men.

"Are we to be left here all night?" Philip asked. "I begin to grow uneasy."

"Why?"

"It looks as if some plot were forming against us."

Before Smith could answer, the woods were filled with the most hideous yelling and shrieking.

"We are attacked!" cried Philip, leaping to his feet and seizing his firelock.

In an instant Captain Smith and the others had seized their guns, swords, and pistols, and laid hold of two old men as if to kill them. Suddenly Pocahontas darted from the wood and ran to the captain, saying:

"We mean you no harm; it is only a mask

gotten up to amuse you. I will remain by you and you may kill me if harm is threatened you."

Pocahontas was the only Indian whom Captain Smith trusted, and he trusted her implicitly.

"Put up your arms and release the old men," he said. "It is only a mask after the Viriginia fashion with which our dear little friend, Pocahontas, would fain amuse us."

The prisoners were released, and the Englishmen sat down with as much assurance as if they had been at home. Great crowds of men, women, and children now came to watch the scene that was to follow.

The wild howls and yells continued for a few moments longer, then thirty young women suddenly burst from the wood, their bodies painted in various colors, so that no two were alike. They wore no clothing save skirts or aprons of green leaves. Their leader had a pair of buck's horns on her head, an otter-skin at her girdle, and another on her arm. At her back she had a quiver of arrows, and in her hand she carried a bow. The next had a sword, a third a club, and a fourth a pot-stick; all carried something. All wore horns of some kind on their heads, and were naked save the small apron of green leaves. They looked like fiends, as, with loud shouts and cries, they rushed from the woods, and, forming a ring about the fire, began

singing and dancing in the most fantastic manner imaginable.

"Did ever man see such a scene?" exclaimed Philip.

"It is gotten up for our amusement; be not alarmed," Smith answered.

"Marry! if is for my amusement, they may stop it."

This improvised ballet lasted for an hour. Then, with a sudden whoop from the leader, they disappeared into the wood, and, removing all traces of their masking, returned and invited the white men to their lodge, where they were feasted and further entertained with singing, dancing, and shouting, after which they were conducted to their own lodgings.

Next day Powhatan came, and Smith waited on the chief. After the usual salutations, he said:

"I have come to inform you that some presents have been sent to you by our king, and we desire you to come to Jamestown and receive them as well as to see Father Newport. I am also directed to say that, if you will come, we will help you conclude your revenge upon the Monacans."

The subtle old chief, though "puffed up with pride at having presents sent him from King James," was too shrewd to venture within the white

man's fort. After smoking in thoughtful silence for several moments, he answered:

"If your king has sent me presents, I also am a king, and this is my land. Eight days will I stay and receive them. Your father is to come to me, not I go to him, nor yet to your fort, neither will I bite at such bait. As for the Monacans, I can revenge my own injuries. With regard to any salt water beyond the mountains, the relations you have from my people are false."

Powhatan knew that the whites were still hopeful of finding the great South Sea beyond the mountains, and with a stick he drew a map on the ground, representing the vastness of the continent, which Smith did not at that time dream of, but which was more nearly correct than the opinion any white man had yet entertained of the New World.

Smith was forced to return to Jamestown and inform Newport that the savage monarch preferred to be crowned in his own home, and absolutely refused to come to Jamestown. Newport was very much disappointed, for he had anticipated a grand and imposing ceremony, which he wished the whole colony to witness. However, he was resolved that the affair should be a great one. The presents were sent nearly a hundred miles by water, while Captain Smith, Stevens, and fifty good marksmen proceeded by land as a guard of honor.

The day after the arrival of the boat was fixed by Newport for the coronation. The Indians gazed in wonder on the white men, and old Powhatan himself had not the remotest idea what they were about. Escorted by the guard of honor, Newport, with the dignity of a nobleman in a comic opera, walked to the old chief's lodge, followed by men carrying the basin, the ewer, and the bedstead; but he would not entrust the crown to other hands, fearing that some one else might have the honor of placing it on the head of the forest monarch.

With grave demeanor, the old chief all the while stood gazing on the ridiculous scene. The bedstead was set up, a bed placed on it, the basin and ewer given the chief and their uses explained. Then came the robing of the monarch in scarlet velvet. The old chieftain could not understand the cloak, and for a long time would not let it be put on him. Smith was several times on the point of roaring with laughter at the comical figure of the chieftain wearing his robe all awry.

"I will place the crown on his head, and the ceremony will be complete," said Newport. "Ask him to kneel."

Smith made known Newport's request to Powhatan, who answered:

"No; I will not kneel to any one; I am a king."

"But you are a tall man and my father Newport

short; he cannot reach your head to place the crown."

The chief gravely suggested that it might be placed on his foot or hand, as he could not see any special benefit it would be on his head. Not understanding the significance of a crown, it was to him sheer nonsense of which he was growing tired.

Newport tried to reach up to the head of the chief, but failed; besides, Powhatan had become suspicious of the thing and was in no mood to be gracious. Smith, Stevens, Newport, and two more tried to coax the old chief to kneel or stoop a little; but he was stubborn and refused to obey. Persuasions and examples were of no avail, and Newport, reeking with perspiration, still wrestled with the uncrowned savage.

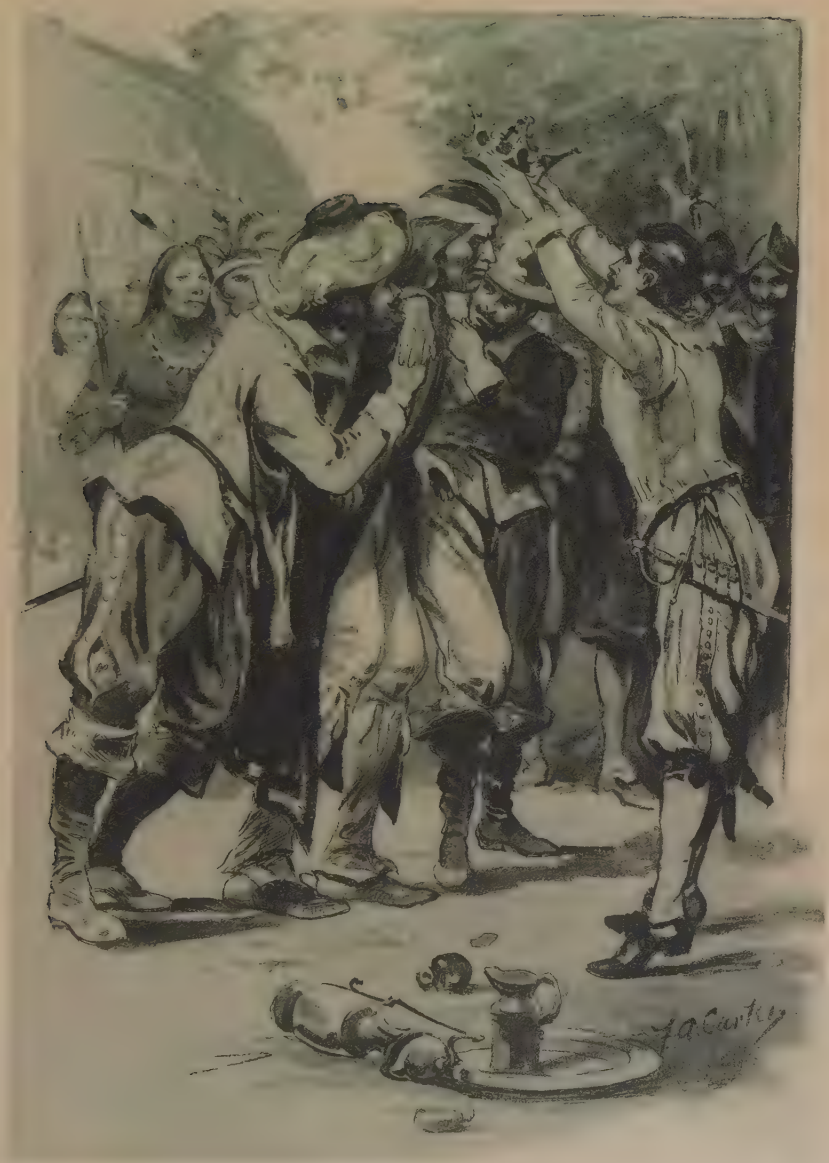
Newport was in despair, and, pausing to rest and wipe the perspiration from his face, he said:

"Zounds! I do believe we will fail to crown this king."

Captain Smith, laughing, answered:

"Nay, Captain Newport, we have come especially to crown him, and we will not go away with our task unfinished."

The old chief, believing they would sooner scalp him than crown him, stood on his dignity, with arms folded, gazing in silent contempt on the scene.


J. A. Carter

"Can you devise no means by which we can place the crown on his head, Smith?" asked Newport.

"Yes."

"How shall it be done?"

"You and I are of fair weight. Let us rest upon his shoulder so as to make him stoop, and then our good friend Stevens, who is light and tall, can be lifted up by the doctor and Mr. Forrest and place the crown on his head."

It was the most undignified coronation ever on record. Philip took the crown, which Newport was at last willing to yield, and while Smith and Newport leaned on the savage's shoulders, so as to force him to stoop, Philip placed the ornament on his head.

At this moment a pistol was fired announcing the event to the boat, which poured forth a volley in salute. The startled king, believing himself attacked, flung the crown one way and the royal robe another, and gave a war-whoop. For a moment it looked as if the ceremony might have a disastrous ending; but Captain Smith, who was unable to restrain his laughter, explained that the shots were fired in honor of the coronation.

The chieftain, partially understanding the honors that had been conferred on him, became so generous that he gave to Newport his old shoes, and to the colonists seven or eight bushels of wheat.

Newport seemed satisfied with the impressive ceremony, and set out on a tour, leaving Powhatan wondering what he was to do with his presents. Newport visited the tribe of Indians called the Monacans, but encountered nothing but disappointment and sickness, and soon returned to Jamestown, whither Smith had preceded him, and was busying himself preparing a proper freight of pine and cedar wood and tar and pitch to send to England. His men had become grossly profane, and Smith invented a novel method of curing them. The oaths they swore during the day were recorded against them, and for each oath a can of cold water was poured down the swearer's sleeve.

Newport's mission this time was to bring back gold and information of the South Sea to the London Company. Smith knew that there was no gold-dust in the country, and that the South Sea was so far away that they could not hope to reach it in a year's travel; but he sent instead a freight of lumber, tar, and pitch.

Knowing, from instructions and orders which had come from England, that Newport had made a misstatement of the colony, Smith wrote the company a long letter, giving an exact statement of affairs. He also advised them, in regard to emigrants, to send farmers, artisans, and mechanics instead of idle, worthless vagabonds or reprobate

sons of gentlemen who disdained to soil their hands with work. Newport's ship, laden with a valuable cargo from the New World, set sail, and the colonists were again left to their own resources.

Including the last load of emigrants which Newport had brought, there were now two hundred persons in the colony. Scarcely any provisions had been made as yet for their subsistence, and a winter which promised to be unusually severe was coming on. But one course was left, and that was a journey, without delay, to some of the neighboring tribes for supplies.

Philip Stevens, deeming it necessary that Smith remain in the colony, applied for the leadership of the expedition.

"No," the captain answered; "you may go, but I will go also. Wherever there is danger, I, as president of the council, should share it, and there is always danger among these heathen tribes."

Accordingly, with Philip and a small party, he set out on the errand. Arriving among the Indians, he found that those who, a little while before, had promised to furnish him with grain, now absolutely refused; but by training his guns upon them he brought them to their senses, and extorted from them a part of what they had promised. The hardships of these seekers for food seem almost incredible. They were frequently compelled to sleep

around fires on the ground, and to shovel away the snow and lie on mats; but they succeeded at last in filling the boat, and Smith returned to Jamestown to his famishing colony.

No one on that journey had suffered more than Philip Stevens. The iron constitution of the young man, which had all along defied cold, heat, and exposure, yielded to long nights spent on the ground and in the snow, and when they returned he had a deep-seated cough which brought on a fever, and he reached Jamestown unable to sit up in the boat. Dr. Russel ministered to him, and Mr. Hunt, the minister, and Smith became his constant attendants. Hunt was one of the kindest men of the time, and was just suited to his position.

He became interested in Philip, and during the long winter evenings, when the convalescent sat in front of the great blazing fire, he would come and talk with him. On one of these occasions, when they were alone, he said:

"Captain Smith informs me that you are Spanish by birth."

"I am," he answered.

"He also told me that your history was a sad one."

Philip nodded. "I was born at St. Augustine," he began.

"How came you to England?"

"When but a child, five or six years of age,

Sir Francis Drake sacked our town, and I was carried away."

"Were your parents slain?"

"No; for aught I know, they may be living yet at St. Augustine. They had gone on an errand of mercy when Drake came and carried us away."

"And you alone were captured?"

"I and my infant brother, but two years old, were all that I know of who were taken from St. Augustine at that time."

"What became of your brother?"

"Alas, I know not. We were both taken to England and there apprenticed to different masters."

"Do you remember the name of his master?" asked Mr. Hunt, whose interest in the story was on the increase.

"I believe it was Robinson."

"Robinson; was it John Robinson?"

"That was surely the name."

"Was not a wooden chest captured at the same time?"

"Yes."

"I know something of your brother."

"Then, please God, tell me, as I am all anxiety to know, for I have sought him many years in vain."

"John Robinson is a Puritan minister. He had a boy of Spanish or French birth——"

"Our mother was a French woman, and our father a Spaniard," interrupted Stevens. "Go on, pray!"

"Then I am sure I am correct. Mr. Robinson has the chest, and in it is a manuscript written by your father."

"What does it contain?"

"I only know that your father was a native of Cuba and designed for a priest, but that he married a Huguenot and lived at St. Augustine. I did not read all the manuscript."

"But my brother; where is he?"

"With John Robinson."

"Where is John Robinson? I have searched all England for him."

"He was banished with other Puritans to Holland, and now lives at Leyden. Robinson is a just man, living in the fear of the Lord, and he brought up your brother Mathew in the way he should go."

"When did you see my brother? Was he content?"

"It has been many years since I saw him; but then he was a happy, contented boy."

"He is a Puritan?"

"Beyond a doubt."

"Both of us Protestants, and our parents Catholics! Can we all enter the same heaven?"

"There is but one heaven, Philip, and the righteous Catholic and the godly Protestant will alike dwell there. Besides, the history left by your father shows that your mother was a Protestant."

The invalid silently gazed into the blazing fire, while his mind went back into the dim past, recalling the scenes of his happy, but almost forgotten childhood.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRAITORS.

> What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
> Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just;
> And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
>
> —SHAKESPEARE.

A FEW days after the events narrated in our last chapter Captain Smith called upon Philip Stevens and inquired after his health.

"I am better," he answered, "and I shall soon be well. Will you sit with me? I wish to talk."

"Certainly, Philip."

"I have learned the whereabouts of my brother."

"How was it possible to gain such information in this wilderness?"

"Mr. Hunt says he is in Holland." Then Philip narrated what Mr. Hunt had told him about his lost brother.

"It is a strange story," said Smith, at the conclusion.

"Since I have been ill, I have felt my utter loneliness in the world more than ever before. I

long to find some of my own people, and I believe I will go and seek my brother, and then with him search for our parents."

Smith sat with his head bowed in his hands, gazing into the sparkling fire. His great heart throbbed with sympathy for this young man; but he felt his inability to advise him. Was it possible that, after so many years of separation, the family could be reunited? After a long silence, he asked:

"Will you search for Emily Gilbert, also?"

"I shall, though with little hope of finding her. If not dead, Emily has surely forgotten me."

Captain Smith sighed. He had experienced some bitter disappointments in love in his own romantic career, and had come to regard the opposite sex as easily consolable. No doubt the fair Emily had found another lover. Smith had found but one heart true to him, and as he gazed into the fire, he wove bright dreams in which a little olive-cheeked maiden who had saved his life danced to and fro, childlike in happiness, angelic in purity and goodness. Alas, that noble but unfortunate man was doomed to disappointment from youth to death; he was destined to be robbed of his only love, as he had been of honor and fortune.

While they sat gazing silently into the fire, each dreaming a bright dream, pleasant for the

time, though neither should be realized, a pair of baleful eyes watched the two through the narrow window. The fires of hate gleamed upon them though they knew it not, and there was uttered in a scarcely audible whisper:

"My slave! He is yet my slave. I will have my revenge on the slave that defied me."

It was Francis who uttered the threat, and then turned about and left the cabin so noiselessly that even the sharp ear of John Smith failed to catch his footfall. He went to another house, in which were assembled Adam and a relative of Francis of the same name, with a Swede and some Poles, whom the historians of the time designate as the Dutchmen. These men were the chronic grumblers—the communists and anarchists of the colony—constantly breeding dissension, and causing no end of trouble.

"They are planning to return to England," said Francis, on rejoining the Dutchmen. "But my slave shall not escape me!"

One of the Dutchmen proposed that by the aid of the Indians they secure the destruction of Smith, Stevens, Mr. Hunt, and all the friends of the ruler of the colony. In order to fire the hate of every one against Smith, and secure his destruction, Francis added:

"Smith is a cruel master! He makes us labor,

or starve, and when once all these are disposed of, we can live at our ease with the red men of Virginia."

The plan exactly suited the unambitious natures of the Dutchmen, and they consented to the scheme.

"THESE MEN WERE THE CHRONIC GRUMBLERS OF THE COLONY."

As the wind roared without and shook the frail building to its foundation, they gathered about their ringleader and proceeded to lay a plot which would have put the arch enemy of mankind to shame.

Philip Stevens, having a vigorous constitution, unimpaired by dissipation, recovered rapidly. About this time the first marriage in Virginia was celebrated. Philip was strong enough to be a witness to the ceremony. John Laydon, a laborer who had been paying his addresses to Anne Burras, Mrs. Foster's maid, was accepted by her, and Mr. Hunt solemnized the marriage in the little church. The entire colony turned out to witness it, and Captain Smith made the event a holiday.

Corn had grown scarce once more, and Smith determined to surprise Powhatan and force him to furnish them with provisions. Both Captain Winne and Mr. Scrivener opposed his plan; but Smith declared that no amount of persuasion could induce him to starve. He went to Philip, now fully recovered, and asked if he would accompany them.

"Wherever you go, captain, I will follow," was the answer.

While preparations were being made for an expedition to Powhatan, a messenger came from that chieftain, saying he would load the Englishman's ship with corn if Smith would send him some men to build him a house, such as the English lived in, give him a grindstone, fifty swords, some guns, a cock and a hen, together with much copper and beads. Unwilling to neglect such a golden oppor-

tunity, Smith sent Francis with four "Dutch carpenters" to construct the house. Had he dreamed of the conspiracy these men were hatching, he would have suffered the loss of his right arm sooner than have sent them to Powhatan.

With Philip, Captain Waldo, and forty-six men, Smith set out in a pinnace and two barges up the James River for Werowocomoco. Smith took no one with him save volunteers, for he intuitively felt that the expedition would be one of danger. Mr. Scrivener was left as his deputy at Jamestown, and Smith took with him Lieutenant Pierce, a brother of the Earl of Northumberland, also Francis West, a brother of Lord De la Ware.

The first night, the company halted at Waraskoyack, where the king, who was very kind to them, tried to dissuade them from going to Powhatan.

"Captain Smith, you shall find Powhatan to use you kindly," argued the chief; "but trust him not, and be sure he have no opportunity to seize your arms, for he hath sent for you only to cut your throats."

This startling announcement would have made one less bold than Smith quail; but he had too often faced death to be deterred now. He thanked the chief for his advice and assured him that he would be more than a match for Powhatan. He asked for

a couple of guides to Chawonock, as he intended sending messengers to the country. The Indian chief gladly furnished the two guides, and Smith sent Sicklemore to the country to make search for the lost colony of Sir Walter Raleigh. The expedition failed in its purpose. Next night, Smith lodged at Kecoughton, where they were forced to remain for six or seven weeks on account of the severe wind and rain. On their departure, they found the air darkened with wild fowls, ducks, geese, plovers, and snipes, and the water was covered with them. It is said that two of his men at three shots killed one hundred and forty-eight.

It was the 12th of January, 1609, when Captain Smith and his company arrived at Werowocomoco. The river was frozen half a mile from the shore, and they broke the ice with the barge, as far as they could, to get nearer the land, when the ebbing of the tide left the boat aground among the oozing shoals. Rather than lie there for an other tide and be frozen, he encouraged his companions to follow him, and jumped into the water, which came to his waist. Mr. Russel, who had been suffering from cold and fevers, was so chilled by the water that he required the aid of several to bring him ashore.

They sought shelter in the nearest houses that night, and next morning visited Powhatan, who

received them with his usual friendliness and feasted them; but as soon as they had finished, he turned to Captain Smith and asked:

"When will you be gone?"

Smith was amazed at this question.

"I will go when I have the corn you promised me," he answered.

"I promised you none, yet for forty swords I will give you forty baskets of corn."

Smith, somewhat startled at this subtle denial of the old chief, turned to the messengers who had brought him the proposition of Powhatan, and replied:

"There are the very men who brought me your message and conditions to Jamestown. How chances it that you have become so forgetful?"

To this Powhatan made no answer, but after a few moments' silence asked:

"What commodities have you brought?"

"Beads and copper," Smith answered.

"I want swords and guns!" growled the chief. "A basket of corn is worth more than a basket of copper."

"Powhatan, I have many ways by which I can procure my provisions; yet, believing in your promises to supply our wants, I come to you," returned Smith angrily. "I have no swords nor guns to spare; but what I have will keep me from

want. However, it is my desire to remain on friendly terms with you."

Powhatan listened attentively to the very meaning remarks of Captain Smith, and said:

"I and my country will furnish you all we can spare, which you shall have in a day or two; but I wish you would lay aside your weapons, for my people are afraid you have come to invade the country."

Smith was too shrewd to do as requested, and his men kept the matches in their guns lighted.

While awaiting the supplies, Francis and the Dutchmen were planning with Powhatan for the destruction of Smith and the colony. It is doubtful if Powhatan would have proved so treacherous had he not been instigated by the hate of Francis, who would have moved heaven and earth to be avenged on Stevens. Smith sent William More to play the spy on the chief; but he turned traitor to Smith, and sent Francis to Jamestown to get swords and guns for the Indians, representing that Smith had sent for them. In this manner guns and swords were obtained.

Next day, when Smith, Stevens, and others went to Powhatan to trade, they, as was their custom, took their guns with them. This greatly annoyed the chief, who thought that as they were all good friends it would be best to visit without

arms, as the very sight of them made his people sick.

"Think you that I am so simple as not to know that it is better to eat good meat, lie well, sleep quietly with my women and children, laugh and be merry with you, have copper, hatchets, or whatever I want, being your friend," argued the chief, "than be forced to fly from all, to lie cold in the woods, feed on acorns, roots, and such trash, and be so hunted by you that I can neither rest, eat, or sleep? My tired men must watch me, and if a twig but break, every one crieth, 'There cometh Captain Smith,' and thus with miserable fear I end my miserable life, leaving my pleasures to such youths as you."

"Your fears are wholly groundless," Captain Smith answered. "Had we intended you any hurt, we could have effected it long ere this. Your people came to Jamestown, carried their bows and arrows, and were entertained without objection; we wear our arms, and our health depends on keeping them near us. If you refuse to let us have provisions, we can find them."

"Captain Smith, I never treated any chief so kindly as yourself, and yet from you I receive the least kindness of any. Captain Newport gave me swords, copper, clothes, a bed, towels, or what I desired, ever taking what I offered him, and would

send away his guns when I entreated him. Captain Newport you call father, and so you call me; but I see that, in spite of us both, you will do what you list, and we must both seek to content you. If you intend so friendly as you say, send hence your arms, that I may believe you, for the love I bear you doth cause me thus nakedly to forget myself."

"Powhatan," said Smith loftily, "you must know as I have but one God, I honor but one king, and I live not here as your subject but as your friend, to please you with what I can. By the gifts you bestow on me, you gain more than by trade; yet would you visit me as I do you, you should know it is not our custom to sell courtesies as a vendible commodity. Bring all your countrymen with you as your guard; I will not dislike it as being over-zealous; but, to content you, to-morrow I will leave my arms and trust to your promise. I call you father, indeed, and as a father you will see I love you; but the small care you have of such a child caused my men to persuade me to look to myself."

Next day Smith got some savages to break the ice and assist in getting the boat in nearer to the shore; but when he came to Powhatan's lodge, the chief, with his baggage, women, and children, some two or three, were gone. Smith was assured that

Powhatan was not gone far and would soon return. While in a house talking with Stevens in regard to the strange disappearance of the chief, the hut was suddenly surrounded by warriors.

"They intend to murder us!" whispered Stevens.

There was no time left for thought; nothing but action could save them from danger. They flourished their swords in the air, and, with cocked pistols, inspired such terror in the dusky crowd that they suddenly gave way, and made a free passage for them through the door. His men, hearing the commotion, reached the shore at once, and, putting himself at their head, Smith marched back to the village, demanding an explanation of Powhatan's conduct.

The chief returned and made an excuse which Smith pretended to believe, and set his men to loading the boats with what corn he already had managed to purchase. They worked until dark, and then, as the tide went out and left their boats in the mud, they returned to shore to spend the night.

"Do you think we are in danger of treachery?" Philip asked.

"Yes," Smith answered, and he ordered the men to keep their matches burning.

The night was quite dark, and as the Englishmen grouped together in the shed set apart for them,

awaiting in breathless suspense for dawn, the quick ear of the gallant captain heard a light footfall. So light was it, that he was not quite sure he was not mistaken. A small hand touched his, sending a thrill through his frame.

"Who are you?"

"Pocahontas," was the whispered response.

"Why have you come here?"

"To warn you," she answered. "Powhatan intends to give a great feast, and at it you are to be surprised and killed. Leave at once!" she pleaded, clinging fondly to Smith and weeping bitterly.

"I thank you, little maid, and your warning will save us. Here are some beads and presents, such as you delight in."

"No, no, no!" she pleaded with tears and sobs. "I dare not be seen with any of them, for should Powhatan suspect that I warned you, he would kill me." Then, embracing the man she loved so madly, the little maiden disappeared in the darkness.

Her warning was a timely one, for the feast of death was prepared and the intended victims were invited; but when the leader of the party of savages found matches in the guns burning, he said:

"Will you put out those fires? The smoke of them makes us sick. Sit down and eat and make merry."

To this, Smith replied:

"It is a custom that the Englishmen have of making the host taste of the food before the guests eat. You must eat of each dish." There was no mistaking the threatening manner of the white man, and the savages were forced to eat of every dish, so as to assure them they were not poisoned.

Then, before he began the feast, he sent a defiant message to Powhatan to come on and attack them, and he drove away the men. Of course the wily chief was too shrewd to attempt an attack under these circumstances, and the Englishmen passed the night in peace.

Next day, with his men and boats, Smith set out for Pamunkee, where, at first, they were all entertained by Opechancanough. On the day they were to begin trading, however, Smith sent Stevens, Pierce, and Mr. West with a dozen men to Opechancanough's house, and, to their surprise, that chief was gone. Philip Stevens went to Smith and reported the fact to him, so he repaired in person to the house, where only a lame boy was found.

"I will burn the houses of Opechancanough, if he does not come and trade with us as he promised," declared Smith to some savages who lingered about the king's house. A swift-footed messenger bore the message to Opechancanough, and he re-

turned, followed by about fifty of his warriors with bows and arrows.

"Why have you not brought corn with you?" asked Smith.

Knowing full well that he had not kept faith with the whites, Opechancanough answered:

"We have no corn to spare."

Smith curbed his wrath and, with a ringing earnestness, said:

"Opechancanough, the great love you profess with your tongue seems mere deceit by your actions. Last year you freighted our ship; but now you have invited us to starve with hunger. You know my want, and I know your plenty, of which, by some means, I must have part! Remember, it is fit for kings to keep their promise. Here are my commodities, whereof take your choice; the rest I will proportion fit bargains for your people."

Opechancanough seemed satisfied with his proposition and said:

"My brother talks well, and to-morrow I will come better provided to trade with him."

As Captain Smith and Stevens went toward the barges, the latter asked:

"Captain, do you have faith in his sincerity?"

"But little," Smith answered. "He is a cunning knave."

"Pocahontas once told me of him. It seems

there is a legend that Opechancanough is not a Virginian, but a Mexican. He came from that far-off country of Montezuma, and has gained a wonderful power in Virginia, so that he is next to Powhatan."

"He has the cunning of a dozen fiends," answered Smith.

Next day Smith and his devoted little band of fifteen, including Philip, whom he ever kept at his side in time of danger, marched up to the king's house, where they found four or five men newly arrived with great baskets. Not long after Opechancanough came with a pleasant smile.

"Come into my house," he said. "It is not well that we should talk in open air."

Smith, Stevens, and three other men entered the house, and were engaged in conversation with the chief about trading for corn, when suddenly Mr. Russel, who had been left without as a guard, rushed in, crying:

"We are betrayed!"

Drawing a pistol, Smith leaped to the door. The sight which met his gaze was enough to alarm even him. Seven hundred well-armed savages had surrounded the house, and the fields about seemed alive with black heads. The Indian chief guessed what was the trouble and made an effort to leave the house; but Smith pushed him back, saying:

"You cannot go yet."

"Surely, we shall be slain," cried Russel, wringing his hands with dread. Realizing that a panic was likely to result among his men, Smith, in a voice as clear as if only giving directions to fell trees, said:

"Worthy countrymen, were the mischiefs of my seeming friends no more than the dangers of these enemies, I little care, were these as many more, did you but do as I. But this is our torment: that if I escape them, our malicious council, with their open-mouthed minions, will make me such a peace-breaker (in their opinions in England) as will break my neck. I wish those were here who make these savages seem saints, and me an oppressor; but this is the most of all, wherein I pray you aid me with your opinions. Should we begin with them and surprise the king, we cannot keep him and defend ourselves. If we each should kill our man and so proceed with all in the house, the rest will fly; then we shall get no more than the bodies we have slain, and so starve for want of victuals. Their fury is our least danger, for, as you well know, I was alone and assaulted by three hundred of them, yet, by the help of God, my life was spared. We are but sixteen, and they seven hundred, and assure yourselves God will so assist us, that, if you but discharge your pieces, the

very smoke will be sufficient to affright them. Let us fight like men and not die like sheep, for by that means God hath oft delivered me, and so I trust will now. But first I will deal with them, to bring it to pass that we may fight for something, and draw them to it by conditions. If you like this notion, promise me to be valiant."

What daring plan Smith had in mind no one was able to tell; but it was bold, desperate, and promised success. Philip Stevens spoke first.

"We will stay with you," he answered, "and abide by any plan you may suggest."

All the while Opechancanough had been standing like one lost in a maze of doubt and wonder, unable to understand a word the Englishmen were saying. Smith turned on the cowering chief and said:

"I see, Opechancanough, your plot to murder me; but I fear it not. As your men and mine have done no harm but by your directions, take therefore your arms, you see mine. My body shall be as naked as yours. The island in the river is a fit place, if you be contented; there we will fight, and the survivor shall be lord and master over all our men. If you have not enough men, take time to fetch more, and bring what number you will, so every one has a basket of corn, against which I will stake the value in copper. You see I have

but fifteen men, and the game at which you and I play is, the conqueror takes all." *

This open challenge amazed and alarmed the chief, and he began to protest against having any hostile intentions toward the whites.

"If you will come with me, I have a great present for you," said the chief, trying to induce Smith to come out where his warriors waited to slay him.

"Where is your present?" asked Smith.

"Under those trees," said the Indian.

Turning to More, Smith commanded:

"Do you go and see what sort of a trap is there."

"No, no; I will surely be slain!" said More, with a cowardly whine.

"I will go, captain," put in Philip Stevens, and he went to the door to find three hundred warriors with bows and arrows ready to shoot Smith.

"Come back!" commanded Smith as soon as Philip reached the door.

Philip returned. The eyes of Smith sparkled with a deadly fire, and his hands seemed clutching for the throat of the savage. In a voice of thunder he issued his commands:

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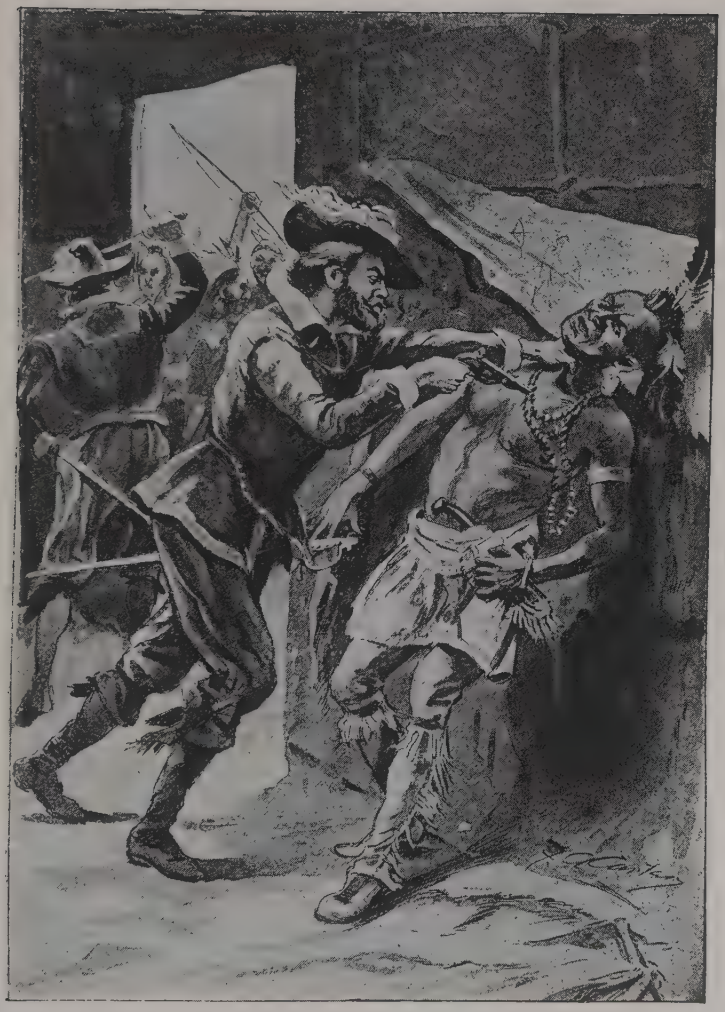
* The conversations given in this chapter are taken verbatim as reported by Captain Smith. Though many sentences seem awkward and ungrammatical, a verbatim quotation will give the reader a better idea of the time, than if the same thoughts were expressed in more modern English.



A WILD SCENE OF CONFUSION FOLLOWED.

"Lieutenant Pierce, Philip Stevens, and Mr. West, make good the house! Mr. Powel, guard the door!"

Each man sprang to his appointed post, and then Captain Smith leaped boldly at the king, struck him on the chest, and, seizing his long scalp lock, by one tremendous jerk brought him to his knees. The wildest scene of confusion followed. The Indians in the house gave utterance to cries of dismay, and all in sight tumbled over each other to get away. Smith, having almost pounded the breath out of Opechancanough, jammed him up against the wall and placed the muzzle of his pistol to his breast. The dusky monarch, believing his last hour had come, closed his eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GLASS-HOUSE CONSPIRACY.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for ornaments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.
—SHAKESPEARE.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH never struck with a gloved hand. When a blow became necessary, he dealt it with full force and strength that was sure to bring down his antagonist. He learned early in life that the secret of a successful combat was unhesitating, instantaneous action. Consequently his attack on Opechancanough was so sudden and unexpected, that before the king knew it he was powerless in his grasp. Winding the long hair of the chief about his left hand, and clutching his pistol in his right, he dragged the trembling king from the lodge into the open air, in plain view of his people, where he made him surrender his vambrace, bow, and arrows. The Indians, amazed

and alarmed that one would dare use their king in such a manner, stood paralyzed with fear, and dared not offer to rescue him.

"Throw down your bows and weapons, and come here with empty hands," commanded Smith.

Fully three hundred trembling, unarmed wretches crowded about this single man, who seemed to possess such wonderful magnetic influence, and listened while he, still holding their king by the hair of the head, said:

"I see the great desire you have to kill me, and my long sufferings of your injuries hath emboldened me to this presumption. The reason I have borne your insolence is the promise I made you (before the God I serve) to be your friend, till you give me just cause to be your enemy. If I keep my vow, my God will keep me; you cannot hurt me; but if I break it, He will destroy me. If you shoot but one arrow, or shed but one drop of blood of any of my men, or steal the least of their beads or copper, I spurn you here with my foot, you shall see I will not cease revenge (if once I begin) so long as I can find one of your nation that will not deny the name of Pamunk. I am not now at Rassaweak, half drowned with mire, where you took me prisoner; yet then, for your keeping your promise and your good usage and saving my life, I so affect you, that your denials of treachery do

half persuade me to mistake myself; but if I be the mark you aim at, here I am; shoot, he that dare. You promised to freight my ship before I departed, and so you shall, or I will load her with your dead carcasses; yet, if as friends you will come and trade, I once more promise not to trouble you, except you give me the first occasion, and your king shall be free and be my friend, for I am not come to hurt any of you."

Upon this the Indians threw away their weapons, and, crowding about Captain Smith, made great pretensions of friendship. Their love however, was only assumed, for that night, while Smith slept in a lodge, about three hundred of them, armed with clubs and English swords, made an attempt to assassinate him. Philip Stevens and Powel, who were on guard, woke Smith, and they charged the Indians with their swords with such fury that they tumbled over each other in their haste to escape. Shortly after, Opechancanough came to apologize for the disturbance of his guests, and assure Smith of his love and friendship, all of which Smith pretended to believe, though not for a single moment relaxing his watchful vigilance. Smith had no more trouble with Opechancanough, who had a wholesome dread of the man who had come so nearly jerking his head from his shoulders.

While Smith was pursuing his journey among

other neighboring tribes in quest of supplies, the folly of the men at Jamestown caused a painful accident which threw a great gloom over all the colonists. Mr. Scrivener, in charge of the settlement during Smith's absence, took it into his head to pay a visit to the Isle of Hogs, a small island in the bay, and took with him Captain Waldo, Anthony Gosnold, and eight others. It was very cold weather and the wind was exceedingly high. By some blundering in the management of the boat, it was suddenly swamped, and every soul on board was drowned. Some Indians who were near witnessed the catastrophe and used their utmost exertions to save the unfortunate men and recover the bodies. For some time the colonists could not believe the fearful truth; but before long the bodies of their friends were brought to them, and they could doubt no more. A trusty messenger was dispatched by Mr. Hunt to Powhatan's camp to find Smith; but he was gone, and the messenger, arriving late, was compelled to remain over night, before resuming his journey. Powhatan, smarting under the insult of Smith, and chagrined at being outwitted by the Englishmen, determined to kill the messenger; but Pocahontas, always gentle and kind to the race of the man whom she loved, hearing her father's terrible plot, resolved that, come what might, she would rescue

the Englishman, and once more she interposed her angelic influence.

During the stillness of the night, and before the plotters could get ready their instruments of death, this daring little maiden crept to where the messenger slept, and, stooping over him, whispered one of the few English words she had learned:

"*Come!*"

The messenger, roused by the word, comprehended everything, and silently rose to his feet. There was no need of further explanation, for the presence of Pocahontas and her manner indicated danger, and there was not a man in all the colony who would not have trusted his life to her. She led him to the outskirts of the Indian town, and bade him go and warn Captain Smith that her father was preparing to make war against the whites in general, and himself in particular. For three days the messenger wandered about in the woods, and finally found Smith and his party, to whom he communicated the sad news of their loss at Jamestown, and also Powhatan's intentions.

"So the treacherous old scoundrel contemplates war," said Smith. "Very well, I shall lay him by the heels, and so quickly, too, that he will have no chance to escape."

With his celerity of action, he made a backward move to Werowocomoco, determined to seize the

chief and bear him prisoner to Jamestown; but, quick as were his movements, Francis and the treacherous Dutchmen were ahead of him. Powhatan was warned, and he and his people were gone when they arrived, and not a grain of corn or ounce of meat could be found.

Chagrined and disappointed, Smith resumed his voyage down the river to Jamestown where things had gone bad enough. A great part of the needful implements of labor, together with guns, pikes, and swords, had been stolen during his absence; the provisions had not been properly cared for, and had been suffered to rot, decay, and become infested with vermine. A disposition to discord and anarchy seemed to be making rapid headway. Smith set himself to work to restore things to proper order. He saw that when one was busily employed he had no time to brood over his misfortunes, so he kept the men active in one way or another.

Despite all they could do to prevent it, thefts were almost daily practised.

"Captain Smith," said Stevens one day, "I believe it is Francis and the Dutchmen who are stealing from us."

"Why should they?" asked Smith.

"They think they can make more by supporting the Virginians than by remaining loyal to the English. Scrutinize matters closely and you will

soon be able to ascertain where the stolen articles go."

Francis was at the fort; but two of the Dutchmen were still at Powhatan's to build his house. Smith said:

"Watch Francis, and, if he is found stealing, inform me."

The result was that Stevens, by careful observation, discovered Francis take three swords and a gun from the fort and carry them to the two Dutchmen in the wood, who in turn delivered them over to some Indians. Philip made no effort to prevent them, but reported to Smith. The captain in a rage determined to seize Francis and hang him; but he escaped to Powhatan, where his relatives were, and they proceeded to devise some plan for the destruction of both Smith and Stevens.

About a mile from Jamestown there was a little hut in the forest called the glass-house, from its having been used for the manufacture of glass, which the colonists had attempted.

Francis returned to the neighborhood of Jamestown disguised as an Indian, with a wheel-lock gun to shoot either Smith or Stevens.

One day, as Stevens was going toward the glass-house, he saw an Indian with a gun. Taking the spanner from his belt, the Indian wound up the lock so dexterously that Stevens was quite sure he

was no savage, though dressed and painted like one.

Philip was armed only with his sword, and hesitated whether to approach the savage or not. The fellow finally disappeared among some bushes. There was something suspicious about his movements, and Stevens started to go to the fort; but the Indian had anticipated his design and, running through the wood, headed him off, so that, as he was going through the forest, he was startled by seeing the barrel of a gun suddenly thrust from the bushes and levelled at his breast. Before he had time to retreat, the trigger was pulled with a snap, and the whirring of the wheel was plainly heard; but the iron pyrites failed to emit the fatal sparks to fire the gun, and Stevens' life was saved. The wheel-lock was a new invention and not so sure as the old matchlock, for frequently the wheel spun down without exploding the powder.

Philip, drawing his sword, leaped toward the pretended Indian, and Francis fled, but not until Stevens had fully identified him. Stevens hastened back to the fort and told Captain Smith of his discovery.

"The villain shall be seized and hung!" cried Smith impetuously.

He immediately summoned twenty men and, placing ten under Philip, sent them around to the

rear of the glass-house to intercept Francis should he escape Smith, who went direct to the place. Stevens with his ten soldiers went to the wood, and soon came in sight of Francis as he was running away.

"Hold!" cried Stevens, raising his firelock and taking aim at the villain. His companions also covered him, and Francis, being a coward by nature, dared not fly, lest he should be riddled with bullets.

"Don't kill me, good Philip!" he plead. "I am your dearest friend, and truly there is nothing I would not do for you."

"Advance!" commanded Philip, still keeping him covered with his gun. "Lay down your musket!"

Francis did so, and was hurried back to Jamestown, where he told Captain Winne a story of how he had been detained by the Indians and made to masquerade as one of them, in order to spy on his friends, and how he intended to warn them all in due time; and Captain Winne was so foolish as to believe him.

Meanwhile, Smith and his party arriving at the glass-house, and not finding the spy, returned to Jamestown. Smith followed some distance after his men, absorbed in plans to free the little colony from its unhappy dilemma. As he walked on

alone, a gigantic Indian placed himself directly in front of his path challenging his further advance. At a glance Smith recognized him as the king of Paspahegh, a savage noted all over the country for his strength, activity, and courage. To this king had been intrusted the plan of the ambush into which Captain Smith had fallen. He had been selected by Francis on account of his wonderful size, strength, and powers.

"The white chief goes in quest of game?" said the Indian. "Come with me and I will show him where the deer rests."

"No, I am going to my fort," Smith answered. "My men are but a short distance away."

At this the savage giant laughed. He had seen the Englishmen pass, and knew they were out of hearing. Finding he could not entice Smith away in the direction of his concealed warriors, the Indian thought that as they were alone, and he was so much larger and stronger than the white man, it would be a very easy matter to vanquish him in single combat and bear away the renown of so noted an exploit. Accordingly, he drew an arrow and began to fit it on the string of his bow to shoot the white man; but Smith was not behind in any sort of business. He rushed on his adversary before he could let his arrow fly, and closed in with him. Smith's only weapon was a falchion, which

his enemy prevented him from drawing. It seemed as if the muscular savage had the power to crush a smaller man like Captain Smith; but Smith was an adept at scuffling and wrestling, and in an ordinary rough-and-tumble contest had never met his match. He had some skill in boxing, which was new to the savage, and he struck him three or four blows on the face with his clinched fist, that made the Indian see more stars than had ever flashed before his vision in the day-time. He managed to force the Indian near the bank of the river, where the water was quite shallow, and then both of them tumbled into the stream. The fighting, wrestling, hugging, and splashing was continued a long time, without any advantage on either side. The Indian's great strength was not equal to his antagonist's skill. Smith clutched his throat and almost strangled him, forcing his head down until his forehead touched the water. Holding his head thus with his left hand, Smith drew his falchion with his right, and raised it to cut off the Indian's head.

"Spare me! spare!" cried the Indian piteously. "Spare me, and I will be your friend. I will serve you as your slave and fight your enemies, if you will save my life."

Captain Smith had a kind heart, and the king begged so earnestly for his life, that he led him

from the stream, tied his hands, took him to Jamestown and put him in irons.

Francis was brought to trial, and Paspahegh was used as an important witness against him. But before a jury the wretch was convicted; Francis seemed to have grown penitent and Stevens, whom he had so greatly wronged, interceded for him, so his life was spared. Smith would not let him go without correction, however, so Francis, for a given period, was sentenced to penal servitude in the colony.

Smith and Stevens were especially desirous to lay hands on the Dutchmen with Powhatan, and for that purpose kept Paspahegh prisoner, hoping to effect an exchange; but Powhatan would not agree to such an arrangement; and through the negligence of William More, Paspahegh made his escape.

Captain Smith set himself resolutely to bettering the condition of his people. He exacted the strictest discipline, labored as industriously as the commonest among them, and shared the brunt of all dangers and hardships.

In the midst of his most self-sacrificing endeavors, however, the English government was persuaded to grant another charter for the colony differing very essentially from the one under which it had held its existence. This charter was no doubt obtained through the one-sided representations of

such men as Captain Newport, and was more particluarly intended to humiliate the brave men who had successfully carried the colony along to its present state. Lord De la Ware became the captain-general of the colony, and one of the smaller offices was donated to Captain Newport. The project was now patronized by men of rank and wealth, and as much parade was made over the appointment of officers as if the feeble little colony had already grown to a powerful nation. Earls, knights, and noblemen crowded into the enterprise, lifting it, in popular opinion, from the uncertain character that had hitherto attached to its name, to a height of favor that even came to be a fashion.

This new charter was granted May 6th, 1609, and under its auspices nine ships set sail from England, the latter part of the same month, fully equipped for an enterprise of such noticeable magnitude. Three commissioners, Sir George Sommers, Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Newport, were appointed to manage the colony. As the first one who arrived was to take command in advance of the others, a quarrel was the natural result, and finally it was decided that all three should go in one vessel, the *Sea Venture*. On the voyage the *Sea Venture* was separated from the others and wrecked on one of the Bermuda Islands, though nearly all the passengers managed to escape with

their lives. One other vessel went down; but the remainder reached Jamestown.

Such a gang of broken-down rakes and profligate gentry as came to Jamestown in those vessels was not calculated to build a colony. The commissioners had not yet arrived, and for a while the newcomers defied Smith's authority, though he was yet the proper president, as his power would not be superseded until the arrival of the three commissioners. The lawless mob was inclined to disregard all authority. Sometimes they held up for the new charter, then the old, until Smith was forced to take matters in hand.

As soon as peace and quiet was somewhat restored, he divided up the entire body of settlers into squads of a certain number each, and proceeded to scatter them about in the neighborhood of the settlement, where each man could labor to the best advantage for his own subsistance. He sent Mr. West, with one hundred and twenty men, to form a new settlement at the falls of the James River, and Martin was sent to a place named Nansemond, with as many more. Being well provided with both food and implements for labor, they ought to have secured at least a reasonable share of success for their undertaking.

When these peaceful relations were finally established, and the colony seemed again to bid fair to

prosper, Captain Smith resigned his authority as president in favor of Captain Martin. The latter accepted the new responsibility for a short time; but finding it too great, he gave it up, preferring to remain at the head of his quieter colony at Nansemond. A few weeks later, Smith learned that Martin was inefficient as a ruler at Nansemond. He dealt so unfairly with the Indians that they made a united assault on him, killed several of his men, and carried off a thousand bushels of corn. He was about to abandon the colony, when Smith appointed Philip Stevens to command fifty marksmen, and said:

"Go to his relief, and bid them hold the locality at all hazards."

"Whither are you going, captain?" Philip asked.

"I shall go to relieve West, who also is in trouble."

"These people are always in trouble."

"Verily, they are, and one gets weary of pulling them out of the fire into which their own folly has cast them."

Smith found West in the act of returning to Jamestown. He caused them to stop, removed them from the low lands to a more healthful location. They believed the bottoms were rich in mines of gold, and wanted to remain there. After no little trouble he got West established at a place

called Nonsuch and returned to Jamestown, where he found Philip Stevens returned after restoring peace at Nansemond.

"I am beginning to be sick of making any further efforts for the comfort of such disaffected and ungrateful men," said Smith to his friend Stevens as they sat before the captain's blazing fire.

"It is not to be wondered at, captain. Why are they so foolish?"

"Marry! they are not more foolish than the ordinary run of mankind. Ambition and jealousy makes everything wrong to men. Their own interests are not sufficient to make them followers when they long to be leaders. These are the sons of gentlemen who despise being governed. They hate success in others; they live but for the present, and care not for the morrow. Verily, the world is made up of such small men, and the honest must suffer for them."

"When will you get justice for all you do, Captain Smith?"

"Not until I die. The eyes of prejudice can see nothing just in what a plebeian such as I may do. Future generations will deal more fairly with us."

Smith was correct. Future generations have dealt more fairly with him, and he towers above the wretches who sought to defame him, as a mountain towers above a mole-hill.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FATAL SPARK.

Farewell; but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain,
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain;
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.
—MOORE.

BEFORE proceeding further with this narrative, it will be best, for the general information of the reader, to narrate some of the events which were happening at this period in the northern part of North America. Upon the walls of the governor's room in the city hall, New York, there hung, a few years ago—and we presume it is still there—a dingy canvas, bearing the portrait of a man apparently about forty years of age, with short hair and beard and a broad ruff, such as was worn by the English gentry late in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was the portrait of Henry Hudson, "the bold Englishman, the expert pilot, and famous navigator,"

a pupil of Drake, Frobisher, and Grenville. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of adventure then rife, he sought opportunities for winning renown in his profession. Early in 1607, Hudson received a summons to the parlor of Sir Thomas Gresham, a rich London merchant, who built the Royal Exchange. Here he met some merchants who believed in the existence of a polar sea passage to India, and conceived a plan for another search for it. Under the auspices of these men, he sailed from Gravesend, May 1st, 1607, went up the eastern coast of Greenland to the eighteenth degree, where, baffled by a solid barrier of ice, he was compelled to turn back, having made no discovery save the island of Spitzbergen. In 1608, he sailed in the interest of the same company of merchants, hoping to find the long-coveted northwest passage, but was once more baffled by the ice block, and compelled to return to England. He was not disheartened; but his employers were, and absolutely refused to furnish him means for another expedition. He went over to Holland, where he sought a like service in the Dutch East India Company, a wealthy corporation of merchants at Amsterdam, which had been in existence about seven years. He succeeded, and in the same year in which the events narrated in the last chapter occurred, early in April, 1609, he left the Texel in *De Halve Maen* (*The Half Moon*)

and, after manfully fighting the ice pack on the same parallel of Spitzbergen and its allies, the polar fogs and tempests, until all hope of success vanished, Hudson was compelled a third time to turn back. He determined, however, not to go without fruit to the Texel, so he sailed around the southern shores into the track of searchers after the northwest passage. He was forced southward by the ice pack, until about the middle of July, he discovered the American continent off the coast of Maine. He spent several days in Casco Bay repairing his storm-shattered vessel, where the Indians, among whom he found French trinkets, treated them kindly. He repaid their kindness by plundering their houses and driving them from home, until he roused their resentment and was compelled to put to sea. He sailed down the coast, touched at Cape Cod, sailed up the coast and discovered the Delaware Bay, and, early in September, entered New York harbor, after spending several days on the shores of the beautiful Raritan Bay. In a fight with the Indians in the narrows between Long Island and Staten Island, one of the sailors was killed, and they buried him on Staten Island.

Entering New York Bay, Hudson saw a broad stream rising and falling with the tide. The Indians informed him that it came from beyond the pale blue mountains in the distance. Fancying

that he had at last discovered a strait leading into the Indian Ocean, he sailed a few miles and anchored, trading with the Indians, who evinced a disposition to be friendly. *The Half Moon* went leisurely up the river, anchoring here and there, while her commander held intercourse with the natives, sometimes friendly, and sometimes hostile. As the water became fresh on advancing up the stream, he was satisfied that it was not a passage to India, but a beautiful river, flowing down from the lofty hills three hundred miles from the sea, and called Mahicannituck by the natives. The Dutch called it Mauritius; but the English named it after its discoverer, Hudson River, which name it bears to-day.

The Englishman went up as far as Albany, and some say as far as the mouth of the Mohawk, where he gazed upon the foaming falls of Cohoes, and returned, formally taking possession of the whole country in the name of the States-General of Holland. On his return, he landed at England, where the king, becoming jealous of the advantages of the discovery to the Dutch, issued an order that the navigator should not leave the realm; but Hudson secretly sent his maps, charts, log-books, and history of the voyage to his Amsterdam employers. This resulted in the planting of a colony called New Amsterdam at the mouth of the river,

and a colony at the head of navigable waters, called New Orange, both of which became prosperous settlements.

Hudson's reputation as an explorer was established, and next year the English sent him out on a fourth voyage, the object of which was the discovery of the long-sought but never found northwest passage. In this voyage he discovered the bay and strait which bear his name. His crew mutinied, and Hudson, his son, and seven men who remained true to him, were seized, pinioned, and set adrift in an open boat, where they soon perished.

While Hudson was discovering the Hudson River, New York Bay, and laying the foundation of the two Dutch colonies, Captain John Smith and his friend Philip Stevens still wrestled with the mutineers at Jamestown and the adjoining settlements.

Captain Smith, with Stevens, had been up the river to quell a mutiny in West's colony, at Nonsuch. Affairs had reached such a state that West had abandoned his colony. Smith found the Indians whom he had humbled to be his friends, and ready to assist him in putting down any mutiny with the whites. The mutiny was quelled, and, when things began to go smoothly, West returned to his colony. He had proved himself a coward,

destitute of energy or the manliness so essential to his new position; but when Smith and Stevens had made smooth the path for him, he returned to resume the authority he had so basely forfeited.

"Are you going to permit him to take possession of the colony again?" asked Philip Stevens.

"It is the way such men are apt to do," Smith answered. "In danger they are white with fear; but where there is no cause for alarm they are the pettiest and meanest tyrants in the world."

No sooner was West restored to authority than he began to persuade Smith and Stevens to release the chief men among the mutineers whom they held prisoners. Among them was William More and Francis, whom Stevens had cause to fear and hate. West pleaded long and earnestly, and the generous Englishman and Spaniard finally consented to their release. They cared nothing for revenge, and had no object in view in the imprisonment of the mutineers save the highest good of the settlement. Accordingly they consented to give the plotters of evil their liberty.

When this was done, Smith and Stevens took their leave of the place, and, with a small party of men, set out in the boat for Jamestown. No sooner was Smith's influence removed from Nonsuch, than the foolish settlers abandoned the place in a body, and located in the swampy, unhealthy country

where disease and death began to prey upon them.

It was early morning; the boat was gliding down the stream, and Captain Smith, almost worn out with fatigue, stood in the bow talking with Stevens.

"Those people will not remain there long," said Philip.

"Alas, your fears are too well grounded," said Smith. "I am beginning to be heartily sick of making any further efforts for the comforts of disaffected and ungrateful men."

"Are you not tired?" asked Stevens.

"I would gladly lie down and take a few moments' sleep, did I know that our boat would glide on without trouble."

"It will."

Smith shook his head.

"We cannot say so with assurance."

"I will remain in the bow," said Stevens.

"You are in need of rest as much as I."

"Nay, say not so, for I have slept and rested until I am quite refreshed."

After much persuasion, he induced Smith to retire to the stern of the boat to sleep, while he remained in the bow on the lookout for Indians and floating logs of wood, which made navigation at times both difficult and dangerous. The thoughts

of the young Spaniard grew sad as he reflected on the dark past, and a future in which there seemed not a single brilliant prospect. His mind wandered back to his unhappy captivity in childhood, and Emily.

"Why has fate dealt so unkindly with me?" he asked himself, gazing down the stream. "Had I never met Emily, I should not mourn her now. Has she forgotten me and chosen some other lover, or has an unknown fate befallen her?"

He had caused search to be made for her in all parts of England where she had been; but no trace of the maiden could be found. The little home in which he had been so kindly entertained by the widow and her daughter was deserted. He was roused from his painful revery by a loud explosion at the stern of the boat, accompanied by a sharp cry of pain.

"What has happened?" he demanded from some of the men who came hurrying forward.

They were too much excited to answer and gave utterance to wild, excited cries. There came a splash in the river, and he saw a head floating above the water.

"Who is in the water? Who has fallen overboard?" he demanded.

There was no answer. He ran to the side of the boat nearest the head, just as it disapppeared

under the water. Again the head rose and the arms struck out in the wildest manner, splashing water in every direction. The young Spaniard recognized in that agonized face his friend Captain Smith. A dense cloud of sulphurous smoke settled about the place, and he could scarcely see; but at the risk of his life he leaned over the boat, seized one of those hands and drew Captain Smith into the boat. His clothes were burned and he was suffering intolerable pain.

"How did it happen?" asked Philip.

Smith was suffering too much to answer immediately; but Philip discovered that he was fearfully burned and mangled by an explosion of powder.

"Who did it, captain? Tell me how it happened!"

"I would tell, were it in my power," groaned Smith; "but I know not how it happened. I was sleeping in the boat, when my powder-pouch was fired. Whether it was an accident, or maliciously for a purpose, I know not, nor will presume to judge; but my flesh is torn and burned."

"Did you do this?" demanded Philip, turning upon William More.

"In God's name, I swear I did not!" answered More.

"If I knew who did it, I would fling his body into the water to feed the fishes."

"Do nothing rash!" exclaimed Smith, who, despite his pain, was merciful. "We know not whether it be an accident or not."

Though Philip Stevens was much of the opinion

"He seized one of his hands and drew Captain Smith into the boat."

that it was More or some of Smith's enemies who had attempted his life, he had no proofs, and was compelled to accept the disaster as an accident.

"We are a great distance from Jamestown, in an open boat, and there is no surgeon near," he said

to the sailors. "Let us make all haste to reach the settlement as soon as possible."

The men declared their willingness to do all in their power to hasten the voyage, and oars and sails were plied with wonderful persistence and determination. With that fortitude and composure which had at all times been the peculiar characteristic of Captain Smith, he bore up under the long voyage with scarcely a groan.

On reaching Jamestown, Smith at once had his wounds dressed and healing ointments applied. Wounded, disfigured, and crippled as he was, he found himself called upon to forget his bodily sufferings and turn his attention to the evils that were fast overshadowing them all. The rebellious spirits, whom he had long ago arrested for their treason, had resolved to anticipate the result of their rapidly approaching trial, by stirring up greater prejudice against their commander. Sick and dispirited as he was, he could not avoid seeing it all, and understanding the necessity that lay upon him to prepare at once to meet any emergency. One evening he sent for Stevens, and when the young Spaniard reached his bedside, he said:

"I have sent for you because you are one of the men whom I can trust. While I lie here, mangled and suffering tortures, those whose interest I have ever had at heart, are plotting at my ruin."

"Of this I am aware," Philip answered.

"Watch them, Philip, for I believe they will assassinate me if they have an opportunity."

"I shall watch them and frustrate their plans," Philip answered.

It was secretly resolved among the most wicked and desperate of Smith's enemies to assassinate him. Francis himself was at the head of the conspiracy. He sought More, who proved a weak tool in his hands, and laid before him a plan for the destruction of Smith.

"Go and do it, and you shall be rewarded!" said Francis.

"But surely I would be hung for murder," answered More.

"Nay; we would afterward shield you with the power of our influence in the settlement."

"And must I slay him?"

"Yes."

"Surely it will be murder," said More, shuddering.

"Nay; is he not a tyrant? Is he not a usurper, and has he not shed blood with his own hands?"

"He has."

"Then hesitate no longer, but go this night and slay him while he sleeps."

More went away with his courage screwed up to the sticking-point. The act received the approba-

tion of some who ought to have been the promoters of the peace and good of the colony. They had not the courage to accuse Smith of any crime. Their manliness did not carry them far enough to defame him in the face of the whole settlement; but it was their policy, as it was their nature, to conspire like cowardly thieves and robbers to such foul deeds as Francis proposed to More.

All the remainder of the day, More felt already a murderer. He avoided his companions and wandered alone in the woods. While thus strolling, awaiting the hours of darkness to perpetrate his heinous crime, he heard a light footstep behind him, and, wheeling about, spied Pocahontas.

"Whither do you wander?" he demanded harshly.

"Was the great white chief slain?" asked the little maiden, her eyes growing moist. "I heard that he was slain."

"He was not; but he will die."

"Can I go and see him?" she asked.

"Go! leave the neighborhood. Fly to your father for your life; or the dogs will be set upon you."

If William More thought to frighten Pocahontas by threats, he was mistaken. Love was stronger than fear, and as the shadows of darkness crept over the fort she drew nearer and nearer, until

she stood gazing through the palisades at the house in which lay the wounded man.

It was midnight, and a dark form, pistol in his hand, crept toward Captain Smith's house. No doors were locked in those days, and Smith's was found ajar. Exhausted and weak from the loss of blood, Captain Smith slept soundly. He heard not the tread of this would-be murderer. More crept into the house and stood by the side of the sleeping man. He held his pistol a moment in his trembling hand. The glow of the smouldering fire dimly lighted the room, and the pale light fell on the ghastly face of the slumbering man. He raised the weapon slowly and pointed it at his head; but all plans do not result according to the wishes of their projectors. Strange and unexpected interruptions occur sometimes to thwart their success at the very last step of their progress. William More held the pistol at the head of Captain Smith, and nothing remained for him but to pull the trigger and send the soul of the wounded man to eternity; but that simple little act was just what he could not perform. Something mysterious prevented him. His heart failed at the moment when his villany most needed that wicked heart's assistance. His malice softened. His passion died in his breast. The weapon fell undischarged and powerless at his side, and the vanquished villain

slunk away to repent of the murder that still fretted and festered his inhuman heart.

All the time More was threatening the life of Captain John Smith, a small face on which was depicted deepest agony and despair gazed through the palisades. The olive face was almost white with dread, and the little hands beat at the gate in vain, while the mellow Indian tongue cried:

"He will be murdered! He will be slain, and I cannot aid him!"

Philip Stevens, by the merest chance, came by the gate and espied Pocahontas. He went to her and asked what she wanted.

"Let me in!" she said. "Open the gate and let me come in!"

He opened the gate, and entering, she told him what she had seen. They flew to the cabin in which the wounded captain slept; but the would-be assassin was gone, humbled and defeated by his own conscience. They took care not to awake the sleeping man, and Pocahontas, after securing from Philip a promise to guard the man she loved by day and night went away. Smith never knew, to the day of his death, that she, like a guardian angel, had hovered about him in that awful hour of danger.

Philip Stevens and several others, fearing for the final safety of the settlement and all it con-

tained, gathered around the bedside of Captain Smith promising devotion to him to the last.

"We know who the conspirators are!" said one. "But give us the word and we will behead them without warning."

"No, no!" Smith answered. "I can see no good that can come of bloodshed. If blood must be shed, I prefer to be the uncomplaining victim."

The friends and followers of Captain Smith were deeply touched by these new proofs of his magnanimous devotion, for they could now see the great and constant sacrifices he had been making from the time when they all left the shores of England together, and which he was still willing to make. If the many failed to appreciate his nobleness of nature, the chosen few did not forget to love and admire him all the more. Placing themselves in imagination in his own unhappy circumstances, they could readily see the trials and tortures through which his lofty spirit had passed. Misrepresented before the government at home; envied and hated by the colonists whose very lives he held in his hands; deprived of his legitimate authority by every new arrival of raw recruits, yet expected to become law and order and all things else when danger and trouble might overtake them in the riot of their follies; his very energy mistaken for selfish and mercenary ambition, and his enthusiasm

chilled by the plots and counterplots of a set of lawless conspirators: who can wonder that at last he grew tired of trying to do anything for a crew of such thankless wretches, and that his heart pined for the home-land with whose free winds he had first drawn his breath? He called Philip Stevens to his side and imparted to him his intentions.

"Are you really going to return to England?" asked Philip.

"Yes; I am sick, sore, and wounded," sighed Captain Smith. "I have outlived my usefulness among these people, and it is better that I retire to more peaceful scenes where possibly I may regain the health lost in striving to build up a home in this new country."

"Then I will go with you," said Philip.

"No, I beg of you to remain. These unfortunate people cannot succeed if the few stout hearts and cool heads among them are taken away. Remain, I beseech you, remain."

He urged him so strongly that Philip was constrained to yield to his desire and remain. Smith resigned what was left of his authority to Mr. Percy. The ship was in the harbor on a quiet autumnal morning, when, supported by Philip Stevens, Smith went slowly from his house toward the boat waiting to convey him to it. When they reached the great chestnut, beneath whose

friendly shade he had so often reposed, he paused and said:

"Let us rest a moment, Philip. They are in no hurry, and I would take one more view of Jamestown before I leave it forever."

"Do not say forever," said Philip sadly, as they seated themselves on a grassy knoll. "Surely, you will return."

Smith shook his head sadly as he answered:

"No, no; I feel the impression so strongly in my heart that I shall never return that it amounts to conviction. Here I have spent the best of my life; here I have striven to do only what is best for these people; but they would not let me, and unless I write my own history my name will be handed down to future generations as a miserable failure."

"Will you never see Pocahontas?"

Philip Stevens had touched a tender chord in the stern warrior's heart. He half started from the ground, when the pain from his wounds forced him to resume his seat.

"It is needless to think of her now, my friend. As yet she is but a child. If I have been foolish enough in the past to mingle her face with my brightest hopes, the romance of our lives might justify it. She is an angel and will ever retain a place in my heart."

Captain Smith ceased talking and, covering his face with his hands, remained silent. After several moments Philip spoke:

"Captain Smith, you are going to England, where you may meet many faces once familiar to you."

"I hope I shall."

"And some I know."

"Perhaps."

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, if it lies in my power."

"You may, in your wandering, meet Emily and her mother, who were so kind to the poor little fugitive flying from his cruel master and seeking an asylum among strangers."

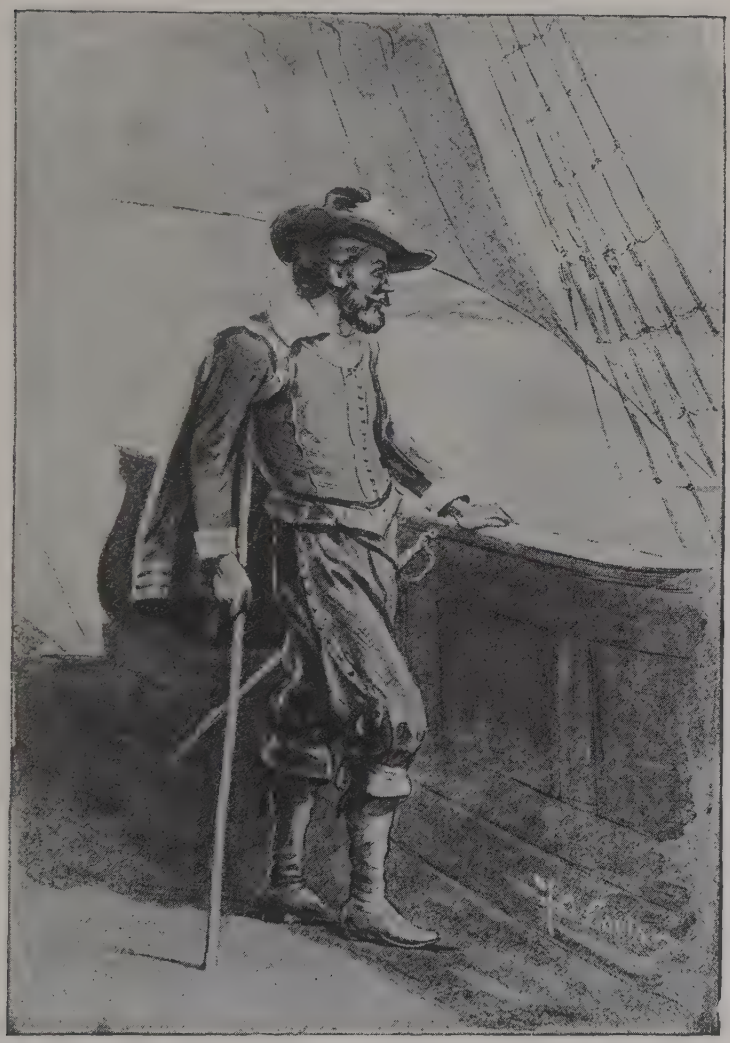
"If I should, what would you have me tell Emily?"

"Tell her to wait and hope."

"I will."

"The day may come when she will see the fulfilment of my promise."

"God grant it! Once let this country be peopled with the right class, and there will grow up a nation that will rule the world. Here is a country, the expanse of which is unknown. The soil, the atmosphere, and the location fit it for future wonders. Remain here, my friend, and be the father of a posterity that may in the far future bless the



HE WATCHED THE SHORES OF VIRGINIA UNTIL THEY FADED OUT OF SIGHT.

poor, despised, misunderstood, and badly used John Smith."

The vessel made signal for the boat, and Captain Smith embraced his friend, entered the boat, and was conveyed to the vessel.

Leaning on his crutch, he remained on the deck and watched the shores of Virginia until they faded from his sight forever.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE YOUNG PRISONER.

I envy not in any moods,
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.

—TENNYSON.

ON that bright day in September, 1609, when Captain John Smith sailed away from Jamestown, it was a straggling assembly of fifty or sixty houses, hardly worthy of being called a village. The houses were built of wood, some of them two stories in height, with roofs of boards, mats, and reed thatch. There were, in addition to the dwelling houses, a church and a storehouse, the whole inclosed by a palisade of strong logs, fifteen feet high. At the neck of the peninsula was the fort, with cannon mounted on the platforms; in the rear the forest, where dusky shadows flitted to and fro, and in the front the broad river flowing to the sea, toward which the straining eyes had so often been directed in search of the white sails coming from "home."

There were in the colony two hundred fighting men, who, like Philip Stevens, had been trained in the art in the Indian warfare. After the departure of Smith, Radcliffe, the agitator and anarchist, again made trouble for the colony, and the weak Percy was unable to cope with him. He was an impostor of the worst character. His true name was Sicklemore, and why he saw fit to assume an alias no historian has ever been able to explain. The Indians were not slow in learning that the master hand had been withdrawn from the colony. Every day they became more aggressive. West was driven in from Nonsuch, and the colony at Nansemond, under Martin, was also driven into Jamestown.

When Philip Stevens learned that Radcliffe was going to Werowocomoco, he tried to dissuade him.

"The Indians are roused against the English," he argued, "and it will be exceedingly dangerous to venture among them at this time."

"You say so because you fear to go," tantalizingly returned Radcliffe.

"I am not afraid to go," Philip answered.

"Will you become one of the company?"

"Yes."

"Then join us."

In those days few words were spoken. Those frontiersmen were men of action, not of speech. With only thirty men and a boy, Radcliffe set out

for Werowocomoco. When they came to the town, they found the grim old chief at his lodge, his daughter Pocahontas with him.

"Where is Captain Smith?" he asked.

"He is dead," answered Radcliffe.

Pocahontas started at the answer, and the tears, despite all her savage stoicism, gathered in her eyes.

"You killed him," said Powhatan grimly. "He was my friend and brother."

"We are better off without him!" Radcliffe answered. The chief did not like the answer, and with a scowl on his face he demanded:

"Why did you come here?"

"We want corn," was the answer.

"I have no corn for you."

"You shall fill my boat."

The chief made no answer; but a lodge was set apart for them and Radcliffe was sent to it with his command. He had scarcely reached it when Pocahontas came to him, her pretty face streaming with tears.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

"Captain John Smith is dead," he answered. "He was blown up with powder because he was a bad man, and he died of his wounds."

"No, no, he was not bad. Bad men killed him; but he was not an evil man."

Radcliffe enjoyed her grief, and the girl went away in vengeful mood at his heartlessness.

"If they slew him, then may my father wreak his wrath on them."

But there was one who was a friend of Captain Smith, and that one she determined to save.

Philip and the guard were quartered some distance from the others, and in the silent watches of the night a small hand was laid on his wrist, and a low voice said:

"Awake—arise, white man!"

"Pocahontas," he whispered, leaping to his feet.

"There is danger; come with me."

As Philip rose to his feet, he seized the sleeping boy with his left hand, and his gun in his right.

"Follow me!" whispered Pocahontas.

"Let me go and warn my friends."

"There is no time."

At first Philip thought she only said this to gain time; but at this moment a deafening yell broke on the air near the lodge in which Radcliffe was quartered, and the whiz of arrows and flash of muskets told a terrible story of carnage and death.

Twice Philip raised his gun to fire at the Indians, and twice the small hand of Pocahontas seized his arm, and prevented his doing so.

"Do not do it!" she said. "Do not fire, or I cannot save you."

He lowered his gun and she seized his hand, and again whispered:

"Come!"

It grieved the heart of Philip to quit the battle-field in so ignominious a manner, and but for the restraining hand of Pocahontas he would have rushed back to the scene of conflict and died with his comrades. She clung to him and forced him to fly. He and the boy were all that escaped. Radcliffe perished among the others; so the intrigues of this old disturber came to an end. He had been an agitator from first to last. The only service that he had ever attempted was the search for White's colony, lost at Roanoke, and in this he had utterly failed. Rolphe Hamor wrote his epitaph in these few but meaning words: "He is not worth remembering but to his dishonor."

Powhatan, under the impression that Captain Smith had been assassinated by his own people, determined to carry the war to the most extreme measure. The colony at Jamestown soon felt the loss of Smith. Stevens sought to aid Percy in his government with wholesome counsel, but was informed that his advice was not desired.

Disorder increased as the days passed, and ruin and dissolution became more rapid. Percy fell sick and was unable to leave his bed; Radcliffe had fallen among the savages, and West, in despair,

sailed for England. With every passing hour the prospect grew darker. Stevens was urged by a small party to assume control; but twenty more claimed the presidency, and his authority was defied. Without even a shadow of a title, he could not assume the authority. Thirty men seized a vessel and ran off to engage in piracy. Utter hopelessness took possession of those left behind. Every day death visited some home, and when a house became depopulated it was torn down for firewood. When parties went to the savages to plead piteously for food, they were met with arrows and clubs. The palisades were burned, the open gates swung to and fro, creaking in the winter wind, for men, women, and children in "the starving time" had lost all fear of the Indians. Supplies were exhausted. Hogs, hens, goats, sheep, or whatever lived was devoured. At last some were driven to such straits that they resorted to cannibalism.

Of the five hundred colonists left by Captain Smith when he sailed in September, there remained in the last days of May, 1610, only sixty miserable creatures, huddled together behind the dismantled palisades, with pale faces and emaciated forms, their thin lips uttering cries for food. In ten days more all the colonists would have perished; but at the last moment deliverance was at hand.

The readers will remember that a new charter had been granted the colonists, and that Newport, Somers, and Gates were on their way to take control when their ship was wrecked on one of the Bermuda Islands, then known as the "Isles of Devils." The shipwrecked mariners were not of the class that give way to despair. They proceeded to gather material and tools from the wreck, and cutting down cedars, they constructed two vessels, the *Patience* and the *Deliverance*, and sailed for Virginia, reaching the starving colony just as they were on the eve of dissolution.

Among the colonists wrecked in the *Sea Venture* was John Rolfe, whose wife died while at that island.

The newly arrived emigrants found only a miserable starving band where they had hoped to find peace and plenty. For a while they tried to stem the tide of adversity; but at last Gates yielded to the importunities of the disaffected, and they embarked in his poorly constructed vessels for England.

"Wait awhile longer!" Philip urged. "Succor may come to us yet."

But his life was threatened if he sought to delay them, and some even urged Gates to set fire to the fort and dwellings at Jamestown.

"Don't do it!" pleaded Stevens. "I have spent

so many days here, have suffered, hoped, and struggled so long in this town, that I cannot now bear to see it destroyed."

"I will not permit a single building to be burned," Gates answered.

So the fort was saved, and well it was for them, for at evening of the next day the whole company, with others, were again at Jamestown, offering thanksgiving to God for their great deliverance. At dawn that morning, the eyes of the disconsolate fugitives had been greeted by the apparition of white sails moving up the James River, as Gates and his followers were approaching its mouth. They were the white wings of Lord De la Ware's ships, which were filled with provisions and emigrants, accompanied by the pious governor, a prudent, generous man. Back to Jamestown they went. The governor landed first; the emigrants followed, and, when all were on shore, his lordship fell upon his knees, and, bowing his head, engaged in a long, silent prayer, while his people stood reverently by.

After this devotion Rev. Mr. Bucke, who had come to take the place of Mr. Hunt, who had died, led the people to the unfinished church where he preached a sermon in the evening twilight, and a large part of the congregation joined in the singing of the anthems.

Under Lord De la Ware there came a great change for the better at Jamestown. The church and public houses were rebuilt, the fort reconstructed, and the colonists taught to plant and sow for their food, instead of depending on foraging expeditions against the Indians. The health of Lord De la Ware failed, however, and in the spring of 1611 he returned to England, leaving the government in charge of Percy, Smith's successor.

At the same time Sir Thomas Dale, a brave soldier, was out on the ocean with a ship of supplies, and on his arrival, which was hailed with delight, he assumed the reins of government and ruled by martial law both the church and state. Gates arrived at the close of summer with six ships well supplied and three hundred emigrants. These emigrants were of a much better class than any which had yet been brought to Virginia. A greater proportion of them were sober and industrious, and their influence upon the earlier settlers was salutary. Gates assumed the functions of governor, and Dale went up the river and planted settlements at the mouth of the Appomattox River (now Bermuda Hundred) and at the river falls (now Richmond). Over these the Rev. Mr. Whittaker was placed pastor.

A new charter was granted the company, which allowed the powers of the association to be distrib-

uted in a democratic manner, among all the members, who met in mass for deliberation and legislation. This was the embryo of the law-making powers which are the pride of our commonwealth. The most important act affecting the welfare of the settlement was that which allowed every man to cultivate a few acres of land for his own sole use and benefit. Before that time the land was tilled in common, and the industrious provided food for the lazy. There was no special incentive to industry in such a system; but in the new arrangement, when each man could own property, pride stimulated the energetic and ambitious to their greatest efforts. Though no political privileges were granted the colonists by the new charter, and they could not choose the pettiest officials to rule them, they were contented.

Powhatan's hostility toward the whites did not diminish, and the powerful Chickahominies, their nearest neighbors, sympathized with the dusky emperor and allowed no provisions to be carried to Jamestown. As the colonists had not yet had an opportunity to grow sufficient corn to support them, their food once more became scarce.

"Let me by one bold stroke procure food enough for all," said Captain Argall, who was in command of one of the vessels.

"What is your plan?" asked Gates.

"I will imitate Captain Smith—go to Powhatan and demand corn. If he refuses, burn his town and seize his people."

Gates sent for Philip Stevens and told him of Argall's plan.

"Will it succeed?"

"All depends on the man who executes it, and I know so little of Captain Argall's temperament that I cannot form an opinion," answered Philip.

"Captain Smith was successful in his demands."

"But there are few men like Smith. He hesitated not. He was bold and merciful, daring and cautious. He read men's hearts rather than their minds, and, while he was severe, at the same time he was gentle and kind. If Argall is all this, he will succeed; if not, he will fail."

Argall sailed up the river in quest of corn, and one night, while at anchor near the shore, Francis, who, since the arrival of the new governor, had been staying in the forest, came to the shore and expressed a wish to go on board. Argall sent for him, and as soon as he was on board Francis inquired the object of the expedition.

"We are going to Powhatan for corn."

"I know how you can obtain all you wish," said Francis.

"How?"

"Pocahontas, the dearest daughter of the chief,

is with a chief named Japazaws. He will, for a very small bribe, deliver her up to you. With Pocahontas for a prisoner, you may demand your own ransom."

Captain Argall was both shrewd and unscrupulous and, despite all the little maiden had done for the English, resolved to seize her and carry her to Jamestown. An interview with Japazaws was brought about, and, for a copper kettle, he promised to betray Pocahontas and bring her on board his vessel.

Why Pocahontas had left her home to live with Japazaws is a matter of doubt among historians. Some affirm that she was angry at her father. It is more likely that with her heart full of grief at hearing of the death of Captain Smith, she had fled from scenes so instinct with poignant memories. When she saw the ship of the white men lying in the river, it seemed to reopen the old wound in her heart.

Japazaws began to persuade his wife to go with him to visit the ship.

"I do not care to go on the boat of the white man," his wife answered.

"I want to see it," said Japazaws, "and the captain invites us to come, and you must go with me!"

"I will not," the wife answered.

"You shall!" cried the Indian, "or I will beat you for refusing." At this the Indian's wife began to weep as if in fear, and said she would go if Pocahontas would accompany her.

This was only a clever ruse on the part of the Indian and his wife to get the "poor innocent maid" on board the big canoe. Pocahontas, in order to save the old woman from a beating, consented to accompany her aboard the ship.

Argall gladly received them and had a feast prepared in his cabin. Japazaws repeatedly trod on his foot to remind him that he had done his part. When the captain saw his time, he persuaded Pocahontas to go into the gun-room, saying he wished to speak alone with Japazaws. Pocahontas, not suspecting any treachery, obeyed. No sooner was she in the gun-room than the door was locked, and she was a prisoner. She wept bitterly and implored him to spare her. Her false friends, Japazaws and his wife, howled and wept, but it was only assumed, for as soon as they had the copper kettle and a few trinkets which had been given them, they departed.

Orders were immediately given to weigh anchor, and the vessel sailed down the river to Jamestown. Argall called upon his little captive and found her in tears.

"What wrong have I done," she asked, "that

you should carry me away from my friends? Have I not always been friendly to the Englishmen? Have I not on all occasions shown that I was willing, even at the risk of my life, to save them, and now why do you seek to drag me back to your town a prisoner?"

Captain Argall felt guilty of a dastardly act. He had no answer to make, for he knew he deserved censure. Before the light of her innocence the blackness of his own offence seemed a stain which could never be washed away. He conducted her to Jamestown and sent word to Powhatan demanding a liberal donation of gifts in corn. A message was also sent to the effect that Pocahontas could not be released until the emperor should give up all weapons that he or his people had in any way obtained from the English.

Next day after the arrival of the vessel at Jamestown, Philip Stevens and John Rolfe met William More, who had been with Argall.

"What have you accomplished?" asked Philip. "Did you freight your ship with corn?"

"Better still."

"With gold and jewels?" asked Rolfe.

"No; better still than either corn or gold."

"What have you brought?"

"A prisoner."

"Only one?"

"Only one; yet that one is worth a whole ship-load of ordinary prisoners."

"Is it Powhatan?" asked Philip.

"No; but one whom Powhatan loves more dearly than his own life."

"Pocahontas?" asked Philip.

"Yes."

"Why did Captain Argall commit so heinous a crime?" he exclaimed. "She, of all the red people we have known, has been kind and gentle, and saved our lives time and again. It is a cowardly act of which Argall should be ashamed."

William More was not friendly with Stevens and did not linger to discuss the subject. As soon as he was gone, John Rolfe asked:

"Have you ever seen the Indian princess Pocahontas?"

"Yes."

"Is she as gentle and kind as represented?"

"She is an angel," declared Philip. "Every man in the old colony owes his life to her."

"I would like to see her."

"You are friendly with Argall. Let us gain permission to go aboard his ship," suggested Philip.

Permission was obtained, and they went aboard the vessel, where they asked to see Pocahontas. Captain Argall was at first a little averse to their seeing her; but as he was planning an expedition

up the Chesapeake and relied on Philip's experience as a seaman to aid him, he dared not refuse his request, and they were shown to the apartment in which the little captive was confined.

She sat with bowed head, and did not look up until the familiar voice of Stevens fell on her ear. Then she fixed her queenly eyes on him, and a faint smile of welcome flitted over her face.

"I regret finding you here," said Philip. "This man is my friend, John Rolfe, and we have come to assure you that no harm shall befall you."

"Why am I brought here?" she asked.

"To induce your people to give up some guns and swords which they took from the fort."

"But I took no guns nor swords."

"Nor should you be punished for the acts of others. Although we cannot give you your liberty, you shall not be harmed."

John Rolfe was strongly moved by the youth and beauty of the unhappy prisoner. He spoke even more encouragingly than Stevens, and declared that he was willing to defend her with his life. He repeated his visit next day and stayed longer than before. These visits became of daily occurrence and occasioned comment. One day, meeting Philip, he said:

"I have been to see the captive and find her as cheerful and resigned as ever."

"She is a remarkable prisoner."

"I never saw a more lovable character."

As Rolfe ceased speaking his eyes sought the ground, and the blood mounted to his face. Philip Stevens, who had been watching his friend for the last few days, had noticed his increasing interest in the little prisoner.

"I understand you, my friend," he said.

"Do you blame me?"

"No. Had I never met Emily Gilbert, I might have been your rival."

Rolfe grasped his hand and exclaimed:

"Heaven bless you, Philip! I feared I would meet with derision and ridicule did I declare my love for the Indian maiden."

"And wherefore should you?"

"She is of a savage race."

"She is a wild princess, reared in barbaric splendor, and one whom a nobleman might be proud to call wife."

"But there is one obstacle yet."

"What?"

"She is a heathen."

"Convert her to Christianity."

John Rolfe was thoughtful for a moment, then said:

"I will do as you say, my friend; but if I should succeed in winning her, will her captors

give her up? Will the governor consent to our union?"

"Why should he not? The marriage will be a strong political alliance which will win the friendship of Powhatan and his tribe, the most powerful in all Virginia."

"But may they not think that such an union would give me a power in Virginia that would make the king of England jealous of me?"

Philip Stevens, who did not understand the nature of King James as well as Rolfe, was inclined to smile at this fear. Why would the king of England be jealous of any power Rolfe might obtain from his marriage with Powhatan's daughter?*

"Go now and win your princess if you can, my good friend. She is more than a princess; for, savage though she be, she has the heart of an angel."

Rolfe, encouraged by the words of Stevens, determined to woo Pocahontas in earnest, and thus commenced a courtship famous in history.

* Ridiculous as it may seem, the king was angry because Rolfe, a common person, had married an Indian princess.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ROSE OF ENGLAND AND THE TOTEM OF VIRGINIA.

> She was a landscape of mild earth,
> Where all was harmony and calm quiet,
> Luxuriant budding.
>
> —Byron.

"Hold! John Rolfe, whither are you bound?"

It was early morning, and the song of the thrush and lark came from the woods about Jamestown. Never did the English colony look more romantic, more dreamy, as the blue smoke curled up from the quaint little chimneys and floated off to mingle with the soft atmosphere. John Rolfe had just come from his house, his pale face expressing anxiety and care, as he hurried toward the bay. He was half-way from his house to the water's edge, when the voice of William More accosted him with the above question.

Rolfe paused, thrust his thumb under his sword-belt, and answered:

"I am going aboard the ship."

"Marry! My friend, methinks you go quite

often aboard ship of late. Know ye there be some strange talk about your visits, and many do say that Powhatan's daughter has come to look with soft eyes upon a certain gay Englishman?"

"Sweet Heaven grant it be so; then will I fetch her from the prison ship and set her free," returned Rolfe.

"Beware how you threaten to set at liberty the prisoner of Argall!" cried More. "He is a stern, bold man, so defy not his power."

"Peace! Insult not mine ears with his name," and John Rolfe hastened away from More's presence. He paused under the great old chestnut, beneath which Smith had rested when he took his farewell look at the colony, and gazed over the town. The scene was one of beauty and peace. The busy little colony had worried and fretted itself into a complete state of exhaustion, and settled down to a condition of listless repose. A drowsy, dreamy influence seemed to hang over land and sea, pervading the atmosphere, which was quite in contrast with the warfare raging in the breast of John Rolfe. Strange thoughts distracted his mind, and he murmured:

"Am I a thief to steal the heart not my own? Shall I wed one who loves another, and that one not a Christian?"

The boat for which he had signalled gained the

shore, and, entering it, he was rowed to the ship in which the captive lingered. Though a prisoner, every comfort possible was allowed her. Her face grew brighter at sight of Rolfe, and she hastened to assure him how grateful she was for the visit.

"I have come to talk with you," said Rolfe.

"All my brother says is pleasant to me."

"I want to speak of love."

"To all races of people that is a delightful theme."

"Pocahontas, I love you, and with your permission will appeal to Powhatan for his consent to our marriage."

The prisoner was startled by the suddenness of this declaration. She felt a tender attachment for the young Englishman; but it was subordinate to the wild passion she entertained for him she believed to be dead. Starting from her seat, she walked to the opposite side of the narrow apartment, and pressed her hand upon her heart. Seeing her great emotion, Rolfe continued:

"I speak bluntly, and you are tremulous and undecided; will you require time?"

She answered by asking:

"Is he truly dead?"

"Of whom do you speak?"

Rolfe well knew whom she meant; but he wished to defer the fatal answer as long as possible.

"Is Captain John Smith dead?"

"So I have been told. He was sorely wounded by an explosion, and they say he died of his wounds."

"I will be your wife."

"And you will consent to become a Christian and worship the same God I do."

"Teach me how to become a Christian."

Rolfe, with a lie fresh on his lips, proceeded to instruct her in Christianity. He told her of the great and good God who made all the earth, sea, air and skies. Then he told her of Christ who came down from Heaven to redeem the world from sin, and suffered an ignominious death on the cross.

"What must one do to become a Christian?" she asked.

He instructed her in the articles of faith, and in the commandments of God.

"You must have no other gods," he explained. "You must worship none other, and cease to pray to the Great Spirit which is not God. You must not kill——"

"Does your God command you to not kill?"

"He does."

"And yet white men slay the poor Indians?"

"The Indians are unbelieving heathen, and are not included in the commandments of God." How

easily man's sophistry can distort the meaning of the word of God.

"But Christians kill each other?" she argued.

He explained that there were some bad men among the whites—a fact she readily admitted—and that they stood not in awe of God. He continued his instructions. "Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not *lie*—" The sentence almost stuck in his throat. The lesson for the day was finished, and with feelings of mingled joy, triumph, and remorse, Rolfe took his departure. The nooning hour was over and the industrious colonists were again at work. Once more the hills resounded with the echoes of the woodman's axe.

Philip waited on the beach for the return of Rolfe, to hear his report.

"Shall I congratulate you or not?" asked Philip. "Your face presents contradictory statements. Have you been successful?"

"In a measure, yes."

"Have you told Pocahontas of your love, as you intended?"

"I have."

"And does she return it?"

"She says she does, and yet there is that in her manner that leads me to believe she loves another."

"And that other is Captain John Smith."

"You who have been with them and noted their attachment must know if my suspicions are correct."

With his friend's hand in his own, Philip answered: "It is true, Rolfe. I have been nearer to the heart of Captain Smith than any other man, and I know she loves him, and he loves her in return; but she will never see John Smith again. Even if he does not die from his wounds, he will never return to Virginia. He is a rival removed so far away, he might be dead."

"Does he really live?" Rolfe asked.

"For aught I know he does."

"My conscience misgives me. If I wed Pocahontas, surely I will be stealing the affections of another's bride."

"Trouble not yourself on that score," answered Philip. "If she honestly knows that Smith still lives and accepts you, she will make you a good wife. Smith is gone. He is my dearest friend, and the good God knows I would not wrong him; but he will never return to claim Pocahontas. She even knows not his love, for he only treated her as a daughter, and never whispered his love to her. Go, woo her, and may Heaven bless your union!"

Philip Stevens did not understand that Pocahontas was being deceived into a marriage with Rolfe. Had he known that they had told her that

Smith was dead, he would have informed her to the contrary.

Philip went to his work, while John Rolfe, stung by remorse, wandered aimlessly about the town. He was not thoroughly a bad man, or he would not have felt remorse of conscience. John was ambitious, and, in order to become the husband of the princess of Virginia, willingly acted out the lie of Radcliffe.

Rolfe went to the reverend Mr. Whitaker, whom he found in his little study attached to the church.

"Is one ever justified in deception?" he asked.

With a significant glance at him, Mr. Whitaker wanted to know why he asked such a question.

"My heart is sorely troubled, and I have come to you for relief."

"What troubles you, my son?"

Rolfe told him of his affection for Pocahontas, and his knowledge of her love for Smith. He told everything except the false report of Smith's death. It was only half a confession at best, and Mr. Whitaker could see no wrong on his part, while he thought a matrimonial alliance with the daughter of Powhatan would insure peace, save many lives, and add much to the glory of God.

"You think it proper that I should wed her?" asked Rolfe.

"If your heart commends the act, her father con-

sents, and the governor acquiesces in the marriage, there can be no impropriety in it."

Rolfe went away with a much lighter heart than he had come, and when he had gained his plantation, the young Englishman had almost forgotten John Smith. Next day he called on Pocahontas in company with Mr. Whitaker, and together they proceeded with their missionary work. They labored zealously for the conversion of the little princess. As yet none of the Indians had become Christians; but Pocahontas was in a hopeful state, and in a few days more her conversion was complete.

Rolfe appealed to Sir Thomas Gates, and she was removed from the ship to the house of Mrs. Easton, an English lady, who lived in Jamestown. Pocahontas was now mistress of the English language and was, indeed, an intelligent, amiable young English lady.

One evening as Rolfe and Stevens strolled along the banks of the James River near the settlement, discussing the coming marriage and the possibility of gaining the consent of Powhatan and Dale, they met William More, who, advancing toward them, said:

"So you are going to wed Pocahontas, I hear. Marry! what would Captain John Smith say if he knew you took advantage of his absence in this way?"

Rolfe's face grew pale, and he would have assaulted More, had not Philip restrained him.

"Go hence, and heed not what yon meddler says," Philip urged.

As Rolfe went away, More turned on Stevens and, in a voice trembling with rage and hate, asked:

"Are you, too, lending your countenance to this lie?"

Philip did not fully comprehend the meaning of his question; but the manner in which the words were spoken convinced him that an insult was intended. He seized More by the throat and, choking him into silence, hissed:

"You knave! dare to interfere in this matter and it will be to your sorrow."

More had a wholesome dread of the stout young Spaniard, and forbore to interfere further by word or suggestion. Soon after this event, in the little chapel at Jamestown, whose columns were rough pine trees from the forests, and its rude pews of the sweet-smelling cedar, and its rough communion table and pulpit of black walnut, that dusky convert to Christianity—Pocahontas—knelt before the font "hewn hollow between like a canoe," and there received the rite of Christian baptism, with the name of "Rebecca," at the hands of Mr. Whitaker. She was the first Christian Indian in Virginia.

The above event occurred in the spring of 1613, and shortly after, Sir Thomas Dale, with one hundred and fifty men, among whom were Philip Stevens and Rolfe, set out with Pocahontas to visit Powhatan. On reaching Werowocomoco, they found the emperor absent. A swarm of Indians appeared on the banks of the river and shouted defiance.

"Have you come to fight?" they cried. "If so, you are welcome, and you may remember the fate of Radcliffe."

A cloud of arrows followed this bold announcement, and one of the Englishmen was wounded; whereupon Dale, who was a man of decision, pushed ashore, killed some of the Indians, burnt their cabins, and, re-embarking, sailed up the York, looking for the emperor.

At an Indian village named Machot, near the present West Point, they found several hundred Indians drawn up to receive them; but on landing they fell back and agreed upon a truce until Powhatan could be heard from. Rolfe, Sparks, and Stevens were sent with a message to him. They penetrated to his retreat in the woods; but the emperor refused to grant them a personal interview, though holding out vague promises, and the emissaries returned to Dale at Machot.

Meanwhile an event had transpired to change all of Dale's plans. Up to this time he had been

wholly ignorant of the courtship of John Rolfe and Pocahontas. He knew that the little maiden had been converted to Christianity and was a firmer friend than ever of the English; but the secret of Rolfe's attachment had not yet reached his ears. When Pocahontas landed at Machot, she scarcely took any notice of her people. When her friends and relatives came to talk with her, she said:

"If my father loved me, he would not value me less than old swords, guns, and axes; wherefore I will still dwell with the English, who do love me."

The meaning of this ambiguous remark was soon apparent to Dale. Two of her brothers hastened to meet her; one of them, Nantaquaus, whom Smith described as "the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit he ever saw in a savage," expressed the utmost delight at again seeing her. Pocahontas took Nantaquaus into her confidence, and informed him that she was going to marry one of the Englishmen, —a Master John Rolfe. The Indian told the secret to Dale, who thus heard it for the first time. This was just after the return of Philip, Rolfe, and Sparks from their fruitless embassy to Powhatan. Dale at once sent for Rolfe, to whom he said:

"I have been informed that it is your design to wed Pocahontas."

"Such is my intention, and I wrote you a long

letter asking your advice, which letter I confided to Master Raphe Hamor."

"He hath just delivered it, yet I had learned of it before from the brother of Pocahontas."

"Does the union meet your approval?"

"It does, for I see in this coming marriage the promise of peace and good-will between the two races, and I shall abandon all hostile designs, and return to Jamestown, to await the event."

"Will you take Pocahontas with you?" asked Rolfe, who feared to have his affianced left with her relatives, lest they should not allow her to come to him.

"Marry! she would not remain with her people," cried Dale.

"Had not we better obtain the consent of Powhatan?" Rolfe asked.

"It shall be done. I have no doubt but that the old chief will give his assent, and I will send messengers at once to him to obtain it."

The faithful brother Nantaquaus and Philip Stevens agreed to go alone to the emperor and lay before him the matrimonial project. They did so, and the emperor's consent was readily gained.

"I assure you that henceforth we will be the friends of Powhatan," said Philip in conclusion. With a mysterious shake of the head, the wily old chief answered:

"The white man is uncertain. He kills his own brother, and if he should get me in his power he might destroy me."

Philip Stevens pondered long over the mysterious sentence. What did he mean by the white man "kills his own brother"? It was not until he learned that Radcliffe and others had reported to Powhatan and Pocahontas that Smith was dead that he fully comprehended the remark. Powhatan consented to allow his sons to go and be witnesses to the marriage; but he would not risk himself within the home of the white men. On learning from Philip Stevens that his daughter had received the rite of Christian baptism, taking the name of Rebecca, Powhatan made known her real name, which was Matoaka. The reason it was so long kept a secret was that the Indians had a peculiar superstition, called the superstition of the evil mouth, just as they likewise had one called the superstition of the evil eye. The meaning of it was that the speaking of one's real name by some lips, like the gazing upon one by some eyes, would not fail to result in evil. It was believed that certain persons were capable of holding a fatal spell over others, from which it was impossible for the latter at all times to escape. Hence another name was given to this Indian damsel, and her own was buried in secrecy. If the whites pro-

nounced the word Matoaka, she might receive great harm; but Pocahontas was a name they might take upon their lips with freedom and impunity. Her assumed name is the one by which she is generally known in history, and certainly it is most dear to all Christian people.

Very soon after their return to Jamestown, Pocahontas again stood before the chancel of the little chapel, this time a bride. It was a charming day in April, 1613. Though her father had refused to be present, he sent his brother Opachisco to give away his daughter according to the Christian ritual. Over the "fair broad windows" hung festoons of evergreens, bedecked with wild flowers, with the waxen leaves and scarlet berries of the holly. The communion table was covered with a "fair, white linen cloth," and bore bread from the wheat fields around Jamestown and wine from the luscious grapes in the adjacent woods. All the people of Jamestown were spectators of the nuptials. There were Sir Thomas Gates, Master Parks, and Philip Stevens, who had been embassadors with Rolfe to the court of Powhatan. Young George Percy and Henry Spilman were there; and near them, an earnest watcher of the ceremony, was the elder brother of Pocahontas, as well as the younger brother and many youths and maidens from the forest. There, too, was Mis-

tress John Rolfe, Mrs. Easton and child, Mrs. Horton and grandchild, with her late maid-servant, Elizabeth Parsons, who, on Christmas eve previously, had married Thomas Powel. These were all the English women then in Virginia, and all returned to Europe.

When all things were in readiness, the bride and groom entered the chapel. Pocahontas was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin from the looms of Dacca. Her arms were bare to the shoulders, and hanging loosely to her feet was a robe of rich stuff presented her by Sir Thomas Dale and fancifully embroidered by herself and her maidens. A gaudy fillet encircled her head, and held the gay plumage of birds and a veil of gauze, while her wrists were adorned with the simple jewelry of her native workshops.

Rolfe was attired in the costume of an English cavalier of that period, and upon his thigh he wore the short sword of a gentleman of distinction. He was a noble specimen of manly beauty and dignity in form and carriage, and she of womanly modesty and lovely simplicity. Upon the chancel steps, where no railing interfered, the good Mr. Whitaker stood in sacred robes and, with an impressive voice, pronounced the marriage ritual of the Anglican Church. The governor, sitting on his right in a richly covered chair of state, with his ever-

attendant halberdiers with helmets at his back, heartily said, "Amen!" at the conclusion of the ceremony. So were wedded the Rose of England and the Totem of Virginia, giving promise of a friendly union of the races.

Of course the marriage of Pocahontas created great excitement both in Virginia and England. Dale, who took much of the credit of the affair to himself and determined to still further distinguish himself, despatched a messenger to Powhatan to demand of him his other daughter, saying that Pocahontas greatly desired the company of her younger sister. The message also stated that his brother Dale had heard of the fame of Powhatan's younger daughter and intended to marry her to some English gentleman, which would be highly pleasing and agreeable to her sister, who greatly desired to have her near her.

Powhatan answered:

"I hold it not to be a brotherly part to endeavor to bereave me of my two darling children at once! For my part, I desire no further assurance of Dale's friendship than his promise. Of my friendship, the English have a sufficient pledge in one of my daughters, which pledge as long as she lives will be sufficient, and, should she die, then he can have another. Tell him further," added the aged chief, "that if there were no pledge, there need be no

fear of me or my people. We have had enough war. Too many have been slain on both sides. With my will, there shall be no more. I have the power here, and I have given the law to my people. I am now grown old, and I would end my days in peace. My country is large enough for both, and, even though you give me cause of quarrel, I would rather go away from you than fight with you. Take this answer to my brother."

The youngest child was not obtained as Dale unfeelingly designed. Pocahontas had had nothing to do with the plan, not even requesting her sister's presence.

As Sir Thomas Dale had predicted, the alliance brought the blessings of peace. The tribe of Chickahominies, the fiercest of all the Indians, sent an embassy to conclude a treaty by which they were to become Englishmen and subjects of the English king. This union of the two races was consummated in the midst of general rejoicing.

After his marriage, John Rolfe lived for a while with his beautiful wife at Jamestown. Pocahontas was honored as she deserved, and she was cheerful and happy. If her husband sometimes found those soft dark eyes growing sad and moist at the name of Smith, he consoled himself with the thought that she was now truly his own.

One day Rolfe was met by Francis and William

More. The former, who had always been a mischief-maker, said:

"Hath your bride learned that her first love yet lives?"

"Beware, Francis, how you tempt me! I will not take your insults."

"Should she know, John Rolfe, that you have acted a lie, where would be the love she bears for you?"

"Villain! dare to breathe a word that will interfere with my happiness, and I will run you through."

Francis saw danger in the flash of the young husband's eye, and hastened away. A few moments later Philip came to his friend, whose flushed face and flashing eye betrayed his wrath.

"What has gone amiss?" Philip asked.

"The knave said my happiness would be at an end if my wife knew that Smith lived."

"Does she not know it?" Philip asked. Rolfe could not admit that he had been guilty of acting out a lie. Philip had been Rolfe's dearest friend and loved him as a brother; but he would not tolerate falsehood even in a friend.

"John Rolfe, answer me, did you tell her that Captain John Smith was dead?"

"As God is my judge, no!" he answered.

"Did others?"

"She believes him dead."

"And you did not undeceive her?"

"No."

Philip turned away; but Rolfe seized his arm.

"Don't be angry."

"John, you have deceived her; you are not worthy to be called friend."

"Nay, be not so cruel. My punishment is greater than I can bear."

"Away, Rolfe! Deceit, even to obtain Pocahontas, is unworthy of you. It will yet react to your sorrow, and bitterly will you repent that you had not honestly told her the truth at first."

"Will you tell her that Smith lives?"

"No, I will never dare to look on that face, and I wonder that you can."

Philip Stevens hurried away; perhaps he was too severe with Rolfe, who made Pocahontas a good husband. After a short residence at Jamestown they removed to his plantation near the city of Henricus. They were living at Varina when their child Thomas Rolfe was born. Pocahontas made a model wife and mother. She dearly loved her child.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH OF POCAHONTAS.

Come to the bridal chamber, death.
  Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her firstborn's breath;
  Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
  With banquet, song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible——

—HALLECK.

SIR THOMAS DALE planned a visit to England, and conceived the idea of taking Pocahontas, her son and husband with him. Surely this accession to the English crown would heap honors on his head. He was so elated over the marriage of Rolfe and Pocahontas that he wrote from Jamestown to England, on the 18th of June, 1614, among others things saying:

"I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian religion Powhatan's daughter, who, after she had made

much progress therein, renounced publicly her country's idolatry, openly confessed her Christian faith, was, as she desired, baptized, and is since married to an English gentleman of good understanding—another knot to bind the knot the stronger. Her father and friends gave approbation of it and her uncle gave her to him in the church. She lives civilly and lovingly with him, and, I trust, will increase in goodness as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will go into England with me, and were it but the gaining of this one such I will think my time, toil, and present stay well spent."

The year before this letter, Argall had sailed away to explore the Chesapeake, and took in his ship Philip Stevens. Before leaving, Philip saw Rolfe and their quarrel was made up.

"I was hasty," Philip admitted. "I had forgotten that your deceit was prompted by your great love. Forgive my harshness and quick temper."

"You are forgiven. I feel the justice of your reproofs. I never gaze into my wife's dark eyes, that I am not haunted with the memory of Smith. Does he live?"

"He does. I had a letter from him by the last ship."

"Does he contemplate returning to Jamestown?"

"No."

"Then Heaven be praised!"

"He is going to take service with the Plymouth company to explore and colonize North Virginia."

"That will bring him too near Jamestown."

"Why need you fear him? You have your wife, and Pocahontas is not one to slight a marriage vow."

"I have no such fears; but I would not have that angelic being know I have kept the truth from her. To her John Smith is dead. Should they suddenly meet, the shock would kill her."

"Then pray God they may never meet."

Philip sailed with Argall, and Rolfe returned to his home. Never had man a happier home, or more lovely wife. Should she know he had deceived her, would she still love him? When their child was born it was a link to more closely unite them, and the devotion of the mother to her son assured him that his princess had forgotten John Smith.

One day, on returning after a short absence, Pocahontas said:

"Governor Dale was here, imploring us to accompany him to England."

"To England!" cried Rolfe, with a guilty start. "I don't want to go to England."

"Why?" she asked, opening wide her great dark eyes. "I thought you wished to return to your native land."

"Do you want to go?" he asked.

"I do. I have heard so much of that country,

I would like to see it. The cities, houses and people are more numerous than the sands of the sea, or leaves of the forest."

Pocahontas was quite enthusiastic for the journey, and Rolfe became alarmed. Should she go to England and meet Smith, his deception would be known to his wife. He who had gently led her from heathendom to the true faith, who had taught her the ten commandments, would be proven a deceiver. The discovery that he whom she had thought noble and Christlike was a liar might make her doubt the very doctrine he had taught. He strove to keep her mind from the subject of England, and would have succeeded had not Governor Dale, in order to gratify his vanity, determined that Pocahontas should go. When Rolfe flattered himself that the subject had passed from his wife's mind, they were both summoned before the governor. Rolfe knew the object of the interview; but there was no way to avoid it; so they set out to Jamestown.

Dale greeted Pocahontas like a princess, and, when the formalities were over, explained:

"I have designed a voyage to England in which you are to accompany me."

Rolfe, who had feared as much, interposed:

"My wife is not strong enough for such a voyage."

Pocahontas turned her eyes in mute appeal to her husband.

"Not strong enough! Prythee, wherefore is she not strong enough?" asked the governor. "Marry! she seems in the best of health."

"She is not accustomed to long, tedious voyages across the ocean."

"She shall have the best stateroom in the ship, and all will go merrily, I'll warrant, Master Rolfe, if you but give your consent."

Pocahontas was as eager for the voyage as a schoolgirl for a picnic. She joined her gentle pleading to the entreaties of the governor, and Rolfe realized he would have to yield.

"John Rolfe, wherefore do you object to your wife going to England? Are you ashamed of her?"

"No," answered Rolfe indignantly. "There are dangers in a voyage to England which my great love prompts me to avoid."

Not understanding Rolfe's dread, the governor attributed it to dangers of the sea, and said:

"The man's love hath made a coward of him."

Rolfe yielded more readily on learning that Captain Smith was on the coast of Northern Virginia.

"Surely, if he be there, she will not meet him, and even though she may learn that he lives, the knowledge will awaken less regret."

Every arrangement for the voyage was made,

and in the spring of 1616 Dale set sail from Jamestown for England, taking Rolfe and his wife and child with him. After a pleasant voyage they landed at Gravesend.

It chanced that Captain John Smith, who had been captured off the Azores, had just returned to France and received from the king the appointment of "Admiral of New England." Smith was a favorite of Prince Charles, afterward the unfortunate Charles I. He was making preparations to sail again for New England when Pocahontas arrived at Gravesend, and her presence in England revived all his old affections. Though he determined not to see her himself, he wrote a letter to Queen Anne, warmly commending her to the royal favor, and declared that he would be guilty of the "deadly poison of ingratitude" if he omitted any occasion to record her merit. More than once she had saved his life, first by "hazarding the beating out of her brains to save his," and again by "stealing through the dark night and irksome woods," to warn him of an intended attack. Her services to Virginia had been as great as those to himself. She had been the instrument under God, to preserve the colony from destruction, and he invoked the royal favor as due to her "great spirit, her desert, birth, want, and simplicity."

The letter at once attracted attention to Pocahontas, and she was treated as the daughter of a king. Her arrival in London produced a wonderful sensation. She was that strange New World personified in the gracious form of a little woman of twenty-one. Her brown beauty was of a type as strange and new as the land whence she came, and her black hair, though rather straight for the English taste, was praised for its comeliness. She became the favorite of all the fashionable people of London; but all the flattery heaped so bounteously upon her failed to turn her little head. The courtiers called upon her, and went away with the declaration that they had seen a great many English ladies less attractive in face and manners. The curious eyes of the fine ladies and gentlemen of London noticed the fact that there was no trace of awkwardness or embarrassment in her manner.

Lady De la Ware presented her at court, where she was "graciously used" by the king and queen. They invited her to be present at the masques, and the Bishop of London, who was delighted at the conversion of the young Indian princess to Christianity, gave an entertainment in her honor which was replete with splendor. This fine life in London, with its rich costumes and brilliant flambeaux, its gilded coaches and high revelry, was in curious

contrast with the early life of Pocahontas in the Virginia woods.

Their pleasure was marred by King James, who was foolishly jealous of Rolfe for having married a princess. The very trouble which Rolfe had feared became a reality. Monarchs have always been jealous of the common people, and Pocahontas was a princess, whom it was a great presumption on the part of Rolfe, possessing no gentle blood in his veins, to marry. According to the theory of the time, the alliance was important, for if Virginia descended to Pocahontas, as it might at Powhatan's death, the kingdom would be vested in Rolfe's posterity.

Some friends of Rolfe went so far as to warn him to beware of the king; but there was another calamity, more to be feared than any danger from King James. Rolfe learned of the return of Captain John Smith. Never since his marriage had he mentioned that name in the presence of his wife. Did she know that he lived, or was she still in ignorance?

They were at Brentford with a number of friends, and seemingly perfectly happy. Why should they not be? Pocahontas was courted and petted by all. The queen had kissed her child, and nobles and ladies of the highest rank in the world had sought her acquaintance. It was a proud period

for Rolfe. He who had sprung from the common people found himself now as the husband of a princess receiving honors which a duke might envy. If he had sometimes felt a dread foreboding of the future, it was dissipated by merriment.

One day Captain John Smith, the Admiral of New England, was announced. Rolfe felt that the supreme moment had come. How would she bear it? His future happiness or misery depended on the next hour. He found his wife's eyes fixed on him with an inquiring look.

"*John Smith! Is he not dead?*" she asked.

"Such I heard; but I was ill informed," the guilty husband answered.

There was no time to say more, for Smith was ushered into her presence and, coldly touching the tips of her fingers, said:

"My lady Rebecca."

The greeting and the look were so full of mild reproof, that for a moment Pocahontas silently gazed into the eyes of the man whom she had long mourned as dead. She read the past in a second of thought. The guilty look in her husband's face told her all, and it seemed as if her heart were breaking. Tricked, held in captivity, and deceived into a marriage by the man who professed to love her—who can wonder that she was speechless? The flood of recollections, the whirlwind of

emotions which overcame her at that moment were too much for even her stoical Indian nature. Burying her face in her hands, she turned away and sank into a chair, where for two hours she sobbed and wept, though both her husband and Smith did all in their power to compose her.

"What meaneth her strange emotion?"

"Alas, I know not," answered Rolfe, adding another lie to his list. All the while he was mentally ejaculating: "God in Heaven, help me now! That which I most dreaded has come to pass! That against the coming of which I have prayed so long has happened! I cannot bear this blow!"

Rolfe brought their child, with which he sought to soothe the mother. After two hours she was somewhat restored to herself, and, turning to Smith, said:

"My father."

"Nay, nay, lady Rebecca, do not call me father," answered Smith. "The king only is sire."

"I will call you father."

"It will anger the king."

To which she answered:

"You did promise Powhatan that what was yours should be his, and he the like to you. You called him father, being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason must I do you. Were you

afraid to come into my father's country, and cause fear in him and all his people (but me), and fear you here that I will call you father? I tell you then I will, and you shall call me child, and so I will be for ever and ever your countrywoman. They did tell us always that you were dead, and I never knew better till I came to Plymouth. Yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomak-kin to seek you, and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie."

As she concluded her speech her eyes, full of rebuke, were fixed on her husband. Never did glance and words more surely penetrate the heart of man. Rolfe shrank from her as he would from a blast of death. Captain Smith, generous and kind to the last, felt more pity than anger for the man who had robbed him of his love.

By degrees Pocahontas regained her composure and at the parting was quite calm, so that Rolfe began to take hope that the shock he had so much dreaded would not after all be so great. When alone she turned her sad, accusing eyes upon him, and, in a voice that was strangely calm, yet firm, said:

"You deceived me."

"Forgive me, Pocahontas," Rolfe began.

"How could you do so?" she asked.

"I heard he was dead."

"Yet you knew it was untrue. Your guilty looks tell me you did."

"Pocahontas, do you know what prompted me to deceive you?"

"I do not."

"My strong love for you."

"Had you truly loved me you could not have so cruelly wronged me."

"Forgive me," he pleaded meekly.

She trembled, but was silent. Rolfe again appealed to her, but she did not speak. It seemed as if her life were going out, as does the light of a lamp from which the oil had been exhausted. He brought their child, and, seated by his wife, held up the little bond of love and union as a peace-offering. She clasped her babe in her arms, while her tears fell silently on the infant's upturned face. From that day a great change came over Pocahontas. She was shy and reserved. Her sparkling eyes and bewitching face never again graced the ball-room; she flitted no longer as a brilliant butterfly among the people of fashion. Not another word of censure did she ever breathe against her husband; yet often when alone the little martyr to her affections murmured:

"He lied to me! Oh, he deceived me!"

Had Rolfe made a manly confession of all before their marriage the result would have been different.

The discovery that one who had led her from the dark border of heathendom into the sunlight of Christianity did so with a lie on his lips, went farther toward wrecking her young life than her great disappointment in love.

The young wife shrank from public gaze, preferring the retirement of her own chamber to the gilded halls of fashion and beauty. Lord and Lady De la Ware were the companions of Rolfe and his wife. It soon became apparent that her health was failing, and attributing it to a longing for her native land, they suggested an early return. The good ship *George* was almost ready, and they embarked for Virginia. That same evening, while the vessel lay at Gravesend, Pocahontas was suddenly seized with a dizziness and would have fallen had not her husband caught her in his arms.

"I am going to die," she murmured, when she had partially recovered from the fainting fit.

A few hours later, John Rolfe saw his beloved Pocahontas ("Bright Stream between two Hills") breathe her last. As he gazed on the form of his dead wife, he groaned:

"I deserve my punishment; but it is greater than I can bear."

She was buried in the chancel of the church at Gravesend on the 21st day of March, 1617. When every mourner had gone from the spot, and the

dark shadows of night began to gather over the scene, a man muffled in a cloak, stole from the darkness, and, falling on his knees by the side of the new-made grave, besprinkled it with his tears, and, kissing the cold earth, sobbed:

"Rest in peace, thou who knew so little of peace on earth!"

That man was the gallant soldier, Captain John Smith.

Rolfe was almost paralyzed with grief at the death of his wife. He left his son Thomas Rolfe with Sir Lewis Stukley to rear and educate, and then returned to Jamestown. The death of Pocahontas was registered in the church parish, after the careless fashion of the time, as "Rebecca Wrothe." The church was afterward destroyed by fire, and to-day the exact spot of her grave is unknown.

Pocahontas was probably born in 1595, and was only twenty-two years of age when she died. Hers was a brief and pathetic career which has appealed to the human heart of every generation since her story first became known. She, so generous, brave, and gentle, was doomed to disappointment, and to die of a broken heart.

Her son Thomas Rolfe was brought up in London by an uncle. When a young man he went to Virginia, and, as Lieutenant Rolfe, commanded

Fort James on the Chickahominy. At twenty-six he applied to the governor for permission to visit his grand-uncle Opechancanough and his aunt Cleopatria, who were still denizens of the forest on York River. He married a young English lady and became a gentleman of note and fortune in Virginia, and some of the most respectable families in the State are descended from him.

John Randolph of Roanoke, the eminent American statesman, who died in Philadelphia, June 24, 1833, was a direct descendant of Pocahontas, and proud of his Indian blood. His manner of walking and the peculiar brightness of his eyes are said to have betrayed his origin. According to his own saying, he came of a race that never forgot nor forgave an injury. He was sixth in descent from Pocahontas, through Jane Rolfe, her granddaughter.

It is curious to note that the blood of Powhatan should thus mingle with that of his old enemies. Dead for many a day, and asleep in his grave at Orapax, the savage old emperor still spoke in the voice of his great descendant, the orator of Roanoke.

CHAPTER XVII.

WRETCHED ACADIA.

Oh, force of faith! Oh, strength of virtuous will!
Behold him in his endless martyrdom,
  Triumphant still,
The curse still burning in his heart and brain.
  And yet he doth remain
Patient the while, and tranquil and content;
The pious soul hath framed unto itself
  A second nature to exist in pain
As in its own alloted element.

—SOUTHEY.

THE reader will bear in mind that Philip Stevens was the pilot selected by Argall to accompany him in the exploration of the Chesapeake and the Atlantic coast.

Before relating the incidents of that eventful voyage, it will be necessary to understand something of events transpiring at this period on the northern part of the Atlantic coast. Spain and Holland were not England's only rivals in the New World.

When Melendez expelled the Huguenots from Florida, there were other Frenchmen who began to

turn their attention to the New World. Among the earliest of the new French adventurers was the Marquis de la Roche, a wealthy nobleman, who gathered a company from the prisons of France wherewith to found a colony in America. He sailed with a single ship in the spring of 1598, and landed on Sable Island in the Atlantic, ninety miles southeast of Nova Scotia, where he left forty men and returned to France for supplies. Before he was ready to go back he suddenly sickened and died, and for seven years the poor emigrants heard nothing from home. When a vessel was finally sent for them, only twelve out of the forty remained.

While this colony of convicts was on Sable Island, another expedition was sent from France on a similar errand. M. de Chastes, governor of Dieppe, obtained from the king a charter for founding settlements in New France. He engaged Samuel Champlain of the French navy, a man of noble lineage and a favorite of the sovereign, to act as his delegate. The king commissioned Champlain Lieutenant-General of Canada, and with this authority he embarked at Honfleur on the 15th of March, 1603, with a single vessel, commanded by Pont-Greve, a skilful mariner of St. Malo, whose father had been a friend of the explorer Cartier. They reached the St. Lawrence in

May and anchored near the site of Quebec, when Pont-Greve, with five men, went up that stream in a canoe to the rapids of La Chine, above Montreal. Then he turned back, carefully examining the shores of the river, and, reaching the ship, gave Champlain a minute account of all they had observed. Meanwhile Champlain had held intercourse with the savages, whose memories and traditions ran as far back as Cartier the kidnapper; but they were placable and not the least inclined to be revengeful. Champlain returned to France in early autumn and published an account of the country.

On the return of the voyagers, they found M. Chastes dead and the concession transferred by the king to Pierre de Gast, the Sieur de Monts, a wealthy Huguenot, who had received the commission of viceroy, with full power for settlement and rule over six degrees of latitude in America, extending from that of Cape May to the parallel of Quebec. That region was named in the charter L'Acadia, a corruption of the Greek Arcadia. The charter was published in all the maritime towns in France, and soon afterward De Monts and his associates were vested with the monopoly of the fur and peltry trade of his domain and around the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A new arrangement was made with Champlain, and early in March, 1604,

De Monts, with his bosom friend Poutrincourt and Pont-Greve as his lieutenants and Champlain for pilot, sailed from France with four vessels well manned and a goodly crew of Protestants and Roman Catholic emigrants. Among the latter were several Jesuits. They reached the St. Lawrence in April, when they found the river ice-bound and the weather so cold that the viceroy determined to plant his settlement further to the southward. They passed around Cape Breton and Nova Scotia into the Bay of Fundy, and on the southern shores of the peninsula they anchored early in May in a fine harbor environed by hills and meadows. Poutrincourt was so charmed by the appearance of the country that De Monts allowed him to remain with some of the emigrants. He gave him a grant of the region, which was confirmed by the king, and Poutrincourt named the place where he landed Port Royal. It is to-day called Annapolis in Nova Scotia. De Monts and the rest of the company, seventy in number, crossed over to Passamaquoddy Bay, and, on an island not far from the mouth of the St. Croix River, the eastern boundary of Maine, they landed and built a fort with a chapel in it, mounted cannon on it, and there passed the severe winter. Half of them were dead in the spring, when the survivors explored the country westward as far as Cape Cod, and then returned to

Port Royal, where they joined Poutrincourt's colony. In early autumn De Monts and Poutrincourt returned to France, leaving Champlain and Pont-Greve to make further explorations of the region. They went southward as far as Cape Cod, where they attempted to land and erect a cross, but were driven back to their vessel by the Indians. In 1607, Champlain returned to France.

For years there was a struggle for existence on the part of the colonists in Acadia. Poutrincourt waged a wordy war with the Jesuit priests who accompanied him back to that land. They claimed the right to supreme rule by virtue of their holy office; but he, stoutly resisting their claims, boldly told them:

"It is my part to rule you on earth; it is your part to guide me to heaven."

On returning to France, Poutrincourt left his son in charge of the colony, and they made the same demand of the son they had of the father. Driven to exasperation, the fiery young man threatened them with corporal punishment, whereupon the Jesuits withdrew and settled on the island of Mount Desert, now so famous as a summer resort, and set up a cross in token of their sovereignty.

De Monts was not disposed to contend with the powerful English companies; but, obtaining a new

charter with ample provisions, he proceeded to plant a colony on the St. Lawrence. In 1608 two vessels were fitted out, freighted with colonists and supplies, and were navigated under the direction of Pont-Greve, with Champlain as governor. They were directed to found a settlement at Tadousac on the St. Lawrence, near the mouth of the Saguenay River, and arrived at that point on the third of June. Perceiving that it was not a good place for a colony, Champlain directed Pont-Greve to sail further up the river. They entered the St. Lawrence, where Cartier had left one of his vessels, and on its banks, at the foot of a rocky promontory, he chose the place for a settlement, and there laid the foundation for the city of Quebec. The name is an Indian word signifying "the narrows," and is pronounced Kebec. That was the first permanent French settlement planted in America. The little colony took firm root under Champlain's wise management and grew rapidly. The fur trade became profitable.

In 1609 he explored the Richelieu River to the Falls of Chambly and discovered the Green Mountains and Adirondacks. The following spring he discovered Lake Champlain, was wounded in an Indian fight and went to France for medical treatment. He returned in 1612 and engaged vigorously in wars and explorations.

At the time that Samuel Argall started on his voyage up the Atlantic coast, the French colonies were beginning to flourish. The colonists at Jamestown were wholly ignorant of the advances being made in the north by the Dutch and French within the territories of the Virginias.

Argall was not one to brook any encroachments made upon the domain of his king. He explored the eastern shores of the Chesapeake, in the hope of finding some short cut for the boats and barges from the head of the bay to the Delaware. After spending some time in exploring these waters, his vessel, which carried fifteen guns and a crew of sixty men, set forth on a fishing voyage to the Isles of Shoals. While in the waters of New England, a sail was one day discovered bearing down upon them.

On hailing the ship it proved to be an English fishing-vessel from the shores of Newfoundland.

"What news do you bring?" Argall asked the captain, who happened to be an acquaintance.

"'Tis not good news. The French are encroaching on the Virginias," was the answer.

This was the first intimation that Argall had had of the French in the New World. He ordered a boat to be lowered, and with Philip Stevens, his pilot, went aboard the fishing-vessel, to obtain the full particulars concerning the French.

"They have a stronghold at Port Royal," the captain explained, and he proceeded to give him a description of Port Royal, St. Savior, Mount Desert, and all the settlements within the parallels claimed by the English.

Striking his thigh with his open palm, Argall declared:

"I will drive them away."

"Have we the right?" Philip ventured to ask.

"Prythee, why not? Are they not encroaching on North Virginia, which is within the English domain? We will at them at once, nor cease until we have driven them from the land."

He hastened to his vessel, and, mustering his crew, made known his plan. Among those bold daring spirits, in an age when piracy and commerce were almost synonymous terms, there was not to be found a dissenting voice.

"Can you steer us to Acadia?" Captain Argall asked Philip.

"I have been in those waters, and though it has been years since, I think I can pilot the ship."

"Put us within their harbor, and you shall have a larger share of the booty than any other man."

"Why not make the Jesuits of Mount Desert your allies, captain?" Philip asked.

"How can we? They are Frenchmen."

"But did you not hear the master of the fishing

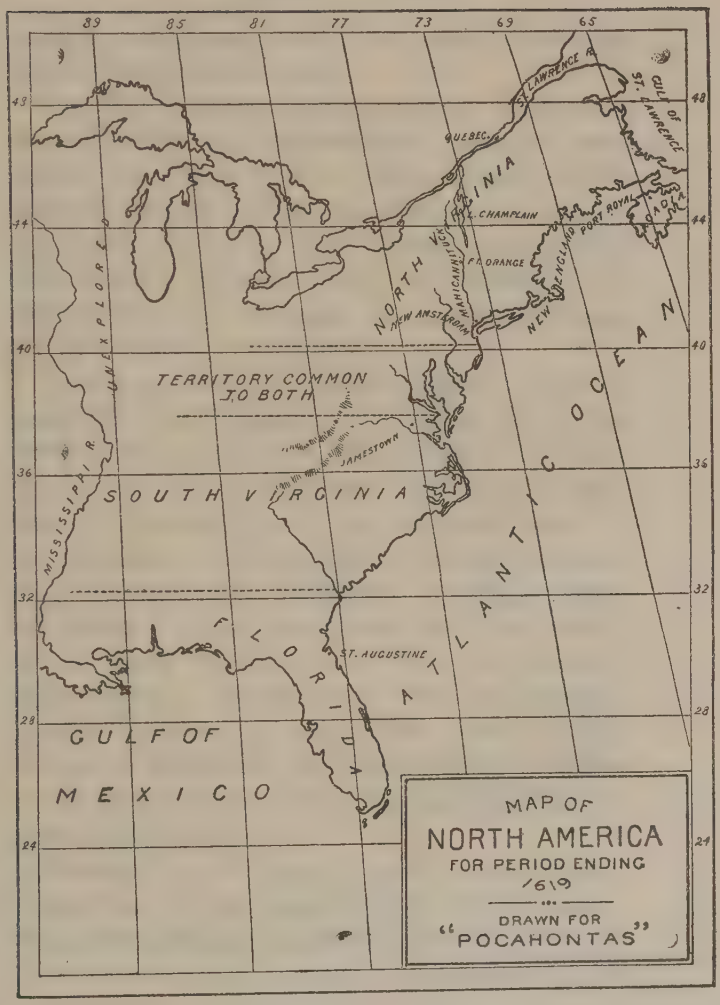
bark say that, becoming offended with Poutrincourt, they had withdrawn to Mount Desert and had lived apart from the other colonists?"

After a moment's reflection, Argall asked, "Would it not be well to land first at Mount Desert?"

"I believe it would. They know all about the country and can direct us to the French colonies."

Captain Argall readily fell in with the plan, and they sailed away to Mount Desert. The wind was fair and in due time they came in sight of the island.

Philip suggested that they had better approach the island after night, and Argall, seeing the wisdom of the suggestion, consented. So Philip continued to stand off and on from the island awaiting the cover of darkness to approach it. Glittering like a pearl in the distance was the little colony of Port Royal with its town and fort and shining bay. On the green hillsides fed bleating flocks. Small vessels like specks of snow could be seen in the distance, gliding about. The azure skies were mild and serene, with only one amber cloud floating away to the north and mingling with the eternal fogs which mark the line where the icebergs disappear. It was a scene so peaceful and so quiet that no one would ever dream of danger. That strange sail, standing off and on, awakened no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ST. LAWRENCE R.
GULF OF LAWRENCE
QUEBEC
L. CHAMPLAIN
PORT ROYAL
NORTH VIRGINIA
PT. ORANGE
NEW AMSTERDAM
NEW ENGLAND
UNEXPLORED
TERRITORY COMMON TO BOTH
JAMESTOWN
SOUTH VIRGINIA
MISSISSIPI R.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
FLORIDA
ST. AUGUSTINE
GULF OF MEXICO
MAP OF
NORTH AMERICA
FOR PERIOD ENDING
1619
DRAWN FOR
"POCAHONTAS"

anxiety in the hearts of the Acadians, for strangers were common in those seas.

On Mount Desert the Jesuits had lived since, enraged at young Poutrincourt, they had withdrawn from Port Royal. Disappointed in their ambitious desire of ruling the French colony, their holy offices defied and their power set at naught, they sullenly bided their time and awaited the fulfilment of a sweet revenge. It was coming much sooner than they anticipated.

Gently as close the eyes of a babe in slumber, night fell over the scene. The vesper bells in the little chapel sounded over the water and the pious Jesuits at Mount Desert had just finished their prayers, when the ship of Captain Argall stood in to the island. Philip Stevens, who had acquired some knowledge of the French language during his earlier voyages, landed with Argall and half a dozen armed men and made their way toward a light far up on the hillside. With the approach of night, a dense fog wrapped islands, sea and land within its folds and nearly concealed the light, which far up on the hillside was their guide to the home of the Jesuits.

Onward, up the rugged path, over slippery stones they climbed until they gained the house. To their knocks and calls the door was opened and they were met by a monk, with a rosary in his

hand. His eyes opened wide in astonishment at sight of the armed men.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Be you shipwrecked mariners, or robbers from the sea?"

"We are neither," Philip answered. "We are Englishmen. This is Captain Argall who has come to expel the French from Port Royal, as it is within the territory of King James."

At this announcement the Jesuit grew pale and stammered some words which Philip could not understand.

"Tell him the Jesuits shall not be harmed," said Argall. "It is only the colonists we wish to drive from the country."

When Philip had translated what Argall had said, an immediate change was observable on the face of the Jesuit, for he had no love for the colonists of Port Royal. Their treatment by Poutrincourt still rankled in his breast.

He called in his companions, and to them Philip laid bare his plan for the overthrow of the French colony, and boldly asked their aid.

"We will pilot you to the harbor," said one. "I deem it an act in the service of God that we drive out men who would circumscribe our powers."

As they went away, Argall asked Philip what he thought of the Jesuits.

"They are half priests and half knaves," he answered. "They may serve us out of revenge against the French; but it would be well to keep a close watch over them."

This suggestion met the hearty approval of Argall, who at once posted Stevens with six men to watch them. When morning came the Jesuits were ready to assist in the overthrow of their enemies. After a short consultation, Argall decided to make the attack both by land and water, at the same time. He appointed Stevens to lead the land forces.

"How many men can you spare me?" Philip asked.

"Thirty."

"One-half your crew?"

"Yes. These with muskets can charge the fort after we have battered down their walls."

"If the surprise is complete, we need have no fears of victory."

With thirty men armed with firelocks, Philip was rowed ashore three miles from Port Royal, at a place where a point of land, covered with trees to the very water's edge, concealed them from the French. Guided by a Jesuit, they advanced through the dense cedars and pine until they were very near the fort, when the young commander, whose flashing eye and flushed cheek were proofs of

boldness, called a halt to wait until the signal should be given. Those hardy frontiersmen, sons of Neptune and sons of Mars, rested the butts of their pieces on the ground, and waited. A strange, wild crew of desperate men they were, clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather. Some wore the glittering helmets of the cavalier, while others had the steeple-crowned hats and feathers of the period. The cutlass and corselet of steel, with here and there the curved blade from Damascus and its Arabic inscription, made them a motley group in arms as well as costume. Their guns were mostly matchlocks, with strong bands to prevent their exploding. The matches had been lighted and the smoke like a soft vapor rose along the line. Three or four were armed with the wheel-lock musket; but it was never regarded as a safe weapon. Leaning on his sword, the young commander asked himself:

"Why should I, a Spaniard, be mixed up with the quarrel between the English and French?"

Never shone the sun on a more peaceful scene than the French colony on the morning that witnessed its overthrow. The fort with its cannon lay like a grim war-dog basking in the sun. The French flag floated in the breeze, and two or three sentries were lounging about. No one anticipated an attack.

Suddenly from around the jutting headland came the bray of trumpets, and a guard called the attention of his companion to a ship coming into port. The vessel was tricked out in red, bearing the flag of England, with trumpets sounding and drums beating as she swiftly sailed under a favoring wind into their harbor.

"The English! The English!" cried the guard, and the wildest confusion prevailed. Two of the mounted pieces were trained on the vessel as she hove to, broadside to the fort. A puff of smoke suddenly issued from one of the ports of Argall's ship, and an iron ball struck the entrenchment. This shot was the beginning of the conflict. The French resisted with spirit. They had one ship in the harbor; but ten men from Argall's vessel manned a boat and carried her by the board.

Meanwhile the cannonading became fierce. The French guns were dismounted, and several of the gunners slain. A house took fire during the bombardment and burned quite to the ground. When their slender entrenchments had been battered down, there rose from the hill above the town a wild shout, and Stevens, with thirty musketeers, guided by the Jesuits, charged the dismantled fort.

"The Jesuits! The Jesuits!" cried the French.

"Betrayed! Kill them!" shouted one.

Some of the bolder among the French made a

feeble show at resistance; but the English gave them a volley of musketry and charged boldly into their fort and soon had it in their possession. The cross around which the faithful had gathered was thrown down, and their tents were abandoned to pillage. The ship seized in the harbor was held as a prize, because it was captured between the forty-third and forty-fourth parallels. The French were expelled from the territory, but with no further act of cruelty. A part of them found their way to St. Malo; others were taken to the Chesapeake.

On making his report to Jamestown, Argall was sent once more to the north, with authority to remove every handiwork of France in the territory south of the forty-sixth degree. He raised the arms of England on the spot where those of France and De Guerecheville had been thrown down; razed the fortifications of De Monts on the isle of St. Croix, and set fire to the deserted settlement of Port Royal. In this manner England vindicated her right to Maine and Acadia. In less than a century and a half, the strife for acres, which neither nation could cultivate, kindled war around the globe; but for the time France, distracted by factions which followed the assassination of Henry IV., did not resent the insult to her flag.

On their return from this second voyage of destruction, Philip Stevens, who had been a faithful

lieutenant of Argall, one evening as they sat in the captain's cabin, said:

"Captain, I have followed your fortunes and served you faithfully, now I have one favor to ask of you."

"Surely I will grant it," answered the captain.

"I want you to take me to St. Augustine."

"What!" cried Argall, leaping to his feet so suddenly as to upset a bumper of wine on the table. Philip still remained seated and repeated:

"I want you to take me to St. Augustine."

"Among the Spaniards?"

"Why not? I am one."

"You a Spaniard?"

"Yes."

Captain Argall sank upon his seat, and, leaning his elbows on the table, gazed at Philip as if he thought he had lost his senses. At last he asked:

"Why did you never tell me this before?"

"There never was occasion," Philip answered. "But I am a Spaniard. When a child I was captured at St. Augustine by Sir Francis Drake, during the temporary absence of my parents. I have never seen them since."

"Do you expect to find your parents still living?"

"They may live; at least I can perform the part of a dutiful son and seek them."

Argall was silent.

"Will you land me at St. Augustine?" Philip once more asked.

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"No English ship dare at this time enter a Spanish port, and of all ports St. Augustine would be most fatal."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM THE DARK CONTINENT.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,
  Who, could he burst
  His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decayed it,
  When thus its wing
  At once may spring
To the throne of him who made it?

—MOORE.

BAFFLED at every point in his efforts to return to the home of his childhood, Philip Stevens was almost in despair. What more was there to hold him to Jamestown? His brother was no longer in England, and Emily had mysteriously disappeared.

"I am doomed to disappointment. From my earliest childhood I have known nothing but despair. Alone I have tread the dreary path of existence, and my few moments of sunshine seem only to increase the misery by contrast."

Captain Smith and Rolfe were in Europe; Poca-

hontas was dead, and Dale and Gates were not especially friendly to the young Spaniard. After long deliberation he determined to set out alone for St. Augustine. His journey would be fraught with danger and might result in his arrest as a spy, for no one would suspect he was a Spaniard.

"I will go to St. Augustine, and, if they live, will find them."

Next came the question as to how he would go there. Being a sailor, it was natural that his first thought should be by the sea; but when he came to consider the perils and impossibilities of a single person in an open boat making a voyage down a coast subject to hurricanes which at times tried the staunchest ships, he abandoned all thought of the sea. After mature deliberation, he decided to make the journey by land. It was a mad idea, but perhaps not so mad as the thought of going by sea. He was an expert hunter and a splendid shot. He had a snaphance gun, or flint-lock gun (a new invention), and he was the best shot in the colony. He could not only defend himself with his gun, but he could also supply his food.

Philip said nothing to any one of his intentions; but gathering up such provisions as he could carry, and an ample supply of ammunition, two pistols, his gun and his sword, he set out on the journey down the coast. He had well calculated the inconven-

iences of the journey and was not discouraged with finding them increase with every mile. By use of his tinderbox, he made a fire and slept on the ground. Next day he travelled beyond the most remote settlement. Again he built a fire and, lying down, slept soundly. At early dawn he was awakened by voices near, and, starting up, seized his gun. To his surprise he discovered a white man with a dozen Indians: the white man was the renegade Francis.

Since the capture of Pocahontas, Francis had lived at Pamunkee, associating with the worst vagabonds in that tribe. He became a sort of a hero among them and entertained ambitious dreams of dethroning Opechancanough and reigning as king of Pamunkee. It was a foolish dream and Francis was as far from the reality as from the throne of England.

He was on a hunting expedition with the Indians when he discovered Philip.

"Ho! my friend Philip!" cried Francis. "We will make merry now that we have you again. The slave shall bow to his master."

"Keep off!" cried Philip, raising his gun.

"What! the slave rebellious? Then by the mass he shall die!"

"Keep off, I warn you, or I will shoot you dead."

"Nay, nay; you would not be guilty of murder."

Two of the Indians had match-locks, and the smoke issuing from the cocks told Philip that the matches were lighted. One whose gun was provided with a rack set the rest and aimed at Philip. The young Spaniard realized his danger, and dodged behind a tree.

The report of the gun shook the air, and the ball cut through the bark of the tree behind which Philip had taken shelter. At the same moment three or four let fly their arrows at him, two of which stuck in the tree. Philip was skilled in wood-craft. He had heard Captain Smith tell how for a long while he had kept Opechancanough with a hundred warriors at bay, and surely he could keep off a dozen; but things had changed since Smith had fought Opechancanough. Since the death of Radcliffe and his party, the Indians had lost much of their superstitious dread of white men and their guns. Here were three weapons equal to his own opposed to him, and he had to meet the cunning of Francis in addition.

"Ho! slave!" cried Francis from behind a tree, for he took good care not to expose himself to a shot. "Surrender, and your life shall be spared; refuse, and by the mass you shall die."

"Then I will die," Philip answered. "Keep off, or I will shoot you."

Francis laughed and defied him to do his worst.

Philip Stevens, lying flat on the ground, crawled the distance of two rods through the low bushes which screened him from view. Here he gained a fallen tree, half covered with weeds and vines. Around the roots of the tree he crept, flanking his enemies, and then ventured to peep at them.

Francis was not fifty paces away, squatting behind a tree, his gun cocked and the match smoking, waiting for a shot. His left side was exposed to Philip, and, laying the barrel of his gun across one of the roots of the tree, he levelled it at the man's head, aiming just above the left ear. He was about to slay a cruel monster. No wonder his hand trembled.

"I cannot fire now!" he thought. "God give me strength in this hour of need." His hand at last grew steady, and his rifle ceased to tremble. The pent-up wrongs of years rushed like a flood through his mind, as he once more aimed at the head with the quaint, steeple-crowned hat.

He waited until he was quite certain of his aim, and then his finger pressed the trigger. There was a sharp, stunning report, and when the wreath of smoke from the muzzle of his gun was lifted by the breeze, he saw Francis on the ground, struggling in the agonies of death. The blood was streaming from a small round hole above his left ear, and his lips were crimson. Philip, awed at

his deed, forgot his danger, and stared at the dark mass lying among the weeds and shrubs. With terrific yells the Indians leaped on him from every side, hurling him to the ground. With his capture vanished Philip's hope of returning to St. Augustine.

He was taken to a distant tribe and sold into slavery, where he lingered until December, 1618, when he made his escape in dead winter. Through all his captivity Philip had retained about his person one of his pistols and some ammunition. When he escaped, this, with an Indian bow, arrows and a spear were his only weapons. He was hundreds of miles southwest of the English settlements, among the mountains, a region at that time wholly unknown to the white people. The tribe spoke a different language from the Virginia Indians, and was evidently a distinct race.

It was a dark night, the snow lay deep on the mountains and the wind sighed mournfully among the pines when Philip rose from his wigwam and stole from the village. He travelled into the forest, heedless of the falling snow, or the howling of wild beasts. He had only his stout heart to comfort him and the blessed assurance that the God who had brought him through so many trials would not desert him now. For many days and nights he wandered through a wilderness where

the foot of man had never trod, penetrating the lairs of the fiercest beasts, and defying death a thousand times. For days together he was without food.

One day he encountered a bear. Poorly armed as he was to attack so formidable a beast, he shot it with arrows until it was enraged and charged him. He coolly awaited with his pistol in hand, until the ferocious beast, rearing on his hind-legs, with open mouth, leaped at him; then he thrust the muzzle of his weapon into its throat, and fired. The bear fell dead, and he removed its skin and wrapped it about him, for his Indian clothing was hardly sufficient to keep him comfortable. By means of flints and powder he kindled a fire, and roasted all the meat he could carry. He found a piece of decayed wood called punk, which is capable of holding fire for hours. Lighting one end and wrapping it in a piece of green bear's skin, he carried his fire with him. Thus he journeyed for weeks over mountains and plains covered with dead grass and forests, where trees grew so tall that their tops seemed to touch the lowering sky: whither he was going he knew not. He saw at the south of him, like an unsurmountable barrier, a vast range of mountains. So he abandoned any wild thought he yet entertained of going to St. Augustine, and wended his way to the north-

east. His sufferings and adventures would fill a volume.

In June of 1619 a strange creature, clothed in the skins of wild animals, came in sight of Jamestown. It was a man with long hair streaming down his shoulders, his beard grown to a prodigious length. He paused on the hill above the town and gazed on the scene below him. All was bustle and confusion. Men were hurrying to the public house, or capitol building, and others were arriving from remote settlements as if matters of the utmost importance were being transacted. At last the stranger from the forest called to a man and asked:

"Wherefore is all the turmoil and excitement?"

The man addressed gave him a curious stare and asked:

"Whence come you?"

"From the forests and the mountains far to the west."

"I thought you an Indian until you spoke, now I discover you to be a white man."

"I am. Why the commotion in the town below?"

"Do you not know it is the day for the meeting of our first assembly?"

"Nay, I knew nothing. It has been over five years since I was at Jamestown."

"Marry! friend, where have you been?"

"A prisoner and a slave among the Indians," answered Philip Stevens.

"Then there is much to tell you; but here comes one better prepared to enlighten you than I."

Stevens at this moment recognized John Rolfe coming toward him. So great was the change in the young sailor that it was some time before he could make himself known to his friend.

A great throng had gathered about him by this time, and Philip briefly told his story of captivity and slavery, after which he was conducted by Rolfe to his own house, where his long hair was shorn, his beard trimmed and he was attired in becoming costume. He was then presented to the first house of Burgesses, then in session, as one returned from the dead.

John Rolfe related to Philip the progress of the colony since his disappearance. After the departure of Sir Thomas Dale, George Yeardley, the deputy, carried on the government until he was superseded by Samuel Argall, who obtained the office of governor through the influence of the court faction in the London Company. Argall, active, energetic and unscrupulous, administered the government according to the military code, carried it on in the spirit of a buccaneer, and was tyrannical and extortionate. He stimulated the

energy which had somewhat flagged under the mild rule of Yeardley; but he oppressed the colonists and robbed them of their property, his special vengeance and greed lighting on the friends of Lord De la Ware. Complaints soon found their way to England. The Virginians had now awakened to the fact that they were shockingly misgoverned; that they were kept at the mercy of one man's will; that their rights were unknown, and that they were without protection against such rulers as Argall. From this moment people in North America began to dream of liberty. The period of political development had begun.

Reports of Argall's misrule circulating in England almost stopped emigration at a very critical period in the life of the colony. Moreover, Argall had chosen his time for oppression badly. The patriot party, who were beginning to make the London Company for Virginia a school for education in free government, found that the government of their colony had been stolen, and the enterprise almost ruined by the court minority. The grievances of the Virginians obtained, therefore, a ready hearing from men upon whom the hand of majesty had already begun to press. The fortunes of the little American settlement were caught and swept along in the political current then just beginning to run strongly in England. The indignation in

London aroused by the misconduct of Argall led to the defeat of the court party. Sir Edwin Sandys replaced Sir Thomas Smith as treasurer, and was in turn succeeded by another liberal, the Earl of Southampton. A mercantile company is at best a wretched sovereign; but Virginia was fortunate in falling into the hands of men who at that moment cared more for principle than gain. The opposition was all-powerful in the company, and they made it a battle-ground with the king. They were at last defeated; but in the mean time they conferred on Virginia a representative government, and taught the colonists a lesson of successful resistance. Thus the great political forces at work in England gave Virginia free institutions, through the strange medium of a commercial monopoly. Sandys, Southampton, Driggs, Selden, and others using the London Company as a political engine, not only governed Virginia wisely, but, to further other ends, gave her political opportunities from which she reaped a lasting benefit.

The company granted a new political organization to the colonists, recalled Argall, and dispatched Lord De la Ware as governor; but he dying on the voyage, the mild Yeardley was sent in his place. The new charter limited the governor's power by a council, and the assemblage of a representative body was authorized. Yeardley and the colonists

concurred in this measure, and two burgesses from each plantation were elected by the inhabitants thereof to the assembly which was to have power to "make and ordaine whatsoever lawes and orders should by them be thought good and profitable for their subsistance."

It was to this "House of Burgesses," this first general assembly of American people, that Philip Stevens was conducted. Here he met many old acquaintances. Many other friends and acquaintances had passed away during the famine under Argall's despotic rule. Many changes had come to Virginia, and some of the more remote settlements and plantations had become almost depopulated. He learned that Powhatan had died shortly after the death of Pocahontas, and that Opechancanough, the present Emperor, was not so friendly with the English as the old chief had been.

When they returned from the assembly, Rolfe asked Stevens why he left the colony so mysteriously.

"I started to go to St. Augustine to find my parents," he answered.

"By land?"

"Yes."

"It was madness."

"Not so mad as to attempt it alone by sea."

"True; but it is sheer madness to attempt it alone at best."

"Then how am I to go? For twenty years I have tried to get some English vessel to land me there, but none will do so."

"Go to England and from thence to France. Once in France you may find your way to Spain, and thus be brought into communication with the West Indies and Florida."

It was a roundabout way; but there seemed none other, and Philip began to think seriously of taking passage in the first ship for England.

Meanwhile the House of Burgesses which met in June, 1619, proceeded to the enactment of laws, the colonists attended to their crops, rebuilt houses, and the degree of improvement and thrift was surprising. Almost the first act of the House of Burgesses was to exclude from their body, the burgesses from Martin's Hundred, because by the terms of the patent they were exempt from obedience to the laws of the colony. The Burgesses prayed the company that the clause in the charter guaranteeing equal laws might not be violated and the maintenance of the great English principle of equality of all men before the law, dignified the first meeting of the first representative body of America. The session was mainly occupied with

the passage of sumptuary laws and police regulations. Appropriate statutes provided for the government of the clergy, and a tax was laid on tobacco for their support. The session had not been important save as it marked a new era in the new world, making it the cradle of liberty. Men in America became their own rulers and lawmakers.

Philip returned to his deserted plantation and proceeded to repair his dilapidated house and mend his fences which for five years had been suffered to go to decay. The summer advanced. He had been at home two months when, at the close of an August day, the guard at the fort discovered a strange vessel entering their harbor. He immediately gave the alarm.

"Spaniards! Spaniards!" cried the guard. "A Spanish man-of-war is entering our harbor."

Philip Stevens heard the cry with strange emotions of regret and joy. Perhaps it was a vessel from St. Augustine, and he who had been torn away from his parents by violence might by violence be restored.

The announcement of a Spanish vessel could have but one effect on the inhabitants of Jamestown. The fort was immediately filled with men, the guns loaded, and Governor Yeardley had the vessels in the harbor hauled in close to shore, so as to be under the protection of the guns of the fort.

The farmer left his reaping hooks, the smith his anvil, and the shoemaker his bench, and each seizing a firelock, hastened to defend his home. All faces were pale, and some trembled, but on the whole they were resolute and determined.

"Come, Philip, where is your firelock?" cried Rolfe as he ran from his house, his gun and powder-horn in his hand.

"I will take no part in this fight, if they be Spaniards," said Philip. "I may have a father or brother aboard."

Rolfe said no more, but hastened to join the warriors mustering at the fort. The drum was beating loudly and the trumpets were sounding.

All the while a great, lubberly, old-fashioned ship was sailing slowly but steadily up the river. Passing around a wooded point of land so that she was in full view, the colonists saw their mistake. The new-comer was a Dutch man-of-war. She cast anchor and lowering a boat sent an officer to ask permission to come into their port and trade.

As England and Holland were at peace, Governor Yeardley gave his permission. The breeze by this time had quieted, the tide was running out, and the ship had to wait until morning before she could come up to Jamestown.

Philip Stevens went to bed that night feeling al-

most disappointed that it was not a Spanish man-of-war. When he awoke next morning he found his friend John Rolfe at his door.

"Awake, my friend Philip; we have a strange traffic for our new country from that Dutch man-of-war."

"What is it?" asked Philip.

"Negroes from Africa. The Dutch man-of-war has brought twenty negroes from Africa to sell to the colonists, and soon they will unload them. Let us go down and see the poor creatures."

Philip, who had suffered as an apprenticed servant in Virginia, could sympathize with a slave. On the way to the beach where the slaves were to be landed, he remarked:

"It seems out of harmony with our idea of coming here for freedom, to foster an institution like slavery."

Already a number of persons were gathered at the beach, and more were coming every moment to see the strange people from far-off Africa. A boat put out from the Dutch man-of-war which lay near, bringing twenty negroes, twelve males and eight females, chained two and two together. They were as miserable-looking creatures as one ever saw. The long voyage, the harsh treatment, restraint and confinement told on their savage natures.

Negro slavery was nothing new to the civilized world. Before Columbus had opened the path to the new world, the negro slave trade had been reduced to a system by the Moors, and had spread from the native regions of the Ethiopian race to the heart of Egypt on the one hand, and to the coast of Barbary on the other. The traffic of Europeans in negro slaves was established before the colonization of the United States, and had existed half a century before the discovery of America.

The negroes were all sold in a short time to the wealthier planters and officers of the colony, and the Dutch ship, after buying furs and corn of the colonists, set sail from their port. Had they come with some destroying pestilence, or had they battered down the fort and burned the houses, they could not have done Virginia more harm. As they went to their homes, Philip Stevens said to his friend Rolfe:

"The seeds of slavery sown on the soil of Virginia this day will some time deluge the New World in blood."

Prophetic words, as time has proved, although nearly two centuries and a half were required in the fulfilment of his prediction.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PRICE OF A WIFE.

Oh, happy love! where love like this is found.
  Oh heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare.
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
  And sage experience bids me declare—
If Heaven a draft of pleasure can spare,
  One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
  In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.
—BURNS.

THE condition of the colony was greatly improved, and a few men with wives and children had been induced to come to Virginia. What Virginia needed at this time was emigrants, and under Sir Edwin Sandys twelve hundred and sixty-one new settlers were sent over, to whom King James added a hundred convicted felons. The outrage was protested against, for convicted felons are not a class of people out of which good society is formed.

There was a sad need for social order of things,

and Philip Stevens was not long returned from his bondage in the forest, ere he heard of a novel plan, said to have originated with Sir Edwin Sandys to people the country. It was nothing more nor less than to send a ship-load of wives to the colonists. There was much talk about the expected "wife ship;" but Philip, who had had his love dream, took little interest in the subject. His heart had been won long years ago by the pretty little shepherd girl in the downs of old England. Emily had disappeared, was perhaps dead, and he could never love another.

The wives were to be paid for by their husbands with tobacco. That is, the passage was to be paid in tobacco, estimated at one hundred and twenty pounds. The winter of 1619 and 1620 passed away, and when spring came, Philip, feeling that he could ill afford to live off the bounty of friends, planted his fields with corn, wheat and barley and also a crop of tobacco, which had grown to be such a staple article that the streets of Jamestown were planted with it.

Philip's old enemy William More was still with the colony. He had kept aloof from Philip since his return, which caused the latter to suspect he might have had something to do with his captivity. One day he met More and asked him why he avoided him.

"We were not good friends," said More evasively, "and I thought you would not want me."

"You were the friend of Francis; he was my enemy; but I forgive you. Francis is dead."

"He hath been missed a long time."

"I slew him in the wood. What was the fate of his kinsman, Adams, and the other Dutchmen?"

"They went, as you know, to live with Powhatan, and when the chief learned that they had betrayed Smith, he had them slain."

"Such is the reward of treachery," said Philip.

In order to change the subject, More asked Philip if he intended to choose a wife from the ship-load of maids soon expected.

"No; I will never marry," said Philip.

"I shall select one, and if you do not, my chances are so much better."

Philip gazed at the rascal and pitied the unfortunate maid who fell to his lot. The ship of maids was the theme of all the settlers, and young swains, and old swains from Jamestown and all the surrounding boroughs began to dream of the wives and sweethearts whom they had not yet seen.

In the earlier years the voyagers to far-off Virginia had been only adventurers seeking their fortunes, but with little or no intention of passing the remainder of their lives in the new land. They looked upon the country as a place in which they

would not long abide, and neither brought their families nor established their homes there. They hoped soon to return to England with improved fortunes. These were not men to found a great colony. Sandys clearly saw that unless Virginia was looked upon as a home, the great plan of the company would fail. He realized that what the Virginians needed as a stimulus to exertion were wives and children depending on them. With these they would perform honest labor cheerfully, and when once the hand was on the plough they would not look back to England No place can be home without wife or children.

Strange as it may seem, the company, through Sandys, induced ninety young women to go out as wives for the settlers—persons of unexceptionable character, who had volunteered for that purpose. As the expenditure of the company in sending them was considerable, it was required that he who selected a wife was to repay cost of outfit and voyage. The cost of a wife was fixed at one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco—about eighty dollars. On payment of that amount the settler was entitled to his wife.

Such a scheme at this day would seem highly ridiculous, yet it worked well and was the salvation of the colony. In their regulation for the government of the colony, the company made strong dis-

tinctions in favor of married men. To prevent all objections, care was exercised to send only women of unquestioned character, and two who did not prove to be of good morals were returned to England. Every safeguard was thrown around them to make them happy in their new homes. It was ordered: "In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives, until they can be supplied with husbands. . . . We desire that the marriage be free according to nature, and we would not have these maids deceived and married to servants, but only such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them . . . not enforcing them to marry against their will."

With these instructions the much-talked-of wife ship sailed from England and all the various settlements were on the *qui-vive* for its arrival. There was quite a change among the old bachelors and young men in the settlements. Their hair was trimmed, beards shaven and clothes mended and cleaned.

Even old Alexander Bradwaye, a bald-headed bachelor living at Neck of Land, had his white beard trimmed, and appeared at church in a new suit.

"Whom will you select?" asked one of the younger men of Bradwaye.

"Truly a man of my powers and fascinations should have pick and choice," answered Bradwaye. Bradwaye had a face made up by nature for comedy. The top of his pate was bald, and the thin hair which skirted the base of his skull, overhanging his ears, was white as snow. His face was red, nose long and lips thick, while the lower part of his face was covered with a beard of a brownish-gray.

"Nay, my good Alec, do not break the hearts of all the maids! Leave some for us," said one of the younger men.

"Marry! John Batt, if all were as hard-favored as you, the maids would plead to be returned."

Batt was good-natured and, in a voice full of irony, answered:

"Your youth should win you the fairest."

"'Tis not youth and folly, but age and strength these maids want."

"The minister's sermon was short," some one remarked, to remind the group that it was the Sabbath day.

"The good preacher is saving himself," interposed Bradwaye. "He will need all his strength."

"Why?"

"Think of the number of marriages he will have when the wife ship comes in. All will want to be married on the same day."

"Surely they will!" Batt interposed. "All want an even start."

"I would remind thee," put in the pious Collins, "that it is the Sabbath day, and such idle talk ill becomes godly people."

"We will disperse, Friend Collins! We assembled but for the moment to discuss the prospects of the ship."

"The ship may not arrive for a month hence."

"Alas, if you should prove a true prophet I will be constrained to another month of bachelorhood," said Bradwaye, at which the younger men inclined to levity smiled. Such an assembly on the Lord's day could not long be permitted, and the wags and wits went to their homes. Old Alec Bradwaye went over to Neck of Land assuring all that he would return early next morning and await the arrival of the ship, as he wanted first choice.

"I have the tobacco to pay," he said.

The good minister felt relieved when Bradwaye was gone, for such a rollicking fellow was calculated to corrupt the morals of the young men.

On Tuesday morning, Philip Stevens was awakened at dawn by the boom of a cannon, followed by loud shouts of joy. He started up and listened to learn the cause of the commotion. People were running about the streets crying:

"The ship has come in! The ship has come in!"

Filled with curiosity, Philip rose and hurriedly dressed. Reaching the door a lively scene burst on his view. A large ship was coming in, aided by both breeze and tide. A puff of white smoke issued from one of her ports, and the boom of a cannon shook the air. Men were hurrying down to the beach shouting themselves hoarse, and throwing up their hats as they ran. Among them Philip saw old Alec Bradwaye dancing about, waving his hat in the air, while his bald head glistened in the rising sun.

The wife ship had come, and the settlers were flocking to Jamestown. It was a curious spectacle, those men assembled on the beach to select a wife. There were fully four hundred prospective husbands on the beach.

Amid the wildest cheers the vessel cast anchor and began to unload her precious freight. The first boat with twenty-five blushing girls was rowed ashore, and the "modest maids" were scarcely landed ere they were surrounded, and the wooing began.

"Wilt thou be mine?" asked old Alec, approaching a blushing damsel of twenty with a bow intended to be graceful. The girl turned up her pretty nose, and answered:

"Nay, verily, I will not wed my grandfather."

"Marry! thou art a vixen."

"Thou art a brute! Avaunt, old man, and seek thy companion among the ancient lasses to follow."

This was greeted with a shout of delight and Bradwaye was pushed aside and told to wait for the oldest daughter of Methuselah.

"Nay, nay, be not too quick with your tongues, lest you come to grief," cried Bradwaye, and, undismayed, he approached the next maid, a little older, who treated him quite civilly, but rejected his suit. He wooed maid after maid, until all had left the beach. Several were accepted then and there, and the minister solemnized a score of marriages before noon. Many of the young ladies were averse to this business-like arrangement, and refused to accept the suit of any man until they knew him better.

On the arrival of the second boat, Bradwaye resumed his courting; but his age was against him. Again and again was he rejected; but he was still hopeful and persevering.

"By the mass! I have the tobacco to purchase a wife, and if they do not send me one, I will go to England and have my pick of London," he declared.

"Surely, you have lived single long enough!" said Batt.

"Prythee! John, have you selected yours?" asked Bradwaye.

"Behold her! We are going to the church to be married," said John, pointing to a saucy, blue-eyed maiden to whom Bradwaye had proposed.

"NAY, VERILY, I WILL NOT WED MY GRANDFATHER."

"Verily, John, you are second choice. I asked her first," said Bradwaye.

A shout of laughter went up from the crowd, and John Batt led his new sweetheart to the church,

where they awaited their turns to be married. When the third boat came Bradwaye was more successful. There was among them a woman of thirty-five, Ann Briggs, who seemed out of favor with the younger members of the colony. The old man saw his chance and improved it. He went boldly to the mature maiden and said:

"Be not discouraged, behold I have courted two boat-loads of maids without success, and yet do I not despair. I have more tobacco than all those young fellows who turn the heads of the silly maids, and if you will go with me to the church, by the mass! your passage will be paid."

Ann liked the bold, honest way of the white-haired colonist and, with a faint blush suffusing her slightly faded cheek, answered:

"I will go with thee."

That was the courtship. Not until they reached the church did they know each other's names. They were married at once, and as they emerged from the church, some of the young scamps about the town began to shout:

"Old Bradwaye has got a wife!" and guns were fired and bells rang.

The newly-married couple received these demonstrations with perfect good-nature. They went to Neck of Land, where they commenced life together in the ample house which Bradwaye had

built years before. A long and happy life was granted them, and their descendants became some of the best families of Virginia.

Philip Stevens still lingered about the beach, taking no part in the strange proceedings. Though there were many pretty girls among the newcomers, he was unmoved by their comeliness. If only Emily had come, he would willingly have paid her passage. The last boat of maids was landed.

Curiosity held Philip to the spot. As the last boat was coming ashore, William More, who so far had been unsuccessful in securing a wife, looked hopefully toward it. Two or three hundred disappointed suitors still remained on the beach. Their tobacco lay in piles along the shore.

"I am going to woo the most comely among them," Philip heard More declare.

The boat was beached and the maidens began to come ashore. The planters crowded about them, introduced themselves, and spoke of their fine prospects.

"I have a house and farm at Colledge Land," said one.

"I am from Jordon's Journey," said another.

"Nay, come with me to Chalain's Choice, it is a goodly country, and I can give you all your heart desires."

The poor girls, unaccustomed to this ardent fashion of wooing, were embarrassed and silent. One of them was making her way through the throng; but William More kept at her side, saying:

"Nay, nay, sweet maid, turn not so coldly from me, for I live at James City, and have a goodly home all my own. My house can be seen just over the hill; come and view it."

"Away! I come not here to wed, but to seek the lost."

That voice was strangely familiar to Philip. He started toward her; but a throng of planters intervened and crowded him back. Meanwhile More continued:

"You must listen to my plea. I have the tobacco with which to pay your passage."

"Away!" shrieked the girl, terrified at the fellow's boldness.

There was no longer any mistake. Philip would have known that voice among a thousand. He hurled men right and left until he had forced a passage to the girl. Philip's hands were about More's throat; he hurled him aside and, clasping the fainting girl in his arms, cried:

"Emily!"

She was unconscious. Gently he bore her in his strong arms to his humble cottage on the hill, where he laid her on his cot and chafed her temples

until life was once more restored. It was a touching scene—that weather-beaten, haggard man, bending over one whom he had loved and lost so many years ago. A crowd gathered about the door, and gazed in silent wonder at the agitated young colonist. When her face became flushed, and she once more gasped for life, he rose, and closed the door on the curious crowd. They could hear voices talking within; but only caught an occasional word. The awakening, the recognition, the wild joy of two fond hearts, reunited after long years of separation were witnessed only by God. Explanations were made. Emily's mother, being very poor, lost her cottage home and removed to another part of England, where she died. Emily, left alone, had been compelled to support herself by her own exertions. She had sent numerous letters, but, owing to the poor facilities for forwarding mail, they had miscarried. Not hearing from Philip for all these long years, she feared he must be dead. Philip listened to her simple story of love and devotion with wildly beating heart. When she could hear no more from him, she resolved to come to Virginia and seek him. She came with the "ship-load of maids," as she had not money to pay her passage in another vessel. When he had heard it all, he clasped her in his arms, and cried:

"God be praised! the sun once more shines on my cloud-dimmed life."

A knock at the door startled them. He rose and opening it, found William More with the captain of the ship, and some of the officials of Jamestown standing there.

"Are you married?" asked the officer. "Is the woman your wife?"

"Not yet," stammered Philip.

"Then it is not right that she should dwell in the same house with you," said the officer.

"We will go at once to the minister and be married," returned Philip.

"First you will be required to pay her passage," put in the captain. Philip started and turned pale.

He glanced at William More, and saw a gleam of triumph in his face. Philip had no tobacco.

"I have been a prisoner among the Indians for five years," he said, "and have had no time to grow tobacco."

"One hundred and twenty pounds is the price of your wife," said the captain sternly.

"Perhaps I can pay you in corn!" suggested Philip evasively, though he knew, on reflection, he had no corn.

"I am instructed to take only tobacco," answered the captain.

"I have it not," said Philip.

"I have an abundance of tobacco," put in More. "I will pay for the maid and she shall be my wife."

"No! no! no!" screamed Emily.

Philip became desperate and was on the point of drawing his sword and defying all the colony, when the captain interposed with:

PHILIP AND EMILY.

"Nay, nay, you rash young man, put up your sword, for no one shall harm the maid. According to our orders, none are to be married against their will, but are to choose their husbands."

"What will you do, seeing he hath not the tobacco?" asked More.

"She shall be put to live with a good family until a suitable husband can be found, who will pay her passage."

A beam of joy came over Philip's face, and he said:

"Emily, we shall yet be happy. I have tobacco

growing. In a few short weeks it will ripen, and, when cut and cured, I will redeem you, and we will wed. Until that time you can abide at Mr. Whitaker's; his wife will kindly receive you."

More looked baffled as Emily was led away by her lover to the home of Mr. Whitaker. Mrs. Whitaker readily took her in, agreeing to keep her until her future husband was prepared to pay her passage.

Never did husbandman watch the growth of tobacco so anxiously as did Philip. He cultivated it, ridged the earth tenderly about it, for it was a labor of love. The parasitic shoots which grew out at every leaf were carefully broken away, and the insects which so often destroy the leaves while growing were picked off and killed. No labor was too great for him, and from early dawn until late at night he was in his tobacco field, all impatient for the ripening of the crop which was to give him his wife.

Emily frequently came to watch her lover at his work and whisper some word of encouragement. Philip for the first time in his life realized the joy of labor. One sweet smile from Emily more than repaid him for all his toil. All the drudgery of his tasks was forgotten in her presence.

But alas! while he slept the despoiler came. One night he retired, leaving his tobacco green

with life, the rich sap filling the leaves which strutted over the earth. Next morning he rose to find it withered and dying. Some one had cut each stalk even with the ground. Not a leaf was saved, and Philip tore his hair, and beat his breast in despair. Another year must elapse, ere he could hope to redeem Emily. He intuitively knew that it was More who had wronged him.

John Rolfe came by, and, seeing the condition of his friend's tobacco, asked:

"Who did it?"

"I know not. You see I am ruined."

"Nay, nay, be of good heart, my friend, you will redeem it next year."

"But, alas! another year must pass ere I can pay Emily's passage." Then he explained that he intended with this tobacco to purchase his wife, but that a jealous rival had come in the night and destroyed it.

"Cheer up, my friend, if that be the only cause of grief, I will advance the tobacco required, and you may wed your sweetheart this day."

Philip seized his friend's hand in both his own; his eyes filled with tears; he essayed to speak his gratitude; but his voice failed him, and he could only press the hand in silence.

As soon as he had partially recovered, he hastened to Emily and told her the good news. The

tobacco was weighed out to the exacting master of the ship, and that evening Philip Stevens led the blushing Emily to the altar.

His young friends came to congratulate him and made merry. William More sulked in silence and occasionally cast a sullen glance at Philip's house resounding with mirth and joy—a look which bode no good to the peace and happiness of the newly-married couple.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

Let fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled.
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses yet hangs round it still.

—MOORE.

SHORTLY after Philip's marriage, William More disappeared from Jamestown. No one knew whither he had gone, but supposed he was at Neck of Land or some other settlement near. Inquiry proved that he was not there, nor was he at Berkeley's Plantation, Falling Creek, Appamattox, Flower de Hundred, Macocks, Westover, Powell's Brook, Martins, Brandon, nor any of the more remote settlements. After considerable inquiry for the missing man had been made, a rumor came that he had gone to reside among the Indians at Pamunkee, and had married an Indian wife. Some wag thought it was "mete for one who was unable

to secure a white wife, to choose a companion among the red people." In a short time he was forgotten. The colony progressed wonderfully. A school was established for the Indians, who seemed to be friendly to the whites. The Indians were thought to be so harmless that they were instructed in the use of fire-arms, and became expert shots. Little did the colonists dream what a dangerous weapon they were putting in the hands of their enemies.

In 1621, a written constitution was granted to the colonists, and liberties unknown to the people in England were promised the Virginians, as an inducement to emigration. The royalists were unknowingly fostering a spirit of freedom in America, which, for all future time, was to prove a menace to kings and emperors. Jamestown became thriving and prosperous, and settlements were pushed out into the most remote parts of the country, where small, feeble plantations grew into strong settlements. Sir Francis Wyatt this year became governor of the colony.

Philip Stevens meanwhile lived with his wife at Jamestown, happy and prosperous. He combined the business of planter with that of merchant and was growing rich. His extensive travel and knowledge of countries and the colony in which he lived was of great advantage to him. He became

an extensive fur trader, and was well known and respected by all the Indians with whom he dealt. In the happiness of this new existence he had quite forgotten his brother and parents. He heard in 1620 that a party of Englishmen called Puritans living at Leyden, Holland, had sailed to Northern Virginia, where they had founded a colony, and he often asked himself if his brother might not be among them.

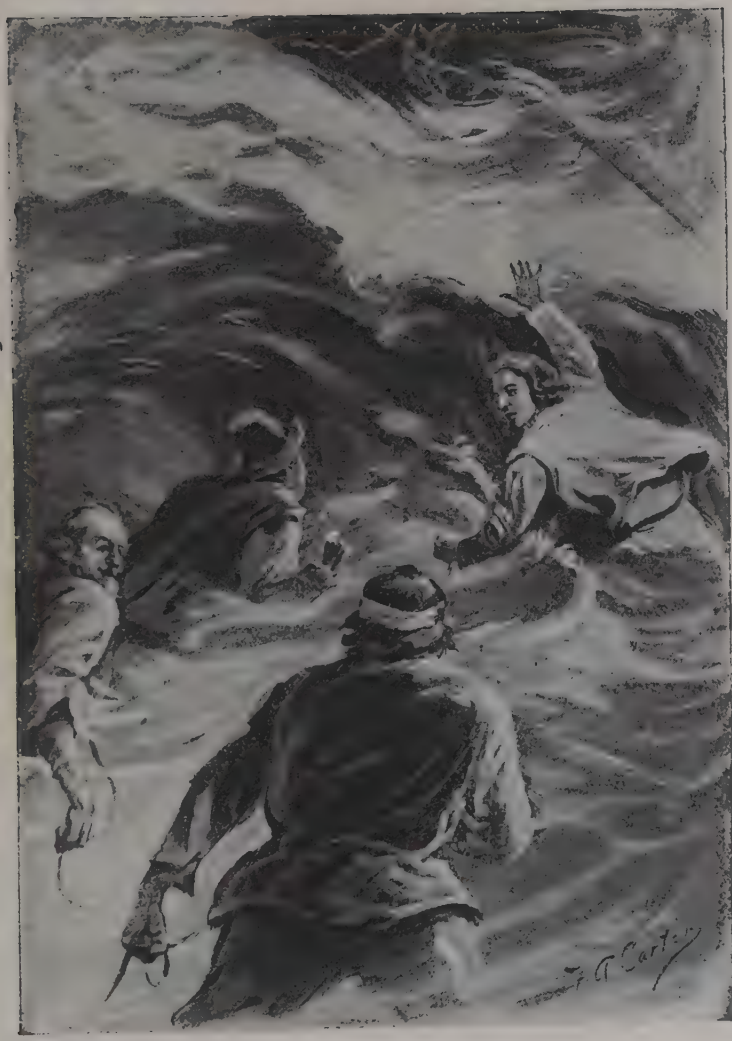
One stormy night in February, 1622, a boat coming in from the mouth of the river reported that a strange ship, almost wrecked, was trying to enter their harbor.

"May God have mercy on any unfortunate mariners at sea on such a night," said Philip. A life-saving party was at once organized, and Philip, being a stout young sailor, was put in charge of the crew. Twenty-five strong young men in two large boats pulled down the river and soon entered the bay. Just beyond was the wild roaring sea. The waves leaped mountains high, and the cold wind like a knife pierced their skins. The night was so dark that they could see nothing. Philip, knowing that no boat could live in such a storm, ordered the men to pull under a point of land where they would be somewhat sheltered, and await some signal from the ship. They had not long to wait, for, before many moments had elapsed, the flash

and boom of a cannon told them that a ship, not over a mile down the coast, was striving to beat up against the wind. This, in such a storm, was impossible. Not knowing how to befriend the vessel, he ordered the boats to lay where they were. Another and still another gun of distress, boomed out on the awful night.

"God help them! she is going ashore on the reefs," cried Philip, "and no power can save her." With all his men, save four left with the boats, he went ashore, and, with lighted torches of pine knots, they set off down the beach to a point at which the doomed ship was coming. Great fires were built along the beach, and brave men, with ropes about their waists, waited for the moment to come when they should rush to the rescue of the drowning. The broad glare of the flame was thrown far out over the water and fell upon the ship coming to its doom. The vessel struck the rocks with such force that the masts went by the board, the cabin tumbled in, and the wild waves swept over the stern.

Amid the crash, roar and thunder of wild breakers, could be heard the cries of human beings in distress. Then a boat freighted with human beings could be seen on a wave but a few hundred yards from shore. Could it possibly reach them? Just at the most critical moment the boat was



"TO THE RESCUE!" CRIED PHILIP.

capsized, and the people all plunged struggling in the water.

"To the rescue!" cried Philip as, with half a dozen other swimmers, he plunged into the rolling surf.

In a moment Philip was submerged; he rose and saw a white-haired man in the water. He seized the old man, clung to him and made his way to shore, more dead than alive. The rescued man was insensible, and for a long time thought to be dead; but after diligent rubbing he recovered. One of his legs had been broken and Philip had him conveyed to one of the boats and taken to his house. Twenty-three had been rescued from the wreck. All the others, numbering eighty, perished.

The ship was a Spanish vessel from the West Indies, which had touched at St. Augustine.

The old man at Philip's house was a Spaniard; but he spoke English quite fluently. It was three days before the surgeon would give him permission to converse. Philip, then finding him strong enough to talk, asked him:

"Are you from St. Augustine?"

"I am," was the answer.

"How long have you lived there?"

"Almost three-score years."

"You knew Melendez?"

"Yes. I settled at St. Augustine when he was governor of the colonies."

"Where are you going?"

"To North Virginia," the wounded man answered. "I was on my way to seek a lost son."

"A lost son?" cried Philip, striving to conceal his interest.

"Yes, señor, a lost son. Mine is a sad story. Nearly forty years ago, I was the father of a happy family. One day there came news that my countrymen living at San Juan de Pinos had been driven from their homes, and many were sick and wounded in the forests, and others pursued by a cruel enemy. I set out with a force of soldiers to their rescue. My wife accompanied me, and during our absence our home was assaulted by the same rapacious monster who had attacked San Juan de Pinos, and the town was laid waste. When we returned we found our children gone."

The old man was quite overcome with his emotion and Philip waited several moments before he asked:

"How many children had you?"

"Two small boys, Philip and Mattheo. For a long time I thought them dead. My poor wife, Hortense, died of grief, and for thirty years I have lived alone. By chance a Spaniard, who was fishing off the banks of Newfoundland, learned

that a colony of Puritans from Leyden, Holland, had been planted in North Virginia, and that among them was a young man of Spanish birth. His story was that he had been captured by Drake at St. Augustine, May 28th, 1586, and was taken to England, where he fell into the hands of John Robinson, a Puritan, who reared him and sent him to North Virginia with the Pilgrims, almost two years ago."

For a long time Philip was unable to speak. When he did, he asked in a voice marvellously calm:

"What became of your other son?"

"Alas! I know not. No trace of him has ever been found, only that he went on board a ship. Perchance he was drowned."

"What is your name?"

Philip had such perfect control over his voice, that he betrayed not the least emotion.

"Francisco Estevan," was the answer.

After a few moments Philip arose and left the room. He went direct to the surgeon and asked:

"Is the wounded Spaniard strong enough to receive a great shock?"

"Is a great shock necessary?" asked the surgeon.

"It is."

"What do you mean?"

"I have discovered that he is my father."

The surgeon fixed his eyes on him in amazement and asked:

"Are you mad?"

"No." Philip was still very calm. He narrated what the man had told; and added his own story, concluding with:

"I have found a father and a brother at the same time. Thus you see, after a separation of almost forty years, our family bids fair to be reunited."

"Break the news gently to him." Philip did so. Not in one day, nor in two was the revelation made, but by degrees, leading hope and joy so gently along that no rude shock came to jar the nerves of the invalid.

He seemed to awake from a painful dream to a delightful reality. It was worth while to be rescued from the waves when one could fall into the arms of such a son. Emily called him father, and he said she reminded him of his own sunny-haired Hortense. They laid delightful plans for visiting the new colony in North Virginia, as soon as Señor Estevan had recovered; but a terrible cloud was gathering and ready to burst over the heads of the colonists, which postponed the contemplated visit to the north for several years.

From the time of the departure of William More from the colony this trouble can be traced, and one

might not be far out of the way, if they were to guess that he was the author of much of it. When Sir Francis Wyatt came to Virginia, bringing with him the new constitution, he was pleased with the aspect of everything about him, and the colonists rejoiced in the prospects of a long period of peace and prosperity. The atmosphere of their daily life seemed perfectly serene; there was not a cloud in the firmament; but this peace was but the calm which precedes the storm. Opitchapan succeeded at Powhatan's death as Emperor of Virignia, being the great chief's brother; but he was quickly deposed by Opechancanough. The Indian tradition at the time of Beverley was that Opechancanough was not Powhatan's brother, nor a Virginian at all, but a mysterious stranger from Mexico, or some strange southwestern country, who had made his way to Virginia, and, by his skilful diplomacy, became ruler.

William More, having ingratiated himself into the good graces of Opechancanough, soon began to plot with him for the destruction of the whites. Opechancanough used various arts to inflame the anger of the Indians against the English. He had a rival named Nemattanow, or "Jack o' the Feather," who was much admired by his people and had shown himself to be a bitter enemy of the colonists. For the double purpose of ridding

himself of this rival, and exciting the anger of the nation against the English, the dusky Emperor sent word to Governor Wyatt that he gave his permission to cut Nemattanow's throat, knowing that such an act would rouse the savages to a furious war. Of course the governor would do nothing of the kind; but, unfortunately, in an affray with a settler, the rival was shot and killed. The wily Emperor pretended to bewail his loss, and fired the resentment of the Indians against the English. He went secretly to the governor, half clad in skins, his head plumed with eagle's feathers, and bearing in his belt a finely wrought hatchet. After making warm professions of friendship, he demanded in a haughty tone some concessions to his incensed people. His demand was refused; and, snatching his hatchet from his belt, he struck its keen blade into a log of the cabin, uttering a curse upon the English. The governor

JACK O' THE FEATHER.

and his secretary were startled at his savage fury, and, seeing he was about to betray his secret, Opechancanough recovered himself and, with a smile, said:

"Pardon me, governor; I was thinking of that wicked Englishman (Argall), who stole my niece (Pocahontas), and struck me with his sword. I love the English who are the friends of the family of Powhatan. Sooner will the skies fall, than my bond of friendship be dissolved."

His representations of friendship did not wholly undeceive the governor, and he warned the people that there was treachery abroad. They were slow to believe it. There had been a few skirmishes with the Indians in the early days of the colonies, but nothing like a general war. Their settlements were scattered, some of them in solitary places, and, yet, since the happy marriage of Pocahontas, no one had ever been disturbed.

At mid-day, on the 1st of April, 1622, the Indians rushed from the forest upon all the remote settlements at the same time, and, in one short hour, three hundred and fifty men, women and children were slain. Even the devoted missionary at Henrico, who had instructed the Indian children, and tenderly nursed the young and old in sickness, was not spared. Among the victims were six members of the council and several of the wealthier

inhabitants. On the very morning of the massacre, the treacherous savages were in the houses, and at the tables of the people whom they intended to murder at noon.

Chanco, a Christian Indian who had heard of the conspiracy, hastened to Jamestown the evening before the massacre to warn his friend Philip Stevens of impending danger. The alarm spread, but too late to reach remote settlements. The people of Jamestown, being roused, with Philip Stevens at their head, marched against the horde of assassins and checked the onward sweep of ruin and devastation. To Chanco and the prompt action of Stevens, the colonists owed their lives.

The people assembled at Jamestown, and at once took measures for signal vengeance. Every man capable of bearing arms appeared in the field, and a war of extermination was begun. The Indians were slaughtered by scores, and driven back into the wilderness. Opechancanough fled for his life to the land of the Pamunkeys, and by this show of cowardice lost much of his influence. His power was broken, and the strength of his people had departed. Before the war, there were about six thousand Indians within sixty miles of Jamestown, occupying a domain of eight thousand square miles in extent. At the close of the war, there were probably not a thousand within that territory.

Philip Stevens was kept constantly on the frontier, battling with the wily foe, and for months did not see his wife and father, who remained at Jamestown. Of course, the projected visit to North Virginia was forgotten. Most of the Spaniards rescued from the wreck remained in the colony, and some served under Stevens in the Indian campaigns.

The blight of war, pestilence and famine fell upon the people of Jamestown. Gathered into a narrow place for mutual protection, sickness prevailed among them, large areas of land were left uncultivated, and many of the settlers, discouraged and terrified, returned to England. The colony of almost four thousand souls was soon reduced to twenty-five hundred, and these never retired to rest at night with an assurance that they would not hear the savage war-whoop before dawn.

One night, while on the frontier with a band of sturdy pioneers inured to toil and danger, Philip Stevens was aroused from dreams of wife and home, by the terrible war-whoop, the crack of the gun, and twang of the bowstring. In a moment he was on his feet, with sword in hand, bidding his men to seek shelter behind trees and return the fire. For a few moments the fight raged fiercely, then he gave the command to charge, and led his daring soldiers against the savages. He rushed

upon one fellow, who stumbled and fell, and as he rose, he ran him through. By the aid of a torch he recognized the man he had slain as William More. Gazing on the face of his enemy, Philip said:

"So he is the renegade, who has helped augment our woes."

This fight ended the war.

Meanwhile affairs in England were shaping themselves so as to effect great changes in Virginia. The king of England had become jealous of the London Company, and had long wished to get the colony under his own control. On the last day of July, 1623, the attorney-general, to whom the conduct of the company was referred, gave it as his opinion that the king might justly resume the government of Virginia, and should they not voluntarily yield, could call in the patent by legal proceedings. In pursuance of this advice, the king, in October, by an order in council, made known to the company that the calamities of the colony in Virginia, were in consequence of their ill government; that he resolved, by a new charter, to reserve to himself the appointment of the officers in England, a negative on appointments in Virginia, and the supreme control of colonial affairs. From this time on, a bitter warfare was waged between the king and the London Company, until 1624, when the com-

pany was dissolved and the king took control of colonial matters. Sir Francis Wyatt was, in 1626, succeeded by Sir George Yeardley, and, despite the speculations of designing politicians, and ambitious monarchs, Virginia prospered and grew to a mighty state.

Philip Stevens spent the remainder of his days at Jamestown, where he had devoted his youth to the upbuilding of the colony. He received letters from Captain Smith until the latter's death. His eldest son he named for the Father of Virginia, John Smith Stevens. It was several years before he and his father set out for North Virginia, to visit the long-lost brother and son. Then both returned to Virginia to pass the remainder of their lives in peace.

THE END.

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CHRONOLOGY.

PERIOD IV.—AGE OF COLONIZATION.

A.D. 1570 TO A.D. 1620.

1576. FROBISHER, seeking route to India, cruised about Newfoundland.

1579. SIR FRANCIS DRAKE explored the Pacific Coast. New Albion. (Sir Francis Drake was the first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe.)

1582. CALENDAR OF POPE GREGORY XIII.,—October 5 made October 15.

SANTA FÉ, N. M., FOUNDED BY ESPEJO.—Second oldest European town in the United States.

1583. SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT attempted the settlement of Newfoundland.

1584. SIR WALTER RALEIGH sent Amidas and Barlow to explore the coast of Carolina.

VIRGINIA named in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin queen.

1585. RALEIGH'S SECOND EXPEDITION. — Grenville attempted to settle Roanoke Island.

1586. SIR FRANCIS DRAKE DEVASTATED SPANISH settlements on the Florida coast.

1587. RALEIGH'S THIRD EXPEDITION. — John White attempted to settle Roanoke Island.

"VIRGINIA DARE," the first white child born in America of English parents.

1602. GOSNOLD explored the southeast coast of New England; Named Cape Cod.

1603. ACCESSION OF JAMES I. to the throne of England,—March 24.

CHAMPLAIN explored the coast of Newfoundland.

1605. PORT ROYAL, N. S. (now Annapolis), settled under De Monts,—Province named Acadia. (Port Royal was the first permanent French settlement in America.)

1606. JAMES I. CHARTERS THE LONDON COMPANY, South Virginia, 34° to 38° lat., and from ocean to ocean; also Plymouth Company, North Virginia, 41° to 45° lat.,—April 10. (Both companies had jurisdiction from 38° to 41° lat.)

1607. JAMESTOWN, VA., settled by the London Company,—May 13.

SETTLEMENT BY THE PLYMOUTH COMPANY at the mouth of the Kennebec unsuccessful.

1608. QUEBEC settled by the French, under Champlain,—July 3.

1609. CHAMPLAIN DISCOVERED LAKE CHAMPLAIN,—July.

HENRY HUDSON, in the service of the Dutch, discovered the Hudson River,—Sept. 6.

1610. "STARVING TIME" in Virginia; absence of Captain John Smith.

1613. POCAHONTAS AND JOHN ROLFE wed,—April.

1614. CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH explored coast of and named New England.

NEW NETHERLANDS granted to the Amsterdam Company; 40° to 45° lat., and sea to sea,—Oct. 11.

NEW AMSTERDAM (now New York City) settled by the Dutch.

1615. FORT ORANGE (now Albany, N. Y.) settled.

1616. THE CULTURE OF TOBACCO begun in Virginia.

1619. First Representative Assembly in America met at Jamestown, Va.,—July 30.
Negro slavery introduced at Jamestown by the Dutch,—August.

1620. Wives sent to Virginia for the Colonists.

JUN 11 1929 C. Lemon
JUL 18 1930 T. Byrd
OCT 27 1930 T. Sopley
JAN 17 1935 J. Burts
NOV 5 193[illegible]
OCT 22 1936
JUN 11 1938 F Bryatt
DEC 12 1938 E. Adkins
DEC - 1 1941 S. Bertram
FEB 11 1949 Mrs. C. E. Berry
JUN - 7 1952 L. Berry
OCT 08 2002
22 SEP 2003
18 OCT 2004
NOV 2004

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